





# GOURMET OF ANOTHER WORLD

BOOK 03

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EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Gourmet of Another World

(异世界的美食家)

by

Li Hongtian

# Synopsis

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In a fantasy world where martial artists can split mountains and creeks with a wave of their hand and break rivers with a kick, there exists a little restaurant like this.

The restaurant isn't large, but it is a place where countless apex existences will rush into.

There, you can taste egg-fried rice made from phoenix eggs and dragon blood rice.

There, you can drink strong wine brewed from vermillion fruit and water from the fountain of life.

There, you can taste the barbecued meat of a ninth grade supreme beast sprinkled with black pepper.

What? You want to abduct the chef? That's not going to happen, because there's a tenth grade divine beast, the Hellhound, lying at the entrance.

Oh, that chef also has a robotic assistant that killed a ninth grade supreme being with a single hand and a group of crazy women whose stomachs were conquered.

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# Chapter 201: Last Night I Might Have...

## Gotten Drunk

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In the dark of the night, two crescent moons intertwined and fulfilled each other, emitting a brilliant glow. Thousands of stars shone near the crescent moons.

The brightness of the crescent moons spilled down, as if masking the earth with a gossamer veil.

Imperial City, in a luxurious mansion.

Zhao Musheng stood in the courtyard, with a cloak of moonlight draped over his shoulders. With a gentle complexion and kind eyes, he peered at the serpent girl within the courtyard, who looked back at him timidly.

"You said you came to the Imperial City in search of Owner Bu?" Zhao Musheng's eyes squinted into a wink, giving him a mild, benevolent countenance. His body emitted a golden layer of gleam, which momentarily helped ease Yu Fu's sense of unrest.

"Yes..." Yu Fu's serpent tail swayed, and her entire body slightly shrank back.

Zhao Musheng suddenly curled the corners of his lips and enhanced the compassionate, tender look on his face, "Don't be afraid. Owner Bu and I are quite close, perhaps... I can take you to him."

Yu Fu was taken back, but her beautiful eyes suddenly lit up. She was unfamiliar with the Imperial City, and did not even know where was this store Bu Fang had mentioned... If the human before her eyes was speaking the truth, then it would be such a relief.

If she could find Owner Bu, her father could be cured.

"The serpent-men's tribe is located in the Illusory Spirit Swamp,

right? That is quite far from here. You trekked over a great distance and came all the way to the Imperial City just to find Owner Bu. What for?" Zhao Musheng asked.

Yu Fu's heart shivered as she looked at him in alarm.

Her sharp vigilance prompted Zhao Musheng's complexion to slightly freeze. His eyes became gradually colder, and the layer of soft golden glow on his body, as well as the warmheartedness, had all evaporated into thin air.

Zhao Musheng's eyes dimmed, as if a queer glow circulated beneath his eyes. With that, Yu Fu zoned out and involuntarily spilled out everything...

"Someone come, take the serpent-woman down, and guard her well... Who would have thought that this serpent-woman has actually had contact with Bu Fang. What a pleasant surprise," Zhao Musheng said coolly, after which a couple of shadows dashed into the mansion, dragged down the serpent-woman Yu Fu, and locked her up.

Serpent-men were very rare in the Light Wind Empire. Zhao Musheng originally took in the three serpent-men purely out of curiosity. Little did he know that he could end up gaining extra information on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang had associations with the serpent-men? Could it be that Bu Fang came from the Illusory Spirit Swamp himself?

"The enigmatic White Cloud Villa is the only powerful force in the Illusory Spirit Swamp... could it be that Bu Fang is a disciple of the White Cloud Villa? But if that is the case, why would he come open a restaurant in the Imperial City?" Zhao Musheng instantly sank into deep thoughts.

Among the ten greatest sects, the Mahayana Island was the most powerful sect, only next to the Wuliang Mountain's Celestial Arcanum Sect, and so he knew plenty of secrets himself. The

White Cloud Villa was a mysterious force of power, and only the equally secretive Celestial Aracatum Sect could compare with it...

With hands behind his back, Zhao Musheng walked around the mansion immersed in meditation for a long time. Finally, his lips curled up.

He clicked his fingers, and a shadow swiftly emerged from the darkness.

This was a bald young monk dressed in a black linen garment. On his head, there were two streaks of scars, one of them was like a ferocious centipede extending from this person's brow all the way to his nape.

"Elder." This young monk smiled in a way that made him look harmless. If it weren't for that centipede-like scar, he could come off as rather simple and honest.

"Shang De, amongst all my disciples of the Mahayana Island, you have the highest cultivation level. I have arranged a task for you tomorrow, go complete it..." Zhao Musheng held his hands behind his back and announced to this young monk with a grin.

The young monk Shang De beamed: "Go ahead, my elder. If Shang De can accomplish it, I would go through fire and boiling water, die ten thousand deaths for you."

Zhao Musheng curled the corners of his mouth. Even though this young monk was from the Mahayana Island's Buddhist Sect, he was actually full of lies. He could easily lie through his teeth without a second thought.

"Pay a visit to Fang Fang's Little Store tomorrow. Subtly bring up the topic of serpent-men to Owner Bu, and observe Bu Fang's reactions." Zhao Musheng instructed.

The young monk Shang De was taken back, "Fang Fang's Little Store? That recently hyped store in ownership of a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree?"



Zhao Musheng nodded his head. The young monk's eyes instantly lit up. That gleam was extremely devious.

"Hehe, elder, you can wait and see. Tomorrow, Shang De will stop by the store. I've been meaning to visit it myself. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree is truly a precious treasure!"

"Remember, don't fight recklessly. You only need to detect Bu Fang's reactions." Zhao Musheng cautioned.

The young monk nodded smilingly, then turned around and left the courtyard.

Zhang Musheng watched as the young monk Shang De's shadow disappeared. One couldn't tell what exactly was on his mind.

...

"Miss, that group of Battle-Saints have all returned... It's pretty obvious they didn't get to drink that wine."

In the room of an inn, Wu Yunbai sat cross-legged as she underwent cultivation. Master Ah Wu sat by the window, and as he witnessed the flock of Battle-Saints fleeing under the moonlight, he couldn't help but inform Wu Yunbai.

Wu Yunbai did not respond to him, but merely nodded lightly.

She naturally detected the wine fragrance, but she couldn't be bothered to contend with the Battle-Saints. The Imperial City nowadays was changing rapidly and was filled with powerful warriors. She didn't bring many people from the White Cloud Villa, which meant her sphere of influence was limited, and that explained why she didn't want to risk anything.

She had plans to go seek out Bu Fang the next day, ask him for the Monarch Lotus, and then use it to help her break through to seventh grade Battle-Saint. That way she might have a bigger voice of influence in the Imperial City.

By then... she would have the opportunity to join the fight that

determined the fate of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree.

"Oh gosh! Miss, there's actually a Battle-Saint streaking under the moonlight! Goodness heavens, are the Battle-Saints in this Imperial City all so brash and forward?" Master Ah Wu exclaimed in surprise.

Wu Yunbai shut her eyes even firmer, with her face turning green... "I am undergoing cultivation, can we please stop being so jumpy and jittery? I almost got a cramp...

"It's only Battle-Saints streaking..." Wu Yunbai envisioned it in her head, tsk the image was too beautiful, it must have been eye blinding.

...

Light Wind Empire Palace, the main halls.

A light shone faintly as Ji Chengxue sat on the throne with knitted eyebrows. He naturally knew about the massive flood of Battle-Saints into the Imperial City, but he was rendered helpless and couldn't do anything about it.

As he listened to the eunuch's reporting from beneath, his lips suddenly curled.

"Owner Bu's strategy is not bad. Awing and frightening the already restless Battle-Saints provided the Imperial City with a breathing space. These Battle-Saints have been incredibly overbearing, making it difficult to maintain order in the Imperial City.

"But I really look forward to Owner Bu's new wine tomorrow, which has evidently surpassed the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine. It makes this monarch's heart tickle." Ji Chengxue exclaimed with a long face.

With a sigh, Ji Chengxue stood up from the throne, took a few strides, and asked the eunuch besides him:

"How is the Ghost Chef doing lately? Anything worth noting?"

"Report to Your Majesty. The Ghost Chef Wang Ding has been quiet all month. He has been staying in the quarter that Your Majesty has prepared, making food and taking walks... other than that, there's nothing special." The eunuch reported back with his head bowed low.

Ji Chengxue nodded his head. As for this Ghost Chef, he has been filled with rage toward him... If it weren't for him spreading the news, how could the Imperial City be drawn into such a crisis. But then again, this was an established Battle-Saint they were talking about. It would simply cost too much to settle him for once and for all.

"Continue with the surveillance. Also, help me make preparations for tomorrow, this monarch is taking a trip out of the palace." Ji Chengxue instructed.

That eunuch instantly lifted up his head. His face was filled with astonishment.

...

In the morning, when the sun had already leaped over the horizon.

Bu Fang opened his tired eyes and suddenly stretched them wide. He propped himself up from the bed, with his face still relaxed but also dazed.

"Huh? What happened last night? It seems like... something happened last night. Oh yeah... I drank quite a bit. Everything seems hazy to me," Bu Fang muttered to himself, then patted his frozen face. He crawled out of bed and washed up.

He walked into the kitchen and began his daily cutting and carving exercises.

He had two cups of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew last night and felt incredibly dizzy afterwards. As to what happened

later, he only remembered snippets. It seemed like last night Whitey stripped someone again and made him streak. He couldn't, however, remember who it was exactly.

Since he couldn't remember, he didn't care to recall the details. Bu Fang twirled the knife in his hands, placed it back onto the knife rack, and began cooking Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

The shutters of the door were pushed open and with it, the coldness of winter blew in. The Spring Festival had already passed for more than a month, and the temperature was getting gradually warmer.

Opening the doors to his store, Bu Fang placed the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of Blacky. He rubbed the latter's silky smooth, immaculate fur, and stood up.

But before he had the chance to return to the store, the sounds of footsteps echoed from the alleyway...

Bu Fang was a bit perplexed and turned around only to see a large crowd making its way through.

In the front of the crowd were thirteen unrestrained burly bricks. Oh, there was a middle-aged pale face amidst those fellows.

Behind the thirteen hefty men were the muscular three Ouyang Barbarians, as well as a bunch of people Bu Fang didn't recognize. These folks all had strong levels of energy.

Bu Fang's eyes were sharp and he detected Fatty Jin and his crew behind the crowd... They were presently in a state of bewilderment.

It was so early in the morning... Why did so many powerful warriors show up? Could one not have a peaceful breakfast first?

## Chapter 202: Whether You Buy It or Not, The Wine Will Always Be Here

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In the face of the burly fellows with incredibly powerful levels of true energy, Fatty Jin and his crew became aggrieved young ladies who got squeezed to the back. Since they weren't matched in strength, they didn't dare to risk it, which meant they had to suffer the bitterness in silence.

Bu Fang was slightly taken back. This group of people... got here early, could it be they came for the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew? Even though he vaguely remembered announcing last night that it was first come, first served, this crowd still gathered way too early.

"Owner Bu, morning! Can we purchase wine now?"

Ouyang Zhen scratched his head, with his eyes sparkling as he peered at Bu Fang. In the clash of the Battle-Saints last night, the Three Ouyang Barbarians did not dare to make a peep. In order to obtain this delicious wine, they had arrived much earlier today with intentions to stealthily purchase the wine before the seventh grade Battle-Saints could notice.

"Hey... did I give you permission to buy it first?" The Thirteen Bandits turned their gazes to the Three Ouyang Barbarians at the same time. These folks were all at the peak of sixth grade Battle-Emperor, certainly not someone with whom the Three Ouyang Barbarians could compete. Simply their imposing manners suppressed the three of them entirely.

Infuriating! However, the Three Ouyang Barbarians had to swallow such insult and humiliation silently, since they were truly inferior in strength.

"Owner Bu, I am Hu Yifeng, of Mozhou. Last night I had the fortune of smelling the fragrance of a fine wine brewed by Owner

Bu, after which I suffered a sleepless night. I've arrived here this morning with my brothers to purchase the wine, hoping that Owner Bu will allow it." Hu Yifeng, otherwise known as the elder of the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou, smiled at Bu Fang.

Of the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou, the eldest Hu Yifeng was the only learned and refined gentleman of the lot, whereas the twelve others were burly bricks. In truth, it was a wondrous sight.

Bu Fang flicked a glance toward them and nodded slightly as he walked toward the store. As he walked, he announced: "Form a queue, purchase the wine in an orderly fashion."

Form a queue? Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou were perplexed. Did one need to stand in a line to purchase things?

They were bandits, and therefore were accustomed to robbing and looting. The concept of queueing was quite unfamiliar to their minds, explaining why they were genuinely confused when Bu Fang instructed them to line up.

"Form a queue quickly, according to ranks of seniority among us brothers." Hu Yifeng wrinkled his brows as he commanded. He arrived at the entrance first, took a stride and stepped into the store.

Behind him were the second master, the third master... and so on.

As Bu Fang returned to the store, the voice of the system rang in his head.

"Price evaluation of the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew complete. The final selling price: five hundred crystals a cup."

Bu Fang's stride froze in the air. He sharply took in a chilled breath. Five hundred crystals for a cup...Oh damn! That is freaking expensive!

"But I like it..." The corners of Bu Fang's lips curled. He resumed his steps and walked into the kitchen.

Hu Yifeng entered the store, and suddenly felt as if a mysterious wave of energy enveloped him. Such wave of energy caused his eyes to sparkle.

The energy waves of the path-understanding tree could boost one's cultivation training... It was extremely helpful to achieving breakthroughs!

Hu Yifeng's eyes turned, and his gaze landed on the sapling sitting in a yellowish flower pot in a corner of the store.

This sapling was expanding in terms of scale, already nearly as tall as an average person. Its branches had spurted out, with it fresh green leaves stirring. Waves of rich spirit energy, mingled with unusual path-understanding waves, emanated from it.

"The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree has really lived up to its name. If I can take possession of this precious tree and undergo cultivation training every day, reaching a breakthrough to seventh grade Battle-Saint would only be a matter of time!" A trace of greed flashed across Hu Yifeng's eyes. At that moment, his natural instincts as a bandit surfaced and tickled his heart. However, recalling the terrifying robotic puppet from Bu Fang's store last night... Hu Yifeng decided otherwise.

That robotic puppet was an existence that could even defeat a seventh grade Battle-Saint. He himself was merely at the peak of sixth grade battle emperor, and therefore was simply not a match. There was no point in seeking for humiliation and getting stripped for nothing.

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen with a white jade wine jar in his arms and a expressionless face.

He placed a few blue and white ceramic cups. He picked up a bamboo tube, placed the white jade wine jar on the table, and lightly tapped it, successfully diverting Hu Yifeng's attention away from the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree and back onto himself.

"This is the wine you wanted to purchase. It's called the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew," Bu Fang stated calmly.

After the announcement, Bu Fang lifted the lid of the white jade wine jar. In that very instant, a rich, intoxicating wine fragrance blasted through. The wine aroma was reckless and unrestrained, it drifted out immediately and engulfed the entirety of the small alleyway. In fact, it showed signs of continuing to spread outwards.

Merely sniffing the wine fragrance caused the Three Ouyang Barbarians' mouths to water. This scent was undoubtedly enticing.

Hu Yifeng's eyes lit up and cast a burning gaze at the white jade wine jar. Those in his profession were naturally wine lovers. Alcohol could help boost one's courage, and hence what couldn't be missing from their lives... was liquor.

"Fine wine! Fine wine! This aroma... is indescribable!" Hu Yifeng was full of praises. His entire face trembled.

As for such compliments, Bu Fang was naturally happy to receive them. After all, this wine cost him an immense amount of energy, and so the end product would obviously be spectacular.

"The menu is behind you, and so is the price of the wine. Take a look," Bu Fang said.

"No need! Owner Bu, I'd like to buy this jar of wine!" Hu Yifeng waved his hands heartily and declared boldly.

Yet, Bu Fang continued to wear his poker-face, and flicked a cool glance at him before replying: "You can't afford it."

"Huh? I can't afford it?" Hu Yifeng was taken back, and then chuckled exuberantly: "Owner Bu, there's no need to look down on me. Even though I am not swimming in money, I can still easily bear the expense of a jar of wine."

Even though the fragrance of the wine was incredibly rich, at the end of the day it was still just wine. How pricey could it be.



Regarding this matter, Hu Yifeng did not bother giving it a second thought.

"The menu is behind you, why don't you take a look at it before you speak." Bu Fang didn't care to offer further explanations.

Hu Yifeng knitted his brows into a frown, and displeasure filled his heart. It was just a jar of wine, why the hold-up?

However, Hu Yifeng still acknowledged Bu Fang's words and twisted his head to study the menu.

Hu Yifeng's eyes instantly shrank as he started reading from the top. This menu... was truly frightening. This was a menu? Damn it, even elixirs didn't go at such a high price!

Wine... where was the wine? Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine... no, not this one. Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, this was it!

Hu Yifeng swept his eyes across the menu and finally located the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew. However, after seeing the price of the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, Hu Yifeng's dismissive gaze froze. His pupils gradually widened, and his face was as if he had seen a ghost.

"Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, five hundred crystals a cup."

A cup, five hundred crystals... crystals... crystals...

"This is... robbery!" Hu Yifeng's lips quavered. "Is this how you operate your business? You sell at five hundred crystals a cup, this is pure extortion!"

The Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou being extorted... Now this was quite the irony.

Bu Fang flicked a glance at him and nodded his head solemnly before saying: "A cup of wine is five hundred crystals. The price is fair. We cheat neither the old nor the young."

It was as if an invisible arrow pierced through Hu Yifeng's heart,

paining him tremendously. Fair pricing... don't toy with me just because I am not highly educated.

"Knock it off, Owner Bu, let's stick to good business practices." Hu Yifeng's complexion was clouded by a sense of distaste. This price... was simply too exorbitant.

Mozhou was a poor, destitute region. As bandits, they did not earn that much. Sometimes they had no gains for a whole month...

Purchasing a cup of wine with five hundred crystals was a definite loss!

Bu Fang fingered the bamboo tube and tapped it on the white jade wine jar. He took out a cup, extending the bamboo tube into the wine and scooping out a tube full of light cyan colored wine nectar.

Sploosh splash. The sound of wine nectar trickling rang in the air. The wine fragrance became richer still and the spirit energy mixed with the aroma wrapped around Hu Yifeng's heart like arms of silk.

Bu Fang poured the light cyan colored wine nectar into the wine cup. A mist of spirit energy hovered above the cup and three cloud-shaped moires materialized. All of that was too beautiful to be fully absorbed.

"Whether you buy it or not, the wine will always be here," Bu Fang cast a glance at Hu Yifeng and said soberly.

Gulp. The strong wine aroma caused Hu Yifeng's throat to quiver. In that moment, his addiction to wine took over him.

You win! Hu Yifeng was incensed... this was plain case of temptation and robbery. However, he found himself unable to overcome the enticement of the light cyan wine nectar.

"I'm freaking buying it! Damn it!" Hu Yifeng clenched his fist and with the wave of his hand, a huge bag of crystals landed on the table. This was all of his money. His heart was dripping with

blood.

Bu Fang arched his brows, merrily grabbed these crystals, and stored them into the system's dimensional storage.

"This wine is yours, please savor it attentively. Maybe you'll be hit with a surprise." Bu Fang remarked.

## Chapter 203: All Down With One Cup

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Hu Yifeng carefully picked up the tiny blue and white porcelain wine cup with two fingers, afraid to spill even one drop of the wine nectar. Every drop counted as crystals!

His heart was bleeding blood, but it didn't stop his mouth from smacking and watering. He sniffed the rich wine fragrance, unable to hold himself back.

The light cyan colored wine nectar rested in the delicate blue and white porcelain cup. The nectar appeared slightly thick, emitting a faint glow. A wisp of smoke floated on top of the wine cup. Its rich wine aroma spurted out like a tiny snake and up his nose. It opened up every pore in his body.

Merely smelling the fragrance of the wine nectar sent shivers down Hu Yifeng's spine. A smear of drunkenness appeared over his eyes.

Pursing his lips, he took a small sip. The light cyan colored wine nectar flew into his mouth and in that very moment a flame-like burning sensation caused him to screw up his face in shock. It felt as if his tongue was on fire.

The scorching sting came and went. Once the wine nectar was down the throat, it became as cold as ice. It nearly froze Hu Yifeng to death. However, the penetrating coolness was pleasant in its own way, causing Hu Yifeng's eyes to bulge.

With the wine nectar down his stomach, three explosions immediately followed. Wine burps came out one after another, beyond his control, and filled the surrounding with wine fragrance.

"Good... good wine!" Hu Yifeng's gentle, refined demeanor was washed with drunkenness. The wine had an alarmingly amount of strength. After the three explosions, the wine rushed right up to

his head, almost blasting him out of consciousness!

"Amalgamation of fire and ice, oh yes indeed! This wine... is a delicacy that is simply out of this world!" Hu Yifeng bellowed.

Lifting up his head, he emptied the cup with one swallow. Once again, that burning sensation in the mouth, but then chillness down the throat, which satisfied him from head to toe.

Bang!!

With one cup of wine down the stomach, the floating wine mist hovering above the blue and white porcelain cup had dissipated. However, the remains of a light wave of spirit energy was still within the mix. Hu Yifeng's face flushed red, with his eyes shooting out sparkles. As he huffed air out of his nose, spirit energy continuously poured out.

Hu Yifeng was lightheaded and dizzy. Everything before his eyes had become blurry. He squinted his eyes, but blaring Path-Understanding Notes rang in his ears. The sound was akin to thunder piercing the ears, as if it all broke out right in his head.

The second and third master of the Thirteen Bandits stood not far from Hu Yifeng. As they witnessed the staggering Hu Yifeng, their pupils shrank.

"Brother!" The second master stepped forward and caught the falling Hu Yifeng.

The second master was bewildered when he grabbed hold of Hu Yifeng, after which a rich waft of wine fragrance hit his face... is the elder brother drunk?

What the hell... down with one cup?

The second master and third master exchanged glances and detected the puzzling look in each others' eyes. Their brother did not have a poor tolerance for liquor. A case of him passing out with one cup was simply unthinkable prior to this.

"What did you do to our dear brother!" The second master, still in disbelief, starred daggers at Bu Fang. It must be the brat before his eyes who tampered with the wine nectar. How else could his brother be knocked out cold after one cup?!

Bu Fang twisted his head and with his deadpan face looked back at the scowling, burly fellow, before remarking coolly: "As you can see, this chap... is down with one cup."

The third master stood up in a fury. "You're a liar. We know how well our brother can handle his liquor. You lad... don't even think about hoodwinking us. Spill, what did you do to our brother!"

"As I have said before, he is drunk. If you don't believe that, drink a cup yourself," Bu Fang said evenly.

The third master was taken back for a moment, but immediately began hollering: "Then hit me with a cup fast!"

"Five hundred crystals per cup. If you don't believe me, look at the menu behind you." Bu Fang thought it would be better to be clear on the price ahead of time.

"What? Five hundred crystals?! Why don't you just go ahead and rob me right here?!" The third master almost bit his tongue in shock when he heard Bu Fang's words. Five hundred crystals for a cup of wine... has he gone crazy over his desire for crystals?

"If you're not ordering, then leave the store. You know the consequences if you try to cause trouble." Bu Fang remained unperturbed.

The third master clenched his fist, peered at his drunken brother lying within the second master's arms. Seeing his flushed face and incessant spewing out of rich, intoxicating wine fragrance, the third master's heart hardened.

"Five hundred crystals... damn it! Brothers, lend me some crystals to expose the true colors of this lying, cheating, black-hearted owner!"

The third master gritted his teeth and turned to borrow crystals from his brothers. The second master shoved his crystals to the third master without a word.

The rest also handed up their crystals, albeit a little hesitant.

They were not Hu Yifeng, which meant they did not have a lot of crystals on them. However...scraped together, the twelve brothers were able to pool five hundred crystals easily.

With a "bam", the third master slammed the crystals on the table. Bu Fang then poured a cup of wine for him.

Having carefully inspected this magnificent cup of wine, he couldn't contain his urges and drained the cup with one swallow.

This was his habit when it came to wine drinking. He differed from the learned, refined nature of people like Hu Yifeng. Instead, he was merely a burly brick, and doing shots was the common way to go.

But this wine was no common wine...

Bu Fang even stared in astonishment at the third master, who had drained it in one shot, before blinking his eyes.

Having drunk the wine with one swallow, the third master's face became instantly distorted. The amalgamation of fire and ice burst forth on top of the explosion from the three moires. Such rupture of sensations had the third master completely hooked. In short, he was on cloud nine.

Sure enough, the third master's face also flushed red. He pointed to Bu Fang as his eyes rolled, but he toppled over and hit the floor before taking out a single step, descending into a deep sleep.

Another case of down with one cup...

The rest of the Thirteen Bandits were shocked out of their wits. This wine really could make one pass out after one cup... damn it, that was truly enticing. They couldn't wait to jump at it and give it

a try.

But not after long, they scurried out in dejection having learned of the skyrocketing price.

The seventh master couldn't decide what to do. When he stepped into the store earlier, he was still clouded with a lingering fear. It was in this very place... that he was stripped mercilessly and then had to sprint back to the inn stark-naked. It was a complete disgrace to his reputation. He was back in the same spot, now with a completely different state of mind.

Evidently, he did not have any crystals left. He had lent all of his to the third master. His pocket was completely empty at this point.

"My apologies, this store does not allow anyone to leave it on the tab. So please leave if you do not have any crystals." Bu Fang was simply ruthless.

The seventh master ground his teeth in anger, as fumes of rage rose from his body. He only wanted to drink a cup of wine. Why was this so difficult?

Whitey's plump figure could be faintly seen inside the kitchen. The seventh master's heart sank. His mind replayed the all too memorable scenes from before, and so he instantly chose to exit the store without a second thought... Making trouble in the store? What a joke... He did not want to relive the streaking.

And so, the Thirteen Bandits came in a formidable flood, but left carrying two weaklings, who were knocked out cold after one cup of wine, back to the inn. This was infuriating... some of them didn't even get to taste the wine.

The Thirteen Bandits carried their two brothers and walked out of the alleyway, only to bump right into Ni Yan and a sleepy Ye Ziling.

"Such a strong wine scent, are they drunk?" Ni Yan twitched her nose and murmured.



Afterwards, she pulled Ye Ziling before Bu Fang's store.

However, there was a long line in front of the store.

The rich wine fragrance that drifted out of it made Ni Yan's heart itch.

Ye Ziling was unaffected though, since she hadn't developed any concepts about alcohol yet.

"This Owner Bu is quite intriguing. Last time when I visited the store I complained that his wine wasn't good enough. This time he had already issued a new wine. Could it be that he wants to compete with the "Dragon's Breath"?" Ni Yan felt exhilarated. This was the first time she came across a wine that could possibly be compared to the old drunkard's Dragon's Breath.

The two didn't try skipping the line, and instead honestly stood behind Fatty Jin and his crew.

...

In front of the Gate of Peaceful Tranquility of the Imperial City, two figures slowly sauntered out. Ji Chengxue was dressed in a brocade robe, with a jaded crown on his head. A smile hung on the corners of his mouth as he walked out of the palace.

Besides him, there was a eunuch also wrapped in a brocade robe. He was the long absent, aged Lian Fu.

"Uncle Lian, let's go to Owner Bu's store, or else we'll miss the fine wine." Ji Chengxue beamed.

Lian Fu pinched his orchid-shaped fingers, nodded his head, and cleared his throat before saying: "Your Majesty, your wish is my command."

# Chapter 204: Your Cup of Wine, Free of Charge

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Ouyang Xiaoyi skipped down the road and entered the small alleyway in shock, gaping at the long queue lined up ahead.

In the queue, she saw a couple of familiar faces. Some were regular customers of the store, others were unknown strangers...

"No wonder I didn't hear your snores this morning. Turns out you guys sneaked here, to the smelly boss' store, for a booze!" Ouyang Xiaoyi immediately recognized three familiar, thickset figures once she stepped into the store. Who else could they be but her three idiot brothers.

The three barbarians of Ouyang twisted their heads to look at Ouyang Xiaoyi. Their faces scrunched up, as traces of utmost grief crept over their complexions.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was instantly startled. Brothers... can you stop terrorizing people in broad daylight?

"Owner Bu's wine... costs an arm and a leg." The elder, Ouyang Zhen, pouted his lips, extremely upset. The three brothers couldn't afford even one cup of wine with all of the crystals on them. It was simply... damning.

Who would have thought that Bu Fang's newly brewed wine was not only exorbitant, but also sold in terms of cups!

How much was there in a cup... it wasn't even enough to fill the slits between one's teeth.

"Xiaoyi, my dear sister, could you lend your brother some crystals?" Ouyang Wu moved closer to Ouyang Xiaoyi brazenly, causing the latter to heighten her vigilance.

Ouyang Xiaoyi opened her eyes wide and peered at the menu in bemusement. She ran her eyes down the menu and discovered the

newly added dish at the bottom...

"Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, five hundred crystals per cup."

Ouyang Xiaoyi was dumbfounded, five hundred crystals... a cup? This... must be a mistake of the smelly boss? What kind of wine could be worth five hundred crystals a cup? The Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine wasn't even one tenth the price of this new item.

No wonder her three brothers had to borrow crystals from her...

"My dear sister, Xiaoyi, this wine is too enticing. If your brother doesn't get a taste, he won't be able to sleep tonight. I'd feel weak all over even when I walked..." Ouyang Di put on a long face. He looked in pain.

Three hefty, burly fellows pouring out their woes to a little loli. With their snots and tears, certainly made an entertaining scene.

Ouyang Xiaoyi patted the faces of her three brothers, took out crystals from her sachet, and handed them to her brothers. As the gem of the Ouyang family, she was never short of crystals.

"Thanks, little sister!" Ouyang Zhen was wild with joy as he received the crystals. On top of what the three of them had, they finally pooled five hundred crystals, enough to buy a cup of wine.

As Bu Fang's bamboo tube scooped, the sound of flowing wine nectar reverberated through the entire store. Such wine fragrance gradually diffused, intoxicating the three Ouyang barbarians.

"Here, your Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew." Bu Fang carefully passed the blue and white porcelain cup to Ouyang Zhen, who received it with the utmost caution. Such behavior came off as both attentive and comical.

Ouyang Zhen held the wine cup, on which Ouyang Wu and Ouyang Di glued their eager eyes.

The three of them convened by a corner and deliberated: "There

is only one cup of this wine. The three of us each takes one sip. Nobody is allowed extra!"

Ouyang Wu and Ouyang Di promptly nodded.

Ouyang Zhen instantly narrowed his eyes, lifted up the cup, and took a small sip. He drank precisely a third of the wine.

After a taste, he fell utterly into a state of inescapable intoxication.

Ouyang Wu received the wine cup from his hands, deeply inhaled the wine aroma, and also took a sip. An exploding wine aroma burst forth within his mouth, causing his hairs to stand on their ends.

Lastly, Ouyang Di got hold of the wine up, and tipped into his mouth whatever was left in the cup...

The scene of three burly fellows meticulously divvying up one small cup of wine was, needless to say, pitiable. The sight became all the more bleak and desolate at this moment in time.

Nevertheless, after drinking up this cup of wine, the complexions of all three underwent dramatic transformations. Their pupils widened, and the true energy within their bodies was actually fluctuating.

They didn't pass out after one cup, since the three of them shared a cup. That's why they weren't completely drunk, but only tipsy.

After devoted training, the cultivation levels of the three Ouyang barbarians had just recently, around the Spring Festival, made a breakthrough to fifth level Battle-King. Now, with this cup of wine down the stomach, they felt the true energy within their bodies circulating at full speed, as if the true energy was boiling inside.

With flushed complexions, the three walked out of the store, and directly sat down cross-legged in the small alleyway to undergo cultivation.

They could hear the indistinct whispers of Path-Understanding Notes flowing through their ears. Going along with the Path-Understanding Notes, they seemed to feel the many questions arising from cultivation training were readily and easily solved.

The queuing crowds gazed in astonishment at the cross-legged three brothers sat upon the ice-cold bricks of the small alleyway.

The energy on their bodies was fluctuating, and continued to build up. It looked as if... they had consumed elixirs.

The eyes of many people instantly sparked. A cup of wine... surely couldn't induce one to reach breakthroughs?

Was it really true? A cup of wine had the effects of elixirs?

Ni Yan's eyes shone even brighter. The fire in her heart burnt more fervently.

Not only Ni Yan, but many others had discerned the effects of this wine... Everyone was instantly amazed. It could help one reach breakthroughs? This wine was truly badass.

However, as these people stepped into the store and witnessed the exorbitant price, long faces were put on. The colors on their faces were drained into ashen tones.

Most people simply couldn't afford it, or did not bring this many crystals. There were also people who rummaged up and down, finally getting together five hundred crystals, and bought a cup.

Sure enough, everyone passed out after one cup.

Those sprawled on the floor were subsequently taken home by their acquaintances.

Fatty Jin and his lot were not there for the wine, but for the food instead. It was, however, pretty obvious that Bu Fang did not appear to have time to cook their dishes. They were not impatient, and instead sat there in good spirits, fascinated at the rare sight of wine selling.

Bu Fang gazed at the half drained white jade wine jar, and scrunched his brows into a slight frown. He lifted up his head and announced to the crowd: "Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, only five cups left for sale today."

Five cups? Ni Yan blanched. She never thought that this wine was not only sold by the cup, but also freaking limited in quantity!

But so be it, if was her turn anyway.

The corners of Ni Yan's mouth curled as she stepped before Bu Fang. Her red lips formed a playful grin as she asked: "Owner Bu, how did you think of brewing such good wine?"

Bu Fang peered at Ni Yan's breathtakingly beautiful face, one lovely enough to cause the downfall of cities and countries, and knitted his brows into a slight frown. He did not answer her question, but instead took in a deep breath as he eyed the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew in the jade white wine jar.

"Your cup of wine, free of charge." Bu Fang scooped up a cup of wine and handed the blue and white porcelain cup to Ni Yan.

Ni Yan, Ouyang Xiaoyi, and also Ye Ziling who stood behind Ni Yan, were all taken back. Everyone was rather dumbfounded.

What did it mean? What was the meaning of this?!

Owner Bu... you shouldn't forgo your principles just because this lady was attractive!

"Why is it free?" Ni Yan took the wine cup Bu Fang offered her without reservation. Her red lips glistened mesmerizingly as they curled, with her eyes narrowed into slits.

She knew Bu Fang wasn't the type tempted by a beautiful face. If he gave her a drink for free... she'd be damned if he wasn't up to something.

"You've drunk 'Dragon's Breath', right? Then, give this cup of wine a good taste. Afterwards, give an assessment of which is

better, the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew or Dragon's Breath," Bu Fang studied Ni Yan solemnly and said soberly.

Wine match? Ni Yan froze. She never guessed that Bu Fang treated her to wine for the purpose of a wine match... and also that the target of comparison was "Dragon's Breath". Could it be that her innocuous comment last time about how the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine couldn't compare with Dragon's Breath stuck with Owner Bu?

Owner Bu shouldn't be so bored as to care about such trivialities... Maybe, the making of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew was merely a coincidence.

Ni Yan thought assertively in her head.

But... Bu Fang really did make the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew just for the sake of competing with Dragon's Breath. If Ni Yan learned of Bu Fang's true intentions, she definitely wouldn't know whether it was more appropriate to laugh or cry.

With Bu Fang's comment, Ni Yan's heart was all the more curious. It seemed like Owner Bu was very much confident in this wine.

Her jade-like, long pale fingers clasped the blue and white porcelain cup. Her nose edged closer to the cup and sniffed gently. A waft of wine fragrance drifted up her nose, absolutely enchanting.

Her baby pink tongue licked her rosy lips, both beguiling and seductive. She lifted up the wine cup and took a small sip.

## Chapter 205: A Breakthrough by Wine Drinking, How Incredible

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"Master Ah Wu, time to get up. Let's go find Bu Fang."

The sound of knocking echoed in the inn. Wu Yunbai, dressed in a white robe, held a hand behind her back as she knocked.

After a lengthy flurry inside the room, Master Ah Wu finally walked out, nodding to Wu Yunbai and smiling timidly.

"Miss, up so early this morning." Master Ah Wu remarked.

"Early my ass. It is already late in the morning. Come on, let's go find Bu Fang." Wu Yunbai rolled her eyes at Master Ah Wu and led the way to the inn's door.

The two left the inn, squinted their eyes to detect the right direction, and walked toward the location of Fang Fang's Little Store. Since they'd already enquired the inn clerks, they didn't get lost on their way.

The two walked for a while and arrived at the remote alleyway. According to the inn clerk, Fang Fang's Little Store was located within this small alleyway.

The two of them were filled with curiosity, as the alleyway was not as quiet or secluded as they expected. Instead, it was bustling with noise and excitement, and an uninterrupted flow of people walked out of the small alleyway, carrying drunk bodies that emanated a rich wine aroma.

From afar, two figures strolled forth, one of which had a handsome and youthful complexion, a gentle smile, and emitted an overbearing pressuring aura.

The elder next to the youth had a fair complexion, but look quite odd. His torso twisted as he walked, his thumb and middle finger pinched together to form orchid-shaped fingers.



This peculiar combination caused Wu Yunbai to wrinkle her brows. Her face became grave.

It was because she could clearly detect that the cultivation level of this sissy elder next to the youth... was very high. At least stronger than that of Master Ah Wu judging by his subconscious emanation of pressure.

"Nowadays, the Imperial City is muddled with all sorts of people. Battle-Saint warriors... can be seen everywhere." Wu Yunbai murmured, and then stopped paying attention as she took Master Ah Wu along to enter the alleyway first.

"Uncle Lian, do you happen to know... those two people?" Ji Chengxue glanced at the back of Wu Yunbai, and softly asked Lian Fu, who stood besides him.

Lian Fu pinched his orchid-shaped fingers and lightly waved them as he responded: "It's apparent that they don't belong to our Light Wind Empire. I would not know."

"Then it should be Battle-Saints from other places... Is their target the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree as well? This... item is actually this alluring?" Ji Chengxue muttered.

"Oh gosh, my majesty, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree is a treasure that can assist seventh level Battle-Saints reach eighth level War-God. Nevermind other Battle-Saints, even your old servant, I, cannot contain myself." Lian Fu flicked his orchid-shaped hands and remarked.

Ji Chengxue nodded his head. Being able to help seventh level Battle-Saints reach eighth level War-God, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree was naturally priceless. However, back when the seed was still in the palace, they had used countless methods and planted it for a long time but still failed to make it germinate. Why was it that it successfully and rapidly grew once falling into Owner Bu's hands.

A possible explanation was that Bu Fang had some kind of special soil that could grow this treasured seed.

Or perhaps this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree was destined not to belong in the palace.

"Come on, let's go take a look at Owner Bu's new wine. About that... this sovereign is extremely excited." Ji Chengxue laughed and walked forward with big strides.

...

The light cyan wine nectar flew in Ni Yan's baby red lips, through her jade-like white teeth, and into her mouth.

A flame-like burning sensation burst forth in her mouth, adding a layer of red flush on her pale face. Her delicate tongue licked her lips as she let out a breath. As the wine nectar glided down her throat, a sudden iceberg-like shock froze her entire body... The momentary transition from heat to cold made her face blush, and she couldn't help but emit a moan.

As the third explosion burst in her stomach, the sensation caused Ni Yan to lift up her head. Her hair streamed loose, teeth bit into her lips, and eyes blurred with drowsiness.

"Good wine!"

With another sip, the wine rushed to her head, where she felt a numbing throb. Besides her ears were whispers of peculiar Path-Understanding Notes.

Path-Understanding Notes? Ni Yan entered a focused state of mind, concentrating on the stirs of this path-understanding sensation.

Having gulped down the last of the wine nectar from the blue and white porcelain cup, Ni Yan felt a sense of paralyzing comfort.

Ye Ziling, who stood behind and carefully scrutinized Ni Yan, caught her in her arms and asked worriedly: "Sister Ni Yan... are

you ok?"

"Dragon's Breath, sealed at the bottom of an ice mountain, supposedly stunning all beneath heaven once excavated... hahaha! You old drunkard, see how pleased you are with yourself. But Owner Bu's wine here... tastes better than your Dragon's Breath! Better than... your Dragon's Breath!"

Ni Yan's flushed face broke into a chortle, with her fair, long arms waving wildly in the air.

Ye Ziling felt rather awkward. She had no idea what Ni Yan was saying... but a drunk Ni Yan was stripped of her goddess-like image. Eh, to be more accurate, she never truly upheld that reputation.

Ye Zilin was lost over Ni Yan's words, but Bu Fang certainly made sense of it. He heard Ni Yan's evaluation of the two wines in her drunken state. Without a doubt, given Ni Yan's assessment, the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew clearly emerged victorious.

"Congratulations to the host for completing the temporary task: the 'Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew' you created yourself has surpassed the 'Dragon's Breath'. The task rewards will be granted now..."

The solemn voice of the system rang in Bu Fang's head. Beyond all questions, his Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew has outshone the Dragon's Breath, meaning he had completed the temporary task.

Bu Fang let out a light breath, much like he was just relieved of a great burden. The completion of this assignment made him feel rather rejoiced inside.

Ye Ziling supported Ni Yan, who suddenly shook in her arms and flicked open her eyes. A sense of panic-stricken fright appeared in her eyes, her pretty brows knitted into a frown. With a wave of energy, Ye Ziling was pushed away.

Ni Yan stood erect and fell into a deep meditation.

Boom Boom Boom!!

This fluctuating waves of muffled sound reverberated in the air.

Those in the queue were instantly alarmed and gazed toward the three Ouyang barbarians, who sat cross-legged on the ice cold bricks of the small alleyway.

The levels of energy on the three brothers rapidly rose. On top of their heads emerged small funnels of spirit energy vortexes, enabling spirit energy to rush into their bodies and transform into true energy.

With a ring alike bursting open a stratum, the energy of the three brothers of three Ouyang barbarians immediately elevated by a large degree. In that instant, they reached the peak of fifth level Battle-King...

The bystanders in the crowd became all the more terrified at this scene, since before this the three brothers were merely at the initial stages of fifth level Battle-King. In fact, their levels of energy were even rather unstable. Yet, after sharing this cup of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, the three brothers actually simultaneously reached the peak of fifth level Battle-King.

Was this a joke? What would that make of breakthroughs in cultivation, if it was no different from eating food or drinking water?

Those in the crowd took in a chilled breath, since they knew that the three brothers' breakthroughs were inseparable from the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew.

Those who drank it previously had not reached breakthroughs. Seeing that they passed out after one cup, none had the chance to regulate the rich spirit energy contained in the wine nectar. However, they should be able to experience breakthroughs soon enough.

This wine nectar was truly capable of assisting people reach breakthroughs!

At that, those left in the crowd felt heated with anticipation within. If it could help reach a breakthrough, five hundred crystals... was not a bad deal!

The remaining four cups of wine were sold without a struggle. Once the fourth cup was sold, Bu Fang instantly sealed the jade white wine jar. Only half a jar of wine nectar was left.

There were a total of three jars of this Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew. Bu Fang did not plan on brewing this spirit wine again in the future. Not only because the process was complex, but also because the ingredients needed were precious and rare.

Plus, the brewing of this spirit wine required way too much energy.

Three jars of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew... were enough. Once it was all sold, it would be plainly out of stock.

The three Ouyang barbarians had completed their breakthroughs. The drunken drowsiness had vanished from their faces. The three stepped into the store to thank Bu Fang, only to discover that the bystanders' gazes had not fallen on them.

Instead, they were looking at the breathtakingly beautiful woman sitting there cross-legged.

The woman's long hair fluttered with the breeze of true energy. Amidst the fluctuation of her true energy, there were signs that she may reach a breakthrough.

This woman, the three Ouyang barbarians recalled... was a seventh level Battle-Saint.

## Chapter 206: Where Was the Lotus? The Lotus You Promised?

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On the streets of the Imperial City, street vendors were peddling their goods, hollering at flows of pedestrians.

A bald young monk dressed in a black linen garment carried a portion of steaming buns, stuffing the meat bun into his mouth as he walked.

The white meat buns emanated hot steam, yet the young monk was unaffected. He picked one up with one hand and gave it a good ol' bite, causing sauce to splatter everywhere. The aroma of the meat buns pervaded the air.

Not long after, the portion of buns was quickly devoured as he walked on.

He carelessly threw the empty food container onto the road and wiped his greasy mouth with his linen garment. Then, the young monk tugged off the gourd hanging from his waist and poured wine into his mouth. There was a satisfied look on his face.

"There's wine and there's meat... now that is the life!" The young monk grinned broadly, and walked toward Fang Fang's Little Store with large strides.

Suddenly, his steps froze as he cast a solemn gaze toward the small alleyway. This was because he could feel ferocious forces of true energy gushing from the direction of the store. He took another swig of wine, with his face as grave as ever.

"Which absentminded seventh grade Battle-Saint is putting on such a great pageantry of cultivation training in the Imperial City?" The young monk burst out into laughter.

There were countless seventh grade Battle-Saints in the Imperial City nowadays. Consequently, every Battle-Saint had their hands tied, afraid to do anything too flashy. This was a critical period, as

there may be a lot to lose by sticking out one's neck.

"Whatever, who cares if he has the cultivation of a Battle-Saint. My objective is just to gather some information, hehe, and to get a look at the legendary Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree at the same time." The young monk chuckled, lightly tapped his bald head, and stepped forward.

...

Bu Fang carried the white jade wine jar into the kitchen, hid it well, and walked out again.

He caught sight of a few familiar shadows just as he was leaving the kitchen. Bu Fang studied the figures and instantly froze.

Wu Yunbai saw Bu Fang and her eyes sparkled. Sure enough it was him, they were in the right place!

However, Wu Yunbai did not move imprudently, as she saw the cross-legged seventh grade Battle-Saint seemingly about to reach a breakthrough. A Battle-Saint's breakthrough... now this was no joke.

Creak Creak, the sound of footsteps echoed once again.

Two shadows appeared by the entrance, standing right behind Wu Yunbai.

Ji Chengxue's pupils shrank as he peered at Ni Yan, who sat in the center of the store. He felt grim inside. Was this woman about to achieve a breakthrough? Breaking through at such a sensitive timing...

Lian Fu was filled with emotions as he glanced at the store. Ever since accompanying the late emperor here last time, he had never set foot into the store again. Suddenly hit with the cozy atmosphere, he couldn't help but recall old memories. He pinched his orchid-shaped fingers and sniveled.

Ni Yan's breakthrough did not last too long. Though the forces of

energy on her body were rising, they stopped short at breaking into the echelon of eighth grade War-God from the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint. The true energy within her gradually receded, and Ni Yan opened her eyes helplessly.

After drinking a cup of wine, the sounds of Path-Understanding Notes buzzed by her ears, enabling her to nearly reach a revelation. Yet it was truly onerous to arrive at such state, thus Ni Yan merely improved by one level on her cultivation as a seventh grade Battle-Saint. To reach the echelon of eighth grade War-God was too difficult.

The true energy that filled up the store dissipated. Ni Yan stood up and stretched, revealing her perfect body shape that attracted many pairs of eyes.

"Too bad, Owner Bu, your wine is quite something... but it was still an inch away from helping me reach a breakthrough. Just this last layer is as impenetrable as a natural barrier." Ni Yan's voice carried a trace of glumness, but it was fine. She didn't feel too dejected.

Though the breakthrough was unsuccessful, her cultivation level still witnessed an improvement.

"Owner Bu, long time no see, how have you fared lately? Has business been booming?" Ji Chengxue laughed as he walked through the door and brought his hands into a greeting gesture.

Bu Fang cast Ji Chengxue a surprised look. How was this busybody free to visit his store today?

Wasn't this guy off being the emperor?

"Business has been good," Bu Fang replied calmly.

Wu Yunbai cast an irritated look at the young man who had interrupted her encounter with Bu Fang, even though by the tone of their voices it sounded like they were old acquaintances.

"Owner Bu's restaurant is floating with the aroma of food as



always..." Ji Chengxue exclaimed.

Suddenly, the tone of his voice changed into a chuckle: "Owner Bu, last night the wine you brewed stirred quite a commotion. The wine fragrance enveloped half of the Imperial City. It certainly shocked everyone. I have no idea what kind of wine you brewed. Is it possible... to give this young master a taste?"

Bu Fang peered at Ji Chengxue, but shook his head, and said: "You're too late. Today's Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew has been sold out. No more will be for sale, you'll just have to order something else."

Sold out? Ji Chengxue blanched, then rubbed his chin and nodded his head. Bu Fang's store was bound to be different from the others, even in terms of sale modes. It has been a while since he last had a drink in Bu Fang's store, to the point he had almost forgotten Bu Fang's style.

"Haha, the fault lies with this young master. Then, could Owner Bu give me an order of... the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine, and a Red Braised Meat. Owner Bu's Red Braised Meat is the best among the entire Imperial City."

Bu Fang nodded, then turned back to head into the kitchen, ready to start cooking. But a sound behind him caught his attention, causing him to twist his head.

Wu Yunbai walked closer to Bu Fang and knitted her brows into a frown, saying: "Bu Fang, I don't suppose you've forgotten all about me?"

Bu Fang looked at Wu Yunbai with a deadpan face, curled the corners of his lips, and responded: "I have not forgotten, just didn't expect you to actually show up."

"You still owe me the lotus, of course I'd come... this is a matter of whether I can reach the breakthrough!" Wu Yunbai said seriously.

Huh? Bu Fang turned pale, the lotus...

Reminded of the lotus, Bu Fang instantly batted his eyes, cast them at Wu Yunbai, but kept silent.

Bu Fang's expression drained the colors from Wu Yunbai's face, could it be... that this guy had already spoiled the lotus? It was a seventh grade spirit herb... how could it just go to waste like that!

Snapped, Wu Yunbai lifted her long pale finger and shakily pointed it at Bu Fang: "You... you didn't spoil the lotus, did you?"

"I wouldn't say spoil, just that it has been used." Bu Fang coolly replied, calm and undaunted.

Seeing Wu Yunbai inadvertently struck up some other memories in Bu Fang. It had been a month, so why hasn't that serpent-man visited yet? If that serpent-men wanted to live, he definitely needed to seek for the Elixir Cuisine from his store.

Could it be that they encountered some unexpected obstacles on the journey here?

Typically speaking, they should have arrived by now. That they haven't appeared yet signified they probably got into some trouble.

Bu Fang sighed silently.

"How could you use the lotus... What about my breakthrough? What did you do with the lotus? Tell me now!" Wu Yunbai was livid. Here she was, having finally arrived at the Imperial City, yet this brat had already used up the lotus.

"For wine brewing. Nothing is left." Bu Fang answered.

Wine brewing? The lotus could be used to brew wine? Wait! Wu Yunbai suddenly remembered something, and glared at Bu Fang with her large eyes.

The so-called wine mentioned by this guy... could it be the wine with an aroma that engulfed half of the Imperial City last night?

Seventh grade spirit herb used for wine brewing... Dear brother,

can we not be so extravagant?

There was a stabbing pain in Wu Yunbai's heart, a heartache that almost stopped her breath.

"Then where's the wine... Give me a taste. Maybe... there's still some leftover herb effect." Wu Yunbai put on a long face and said with the last of her hopes.

"Oh... that wine has been sold out today, so please come back again tomorrow."

Bu Fang glanced at Wu Yunbai gravely and replied. That sober complexion came off as extremely infuriating, giving Wu Yunbai the urge to kick his face...

Outside, the echoes of footsteps rang in the air. Silhouettes of figures appeared one after one.

The gushes of energy emanated from a seventh level Battle-Saint just then had attracted the attention of many Battle-Saints in the Imperial City. These Battle-Saints all poured into the little store to keep the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree from being snatched.

## Chapter 207: Owner Bu... Do You Know This Serpent-Woman?

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The wine... there definitely weren't any left today. The gaze that Wu Yunbai cast toward Bu Fang was filled with grief. Still, it was useless, no matter how distressed she was.

"There are plenty of other gourmet delicacies in the store. You can give those a try. If you want to order anything... just tell this lassie."

Bu Fang calmly patted Ouyang Xiaoyi's head, advertised his dishes, and then turned around to head back into the kitchen.

Ji Chengxue walked around in familiarity and found a spot near the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree. A fresh sense of spirit energy drifted in the surrounding, alongside a touch of mystifying energy waves.

Ji Chengxue held his hands behind his back and carefully inspected the path-understanding tree with glistening eyes.

Outside of the store, intrusive glances and forces of energy hidden in the dark had withdrawn. The Battle-Saints had clearly detected that the incident this time was unrelated to the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, and hence left one after another. The path-understanding tree had yet to ripen and bear fruit, so they didn't want to get involved at this point.

Wu Yunbai ordered a few dishes. Even though the prices of these dishes were hard to swallow, as a mysterious young villa master who instilled fear in the Celestial Arcanum Sect, she was not short of crystals. Since she couldn't obtain the lotus from Bu Fang, she vented out a stomach full of anger on the food instead.

Ni Yan left with Ye Ziling. Ni Yan was in a hurry to head back to the inn and consolidate her recently strengthened cultivation, whereas Ye Ziling merely tagged along with Ni Yan.

The store became quite deserted at this point. The queue was gone and the three Ouyang barbarians scuttled away merrily. Having made some gains, they were eager to pass on the wonderful news to their father.

The rich aroma of food quickly drifted out of the kitchen. Such familiar scent broke off Ji Chengxue's gaze at the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree and stirred his emotions.

"Owner Bu's cooking skills have improved. The fragrance of his dishes is all the more alluring." Ji Chengxue took in a deep breath and sighed.

Lian Fu pinched his orchid-shaped fingers and sat on the side, still immersed in nostalgia. This store... once contained the late emperor's energy. Even though it was long gone, Lian Fu still couldn't help but feel certain illusions and dive in a sea of blues.

Evoked of memories from the past by these familiar sights, he pinched his orchid-shaped fingers and sniffled quietly.

Ji Chengxue peered at him helplessly.

The rich scent of meat fragrance rapidly spread in the air. Ouyang Xiaoyi energetically carried the Red Braised Meat to Ji Chengxue's spot and placed it in front of him.

Bu Fang also walked out of the kitchen, carrying a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine.

Ji Chengxue's eyes sparkled and couldn't refrain from licking his lips. It has been a long time since he last drank Owner Bu's wine and ate his dishes. He had such a craving.

"So fragrant."

Ji Chengxue edged his nose near the Red Braised Meat and inhaled, looking completely intoxicated as he remarked.

Bu Fang's Red Braised Meat was extremely aromatic, even attracting the attention of Wu Yunbai, who angrily sat afar.

He picked up a piece of glossy, flushed Red Braised Meat that steamed with heat and fragrance and placed it into his mouth. As he chewed, he could sense the tangy friction between his teeth and the tender meat, making him feel elated inside.

A piece of meat down his stomach and a swig of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine, he felt jubilated all over.

Bu Fang noticed the satisfied expression on Ji Chengxue, curled the corners of his mouth, and turned to head back to the kitchen.

The bald long monk stepped into the alleyway with a smile on his face. As he charged toward the store, a big black dog lying by the entrance hit his eyes.

The young monk's eyes glistened and he licked his lips.

"What a chubby dog. It must be very tasty."

The catnapping Blacky suddenly felt shivers down its spine, as if it detected an ill-willed gaze fall upon it. It opened its doggy eyes and caught sight of the greedy ogle of a... monk.

What the... what was up with this look? The black dog glared its eyes. This was the first time someone dared to gaze at this lord dog as if it was a delicacy... Was the bald donkey seeking death?

The young monk patted his baldy head, and the muscles on his face lumped into a smile.

"Red Braised Dog Meat? Should be pretty good... It is hard to come by such a fat dog in the Imperial City. But never mind, let me finish off that old fox, Zhao Musheng's assignment, first."

The young monk smacked his mouth. What a pity. He glanced at Blacky with a trace of regret and walked into the store shaking his head.

Blacky was dumbfounded. This bald donkey... was up to no good? What was up with your regretful expression?

Blacky rolled its doggy eyes and lay back down to resume its nap.

"Meat... meat fragrance!"

Having stepped into the store, the young monk's eyes glistened even brighter. It looked as if an egg was mounted with sparkling diamonds...

There was wine... there was meat, this store was not bad!

The young monk's gaze rested on Ji Chengxue at a distance, who was just about to stuff a piece of juicy, aromatic Red Braised Meat into his mouth. Then, he shifted his glance toward Wu Yunbai, who had bitten into an oily, glossy Golden Shumai... He couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva.

The fragrance that pervaded within the store stimulated his appetite. The portion of bun that gave him a full stomach was immediately forgotten.

This was the location where that old fox Zhao Musheng had a task for him?

The young monk couldn't refrain from chuckling.

"What would you like to order? The menu is behind you. You can tell me the dishes once you've done deciding." Ouyang Xiaoyi explained skillfully to the odd monk who had just entered the store.

The young monk was taken back and twisted his head. Seeing the exorbitant dishes on the menu, the corners of his mouths instantly twitched.

"Please give this humble monk an order of the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and also a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine," the young monk said to Ouyang Xiaoyi carefully.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was stunned. Since when could monks start drinking wine and eating meat without any reservation? What was the deal with this guy ordering wine and meat with such a straight face?

"The Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine?" Ouyang Xiaoyi responded with a question.

"Yes, dear benefactor, once the wine and meat had passed through the intestines, us votaries should not be subjected to the judgment of the common society. Eat whatever we want, and drink whatever we please, as long as the buddha lives in our hearts." The young monk pushed his palms together, coming off as extremely sincere.

"Alright, please wait momentarily." Ouyang Xiaoyi was dazed.

"Dear benefactor, this humble monk has another tiny request, which is seeing Owner Bu, of this restaurant." The young monk grinned. His complexion showed nothing but gentleness.

"You want to meet the smelly boss? Can you wait for a bit... He isn't available now." Ouyang Xiaoyi frowned. She still felt like there was something peculiar about this monk before her eyes.

The young monk was not in a rush, and found a seat for himself.

Ouyang Xiaoyi walked to the window of the kitchen, and relayed the order of the young monk to Bu Fang.

"This Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine was ordered by a monk..." Ouyang Xiaoyi said with an odd tone, "and he said he wanted to see you."

"See me?" Bu Fang was startled, and then he put a dish at the window. Ouyang Xiaoyi carried it away and placed it down in front of Wu Yunbai.

These two ordered a lot of dishes, buried their faces with food, and couldn't even stop.

They had never expected that Bu Fang's dishes actually tasted this good.

As Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen, he carried a richly aromatic Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in one hand, a jar of Ice Heart Jade



Urn Wine in another, and stopped by the young monk.

The young monk squinted his eyes. Seeing Bu Fang, he brought his palms together as his nose twitched...

"Your Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine. Please enjoy," Bu Fang said calmly, and then glanced at this monk with a composed manner.

The young monk stood up, his face formed a smile: "I have heard much about the great Owner Bu. This humble monk, Shang De, has a longstanding admiration for Fang Fang's Little Store. I've come to pay my visit today."

Bu Fang did not respond him, and continued looking at him with a deadpan face.

The young monk Shang De snickered, stroked his bald head, and gave it a light tap.

"Owner Bu's cooking skill is indeed impressive. This aroma has fully intoxicated this humble monk. However, this young monk came with a purpose today, and has some questions for Owner Bu."

"Go ahead," Bu Fang responded coolly.

The young monk's face became grave. With his palms pressed together, he bowed lightly toward Bu Fang.

"Us votaries have benevolent, merciful hearts. This humble monk came across a young serpent-woman on the streets of the Imperial City. As it goes, to rescue one person from death is better than building a seven-storied pagoda for the god. This humble monk came to her aid, but she quickly lost consciousness since she was heavily wounded. This humble monk felt rather helpless. However, the serpent-woman shouted out Owner Bu's name before she fainted. And so this humble monk came here to inquire, whether Owner Bu knows... this serpent-woman?"

# Chapter 208: King Yu of the Imperial Mausoleum

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The young monk Shang De pressed his palms together. His complexion was filled with gentleness and traces of smile. All the muscles on his face squeezed into a beaming grin as he looked directly at Bu Fang. Yet, his gaze was as sharp as the blade of a sword that emitted a blinding glare.

Serpent-woman? Bu Fang was startled, but kept his cool under the young monk's fierce glance as he curled his lips.

"Yes, I do know." Bu Fang calmly replied, remaining at ease without any apparently change to his composure.

He was wondering why those serpent-men haven't visited him yet. It turned out they did indeed run into trouble on the way. But then again, that wasn't a surprise at all... the Imperial City nowadays was in the eye of the storm. Just last night, a group of top-notch warriors crowded by his store.

Serpent-men were already an exotic breed. For them to encounter the unexpected when stepping into the human realm... was easily anticipated.

But what exactly did this monk want to express?

Bu Fang's gave the young monk Shang De a questioning glance, "And then, do you need me to do something?"

The young monk felt pleased at first when Bu Fang confirmed his inquiry, but was now stupefied by Bu Fang's question. He had no idea how to respond to this remark, since it was that old fox, Zhao Musheng, who captured the serpent-men.

"If you can't help them out, then bring them here." Bu Fang flickered a glance at the bald head, then turned around to head back to the kitchen.

He had agreed, back in the Illusory Spirit Swamp, that as long as they came to his store, he would lend a helping hand. However, this did not mean Bu Fang felt obligated to track them down if they got into trouble on the way here.

The young monk rubbed his head and broke into a grin. Alright, this owner has got quite a personality! But he couldn't answer this question, so he'd leave the head splitting puzzle to Zhao Musheng.

The young bald monk returned to his seat and gazed toward the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs on the table. The tangerine-red Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs emitted hot steams and a rich meaty aroma. It reinvigorated his appetite. Nevermind the portion of meat bun he ate on the way here, his stomach was rumbling with hunger once more.

He picked up his chopsticks, lightly tapped them on the table, and snatched up a piece of tangerine-red Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. The rib's meat was rather tender. One could feel its springiness once the chopsticks landed on it.

Having licked his lips, the young monk first glided his tongue over the rib's sauce. The sweet and sour taste of the sauce instantly made his eyes sparkle.

Stuffing an entire piece of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs into his mouth, the young monk felt his eyes light up. The intense meaty fragrance burst forth, and the tender, juicy meat tapped at the inner walls of his mouth.

"So... so delicious!" The young monk continued to chew. His eyes protruded as he let out an odd laugh. This rib... was so damn tasty!

Gulp, the piece of rib was swallowed. The young monk smacked his lips, as the entire mouthful of meaty aroma left him intoxicated.

As a carnivorous monk, his obsession with meat was one unfathomable to the common person. He ate all sorts of meat. One of the biggest reasons was because he once lived alone in a

boundless, desolate desert that was devoid of plants or spirit fruits. It only had endless supplies of a furry spirit beast.

To survive and keep himself alive, he ate the beasts' flesh raw and drank their blood. The flavor of that spirit beasts' meat was seriously not worthy of any compliments...

Ever since he returned, the young monk Shang De developed an addiction to meat, and swore to try all gourmet meat dishes in this world.

He poured himself a cup of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine. The clear, spring-water-like wine nectar emanated a rich wine aroma, tingling the young monk's nostrils.

With a slurp, the wine nectar was down his throat, in perfect combination with the meaty aroma. The young monk couldn't help but lightly yelp in delight.

From afar... Ouyang Xiaoyi fixated her big eyes on this bald monk drinking wine and eating meat without reservation. She felt like her foundational knowledge about monks had completely collapsed.

"Isn't it recorded in the books that monks don't drink wine or eat meat?" Ouyang Xiaoyi twitched her mouth.

How was this young monk Shang De, with his greasy mouth, anything like the conventional monks recorded in the books... these writings were all lies.

The young monk kicked up his foot and placed his leg on a stool. His foot jerked up and down as he placed another piece of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in his mouth. The young monk seemed to have discerned Ouyang Xiaoyi's gaze, and nodded at her with a beaming smile.

Ouyang Xiaoyi humphed and turned her gaze away.

Ji Chengxue had finished his meal and laid down his chopsticks. He was filled with joy. It had been a while since he last tasted Owner Bu's gourmet delicacies. Today, he finally ate to his heart's

content.

"Uncle Lian, let's go," Ji Chengxue said to Lian Fu, who sat besides him and had just finished an order of Egg-Fried Rice.

Lian Fu curled his orchid-shaped fingers, and lightly consented. He stood up but felt reluctant to leave. This store was filled with memories.

As the emperor, it was unsuitable to leave the palace for too long. Ji Chengxue stopped by today to get a sense of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree coveted by numerous Battle-Saints. And, on top of that, to try Owner Bu's new wine. Though it was a shame he didn't get a chance to taste it, it was still satisfying to be reminded of Owner Bu's spectacular cooking.

The two of them left, whereas Wu Yunbai and Master Ah Wu continued on. They had ordered many dishes and were fully immersed in this feasting journey.

...

Imperial Mausoleum of the Imperial City. Tiny pieces of snowflakes softly drifted down. A cold breeze brushed past, touching upon all in the surrounding. The leaves emitted crumpling sounds as they rubbed against each other.

The imperial mausoleum was located on top of a steep mountain, at a high altitude. With the light snow, the temperature there was still a lot colder than the Imperial City, which was regaining its warmth as spring season arrived.

From a thatched house made of twitch-grass, a man dressed in a modest linen garment slowly sauntered out.

The man had a broom in his hands, and stepped unhurriedly into the gloomy but dignified imperial mausoleum, within which were erected numerous gravestones. He swept away the fallen leaves that had landed on the tombstones with his broom.

The crinkling noise from sweeping reverberated within the

deadly still imperial mausoleum, adding to it an ominous echo.

"Tsk tsk... the once awe-inspiring King Yu of a generation, badly defeated in the battle over the throne, and now finds himself in this deplorable, wretched state. Has the glory of yesteryears been washed away into tepid streams of water? Oh how pitiable, how lamentable."

The tranquil imperial mausoleum suddenly rang with laughter, and crispy taps of footsteps followed suit.

The man with a broom in his hands instantly froze. He held his body erect and narrowed his eyes at the sniggering man. His gaze was deadly, as if made of gray ashes, and his face was deadpan.

Zhao Ruge was dressed in a white robe and held his hands behind his back. Besides him were a couple of guards wrapped in black robes, with faces concealed that couldn't be easily discerned. The levels of energy on these guards were terrifyingly strong, and had already suppressed the guards of the imperial mausoleum.

Zhao Ruge strolled around the entrance of the imperial mausoleum with large strides. As an outsider, he didn't dare step into the imperial mausoleum of the imperial household.

He had absolutely no idea what might be the consequence of trespassing onto the imperial mausoleum.

Ji Chengyu studied Zhao Ruge for a bit, then lowered his head and resumed sweeping off dead leaves from the tombstones. His movements were sluggish, much like those of an enervated elder. The once bold, spirited demeanor of King Yu was nowhere to be found.

"Your highness King Yu, surely you don't want to be stuck in this imperial mausoleum for the rest of your life? Think about Ji Chengxue sitting upon the throne right now. Are you not filled with unreconcilable anger?" Zhao Ruge's gaze stared daggers as he continued: "Why should you, King Yu, guard the imperial

mausoleum like some watch dog, while he, Ji Chengxue, sits comfortably on the throne? Why him?"

Ji Chengyu's eyes turned, his ashen pupils revealed a trace of wan smiles, "Zhao Ruge, what have I got left to fight against Ji Chengxue at this point? Everything has been settled already. Father chose him, that makes me... a sore loser from head to foot."

"A loser? That's not the King Yu in my mind." Zhao Ruge snickered.

Ji Chengyu shook his head, ignored Zhao Ruge, and turned to another tombstone. It was the tombstone of Emperor Changfeng, one that was awfully plain and unlike anything one would expect of an emperor's gravestone. Unadorned, it came off as rather shabby.

Ji Chengyu hang his head lower, kept his face obscured, and continued languidly sweeping at the fallen leaves.

"Ji Chengyu, I, Zhao Ruge, came here today just to tell you that you aren't without a chance to turn the tides. As of now, Lian Fu is in the Imperial City, which gives you a window to extricate yourself. if you don't want to leave, I have nothing more to say. But if you feel the slightest unwillingness to take your defeat lying down, then I, Zhao Ruge, and my father... Zhao Musheng, will provide you with all the resources you need!"

Zhao Ruge then asked: "What will be your choice?"

A winter breeze brushed by and blew at the snow floating in the air. Snowflakes landed on Zhao Ruge's face, but were instantly melted by his body temperature, and turned into droplets of water.

His gaze fixated on the shadow within the imperial mausoleum. He believed that Ji Chengyu wouldn't just give up like that.

Sure enough, the silhouette of a figure slowly walked out with a broom still in his hands. His eyes were still clouded by a deadly gray hue, but this time a stroke of hope burned amidst the deadly

ashes.

"Zhao Musheng? That old fox... is truly vexing."

Ji Chengyu lifted the broom onto his shoulder, and tug apart the velvet hair tie on his head. A headful of hair instantly sprang out and hang loose.

Zhao Ruge peered at him while the corners of his mouth curled.

...

In the dead of night, two crescent moons intertwined as they hang high above in the sky.

In a courtyard within the Imperial City, Zhao Musheng stood with his hands behind his back. His gaze was gentle yet distant, and the energy on his body slightly fluctuated, as if they were streams of moving water.

Suddenly, a figure covered with the stench of alcohol appeared within the courtyard. One could even occasionally hear burps.

Zhao Musheng knitted his brows into a frown and turned toward this shadow.

"Shang De, you were drinking again. Votaries shouldn't drink alcohol to begin with, but now you've gone from bad to worse."

"Hehe, Head Elder, Shang De knows you understand why votaries shouldn't consume wine. But once the wine and meat had passed through the intestines, this monk only seeks indulgence!" Shang De said to Zhao Musheng with his flushed face and alcohol breath.

"Alright, I don't care how much liquor you drink, as long it doesn't hold things up." Zhao Musheng frowned and sighed as he responded.

If this were any other monk from the Mahayana Island before him, he would've slapped the wits out of him already. But as for Shang De... sigh.



"Head Elder, I have the intelligence you ordered me to gather. That Owner Bu... admits that he knows these serpent-men." Shang De's eyes were drowsy and he could barely stand up straight without toppling over.

He leaned against a tree, and remarked: "That Owner Bu said... 'so what if I know them', what should we do?"

The muscles on Zhao Musheng's face squeezed into a light smile, "So what if I know them? Things are much easier as long as he does know them... Bu Fang, ah Bu Fang, this old fellow would like to see whether you'll fold your hands and watch them die... hahaha!"

# Chapter 209: Dragon Blood Rice and Donburi

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On the streets of the Imperial City, in a quiet alleyway.

A gentle beam of light flashed in the pitch dark alleyway. By the entrance of Fang Fang's Little Store, Blacky lay quietly on his stomach, breathing evenly in a deep sleep.

The shutters of the store were firmly shut. From the kitchen came the crispy, melodious sounds of knife chopping against a board.

Bu Fang's slender fingers were soaked by splatters of water. With knife in hand, he diced up the carrot on the chopping board with a steady rhythm. The knife moved at an amazing speed, almost dazzling one's eyes. Bu Fang carried forth in an orderly manner, without any changes to his composure. It was evident that, for him, this was not yet an impressive speed.

Finally, the last of the carrots had been chopped up. Then, Bu Fang twirled the knife in his fingers, after which the knife began to twirl like a windmill.

Afterwards, Bu Fang flung the kitchen knife, sticking it back into the knife holder.

Bu Fang stretched his body and yawned with his parted lips. Whenever he had time, he would practice his cutting and carving techniques. As someone who aspired to become a chef at the highest level of the food chain, the God of Cooking in the Fantasy World, he couldn't slack off. He must treat his training seriously to perfect a chef's essential techniques.

Having wiped off the water spots on his hand, a glint of excitement flashed across Bu Fang's cool eyes. His state of mind connected with and entered the system.

"The temporary task is completed. Your reward has been issued.

The prize of this assignment is Dragon Blood Rice, and a ten percent advancement in true energy cultivation level... well done."

Bu Fang smacked his lips and felt a jolt of joy inside. The progress on his cultivation had not been slow. If anything, the speed of his breakthroughs was as fast as wind in comparison to the others undergoing cultivation.

For Bu Fang, his focus on cultivation was not the combat capacity associated with it. For him, the purpose of cultivation breakthroughs was to develop a stabler true energy, thereby enabling him to provide for the true energy dishes he cooked.

Even though he was a fifth grade Battle-King at this point, much of his true energy was consumed during the cooking process. The current supply of his true energy was near exhaustion, and this was certainly bad news for him.

On top of that, it was difficult to use the Golden Dragon Bone Knife for too long given his present cultivation level...

Just imagining how the Golden Dragon Bone Knife would degrade, half way, into a black lump knife due to true energy depletion the next time he hunts for ingredients... was too embarrassing.

The rewards of the system had already been released, adding a smile to Bu Fang's lips. Following the system's instructions, he bent down, opened the lower kitchen cabinet, and took out a ceramic pot.

To Bu Fang's surprise, this pot was quite heavy. The Dragon Blood Rice could be found inside.

Placing the pot on the table, Bu Fang unscrewed the lid of the ceramic pot. What gushed out was a slightly pungent scent of rice fragrance. The smell of the ingredient was not bad, and instead gave one the urge to inhale deeply.

Bu Fang's eyes glistened as he observed the plump grains of rice

within the ceramic pot.

The rice presented a vermillion shade. At first glance, it evoked a dark and gloomy sensation. After a while, though, one would discern a bewitching hue of blood red radiating from the rice.

"So this is the Dragon Blood Rice? Seems like it's worth the fuss..." Bu Fang pursed his lips, picked up a grain of rice with two fingers, and leaned closer to study it.

"The Dragon Blood Rice is watered by the blood of a seventh grade spirit beast, the Viper Dragon. It absorbs the vitality and blood essence of the Viper Dragon, and is harvested into rice under harsh environments. Its grains of rice are plump, exude a dark red tint, and are rich with vitality energy and spirit energy. To sum, it is an exceptional, rare ingredient." The system reported with a solemn voice.

Having heard this, Bu Fang was taken back. He couldn't help but feel it was a pity that this Dragon Blood Rice was irrigated by the blood of Viper Dragon instead of a True Dragon. That distinction made a huge difference to the rank of the ingredient.

However, Bu Fang did not fret over this, since the System at this point only provided seventh level ingredients at best. Retrospectively, it may be due to the fact that his capabilities were limited. Once he achieved another breakthrough in cultivation, he could perhaps obtain ingredients of higher quality.

Bu Fang rubbed his chin as he gazed at this pot of Dragon Blood Rice. The system had yet to provide the latest recipe for the Dragon Blood Rice. Hence, Bu Fang would have to rely on himself to experiment with the cooking of this Dragon Blood Rice.

He grabbed a fistful of Dragon Blood Rice. Pitter-patter, grains of rice slipped through the cracks of his fingers and sprinkled into the ceramic jar.

Sensing the surge of spirit energy and vitality energy that passed

through his palm, Bu Fang curled his lips. A plan was in place.

There were many ways to cook with rice. For example, Egg-Fried Rice was a very basic level gourmet cuisine using rice. As for his Egg-Fried Rice, it was simultaneously simple and difficult. For the typical chef, this was definitely a rudimentary dish and could be picked up in a few days. However, to truly master it was rather tough.

Bu Fang had no intentions of cooking Egg-Fried Rice with the Dragon Blood Rice. Certainly not because Egg-Fried Rice was an inferior dish, but because Bu Fang could not find... an egg worthy of this Dragon Blood Rice.

In the making of Egg-Fried Rice, the importance of rice was undeniable. However, the demand for quality egg was also non-negligible.

He emptied half of jar of the Dragon Blood Rice into a ceramic bowl, then poured in the spirit energy-infused Heaven Alps Spring Water to wash the rice.

After a while of rinsing, the water was dyed into a shade of red. Every grain of the Dragon Blood Rice sparkled with a glossy plumpness.

Then, the water used for rice cleansing was poured into the flower pot that held a burgeoning Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree—it was due for a good dose of nourishment.

Bu Fang returned to the kitchen, poured the Dragon Blood Rice into a steamer, placed it into a metal pot on the burner, and began the cooking.

While waiting for it to cook, Bu Fang began preparing the other dishes and took out a fatty piece of Wandering Dragon Cow Meat. A wisp of smoke twirled around his hand as he summoned the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. His hand whirled and instantly diced up the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat.

The fire was turned on, wok heated, and cooking oil added. With a sprinkle of seasoning, everything was sautéed, releasing a gush of penetrating scent.

Now, Bu Fang placed the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat into the wok and immediately released a surge of true energy that enveloped the metal wok. Then, the stir-fry commenced. Flames burned high and splashes of oil splattered everywhere as Bu Fang jiggled the wok.

The sound of ladle clashing against the metal wok reverberated within the entire store.

Not after long, a rich meaty aroma drifted out and pervaded the air of the little store.

A mixture of cornstarch and water was poured into the wok, and the rosy, glossy Wandering Dragon Cow Meat instantly quavered with a gurgle. Rich, fragrant juice bubbled in the wok.

The lid was placed. It was time for the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat to be braised.

During the waiting time, Bu Fang found himself a circular plate and took out a white radish. With a twirl of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, a delicate flower-shaped radish was completed.

For Bu Fang now, carving out a flower was a piece of cake.

Having placed the flower on the circular plate, Bu Fang approached the steamer that had already begun emitting a rich rice aroma.

Lifting up the lid of the steamer, hot steams sprang up, causing both the rich vitality energy and fragrance to drift outwards.

Bu Fang took in a deep breath and felt slightly intoxicated. The aroma of the rice contained a hint of refreshing sweetness, shooting a pleasant sensation of coolness through one's body.

A large spoonful of well-cooked Dragon Blood Rice was scooped

onto the center of the circular plate. The rosy, glossy Dragon Blood Rice occupied half a circle, and stimulated one's taste buds and appetite with its concentrated yet invigorating scent.

Finished with the steamer, Bu Fang returned to the wok. Gurgling sounds and meaty aroma incessantly emitted from the wok.

The stove was turned off, and the wok unlidded. Suddenly, hot steams gushed out and burst forth like a bomb of aroma.

Within the wok, thickening sauce dripped out of bursting bubbles. The sparkling, fragrant Wandering Dragon Cow Meat was covered with shimmering sauce.

Bu Fang skillfully juggled the wok again and scooped out the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat with a spoon. He slowly poured the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat next to the fragrant Dragon Blood Rice. The mixture of both scents was so alluring that one would be instantly hooked.

A spoonful of thickening sauce was poured onto the Dragon Blood Rice and Wandering Dragon Cow Meat. It trickled down and emitted hot steams.

Under the light, the thickening sauce almost beamed with a lustrous glow. The Wandering Dragon Cow Meat sitting amidst the sauce quivered due to the hot steams. The sauce seeped through the pockets of air between the Dragon Blood Rice, loosening up the grains of rice and unleashing the intense aroma it contained.

Bu Fang snapped his fingers and curled his lips. This simultaneously simple and difficult dish was finally completed.

"Dragon Blood Meat Donburi, accomplished."

# Chapter 210: Get There Early, Or Else There Will Be A Queue

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The imperial palace of the Imperial City, the main halls.

Ji Chengxue was dressed in his imperial robe, hands held behind his back, eyes squinting, and he carried a merry smile as he strode down the halls.

He was in a good mood, since he had finally tasted Owner Bu's dishes after all this wait. With his stomach satisfied, his state of mind was naturally uplifted. In fact, it felt like he floated in the air as he walked.

The numerous eunuchs within the halls, witnessing Ji Chengxue's giddy, certainly incessant paces, couldn't help but cover the smiles on their lips.

Now that Ji Chengxue was the Emperor, he had generally retained a stern composure and dignified majesty before others ever since his inauguration. Yet, his behavior today was a rare scene, easily amusing the eunuchs, who scrambled to conceal their smiles.

Ji Chengxue suddenly felt as if the air around him changed as he took a few more steps. With his brows arched, he glanced around to find blushing, simpering eunuchs covering their mouths. He was slightly taken back and realized that his prior actions may have triggered the eunuchs' laughter.

A faint hint of awkwardness crept across his face. With a light cough, Ji Chengxue regained an austere complexion and said gravely: "What are you giggling about, haven't you seen this sovereign's after meal exercises?"

Having heard that, the eunuchs hung their heads even lower as chuckles escaped their lips.

Ji Chengxue couldn't help but crack up himself. He really was in



a good mood tonight.

Having arrived in front of the throne, Ji Chengxue lightly tossed up the ends of his imperial robe and sat down comfortably.

Suddenly, a shadow flew through the main halls at the speed of lightening and appeared on his knees before Ji Chengxue. This startled Ji Chengxue quite a bit, causing him to emit a light cough.

"Reporting, your majesty. A change of events at the imperial mausoleum. Ji Chengyu has been taken and is nowhere to be found."

The messenger kneeling upon the main halls reported this incident solemnly.

What?!

Any trace of jubilation on Ji Chengxue's face was wiped clean. Ji Chengyu was demoted to the imperial mausoleum by Emperor Changfeng himself. Surely he didn't dare to escape without authorization? But his cultivation should have been sealed, he couldn't possibly have the capability of fleeing?

At this point, Lian Fu also emerged within the main halls, pinching his middle finger and thumb together, twisting waist, and a somber expression.

"I leave for a few days, and King Yu ends up being seized? Could it be a premeditated act of crime?" Lian Fu frowned as he remarked.

Ji Chengxue's brows have been knitted into knotted rope. Agitation stirred inside of him. Ji Chengxue's identity was very sensitive, but the unusual circumstances within the Imperial City induced him to bring in Lian Fu. He certainly did not expect things to take such a turn.

"Leaving the imperial mausoleum means blatantly defying the late emperor's orders. One would think King Yu has already lost the urge to rebel, but no, he finds in himself the guts to run away. If I ever see King Yu again, I will bring him to justice in honor of

the late emperor!" Lian Fu swung his sleeves, pinching his fingers together. His shrill voice carried traces of wrath.

Ji Chengxue sighed. Could it be that King Yu wanted to make a victorious comeback by escaping the imperial mausoleum? He was still weighed down by the seal Emperor Changfeng placed on him under the spirited dragon array. No even a typical seventh grade Battle-Saint could break that seal, let alone... a commoner without cultivation like him?

"I originally spared your life for the sake of father. Hopefully you won't make foolish decisions..." Ji Chengxue closed his fingers into a fist, and his gaze hardened as he muttered quietly.

...

Bu Fang carried a circular plate out of the kitchen and placed this dish on the table. After washing his hands, he sat down in eager anticipation.

The circular plate was quite large, within which was the Donburi made out of Dragon Blood Rice.

The Dragon Blood Meat Donburi was made of Dragon Blood Rice and the tenderloins of a seventh grade spirit beast, the Wandering Dragon Cow. Just these ingredients themselves were enough to garner much attention.

Searing hot steams poured out, concentrated with coats of unfading aroma from the well-cooked meat and rice.

Bu Fang picked up a blue and white ceramic spoon and scooped up a spoonful of Dragon Blood Rice. The grains of rice were plump and full, appearing as moisten due to the rising hot steams. The red toned rice was certainly eye-catching. Even though the Dragon Blood Rice was nurtured by dragon blood, it was free from any raw, unpleasant odor and instead emitted the delicate scent of cooked white rice.

The refreshing fragrance felt like a stream of milk flowing

through the heart, adding a faint sweetness that burst within.

Having sent the spoonful of Dragon Blood Rice into his mouth, Bu Fang arched his brows. As he chewed lightly, the grains of Dragon Blood Rice sprang apart and bounced between his teeth and tongue.

The Dragon Blood Rice was firmer in texture relative to the ordinary rice, adding more chewiness to its consistency. Bouncing within the walls of the mouth, it gave one an exceptional sensation.

Once sent into the mouth, its rich spirit essence instantly burst forth, surging out of Bu Fang's mouth and washing over his entire body.

Even though this spirit essence couldn't compare with that of the Blood Crown Black Swamp Boa, it was still quite decent.

Then, he scooped up a spoon of the sauce made of the Wandering Dragon Cow meat and poured it into his mouth. The simmering sauce mixed with the Dragon Blood Rice in his mouth. Plump, chewy Wandering Dragon Cow meat also swam on his tongue, sending shivers down Bu Fang's spines.

Bu Fang's mouth quivered as it blew out incredibly hot steams.

But the scorching sensation was part of the fun in eating this Donburi. The sweltering feeling was simply irresistible. As the rich fragrance effused within one's mouth, that cross between wanting to, but not daring to swallow it down, was... out of this world!

Bu Fang was immersed in this sensation of walking on air. Needless to say, it was like a wonderful, joyful misery. Finally swallowing the Dragon Blood Rice soaked with steaming sauce, Bu Fang felt a satisfaction that opened up every pore on his body.

"Yes!" Bu Fang let out a hot breath. A delightful sense of relief always followed once one gulped down a spoonful of steaming Donburi.

He licked his lips and discovered that his tongue was slightly numb from the burning sensation.

"Actually, the Wandering Dragon Cow meat sauce would taste even better with a pinch of chili pepper." Bu Fang mumbled with the ceramic spoon in his mouth as he mulled over this idea.

However, Bu Fang was never the biggest fan of chili peppers. Most of his dishes did not fall into the spicy category, though peppers actually made for very good seasonings.

"Guess we'll just make adjustments based on the customers' preferences from now on." Bu Fang curled his lips. He was stocked with chili peppers, since the Abyssal Chilli Sauce was still kept in the system's storage space.

No longer giving this a thought, Bu Fang began to concentrate on enjoying the Dragon Blood Meat Donburi. He was immersed in great pleasure, and covered his mouth from time to time as he breathed out hot air.

It truly looked like an amalgamation of joy and misery. But before gourmet delicacies, he really couldn't contain himself.

Once he had finished the entire plate of Donburi, beads of sweat covered his entire forehead.

Bu Fang patted his bulging stomach and sprawled over a chair, feeling so lazy he didn't want to move a bit.

After resting for a long time, he finally stood up, cleaned the table, and returned to the kitchen. This could count as a new dish. Bu Fang personally enjoyed it a great deal.

Dragon Blood Meat Donburi, both nourishing and delicious.

Having tidied away everything, Bu Fang stretched himself and yawned. He went upstairs to take a steaming hot shower, then lay on the bed and shut his eyes.

Having ate and drank to one's heart's content, it was time for a

nap to recharge the body.

Early in the morning, the sun had crawled out. It exuded brilliant beams of light, enveloping the earth with its gentle radiance.

Fang Fang's Little Store, located in the alleyway, had also opened for business. The shutters had been removed, revealing a sleepy-eyed Bu Fang.

His elongated fingers clutched a ceramic plate, within which there was an aromatic Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

Bu Fang patted Blacky's head after placing the plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs before him. He yawned and took out a chair, enjoying the cooling breeze waft by as he sat down.

On the streets of the Imperial City, street vendors had already opened business for the morning market.

A troop of figures wrapped in black clothing carried a sedan-chair and stopped by the entrance to the alleyway.

A shadow arrived before the sedan-chair. This figure had a black piece of cloth covering his face and was dressed in a black warrior's robe. Clearly, he wanted to keep his identity a secret...

However, the shiny head and the multiple scars on it... were quite revealing. Bu Fang would have recognized him in a split second.

The young monk drew back the curtain on the sedan-chair, and lifted out a figure with one hand.

"God damn you, Zhao Musheng. You deprive this monk of a good sleep and make him perform such basic, incompetent duties this early in the morning." The young monk cursed as he took a few steps and swung the figure in his hand onto the floor. He flicked a glimpse at that silhouette, stamped on the long snake tail, and said with his body bent downwards: "Listen good Serpent-man, if you want to rescue your companions then go find Owner Bu. Don't say this monk didn't give you a fair tip..."

Ah Ni, who struggled in agony on the floor, glared at this bald man with a face full of anger.

"Get there early, or else there will be a queue..." The young monk rubbed his head and burst out into laughters. Then, he turned to leave with the sedan-chair bearers, leaving behind the serpent-men Ah Ni, who gnashed his teeth in anger.

# Chapter 211: Maybe You were All Family Thousands of Years Ago

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Ah Ni curled up his snake tail. His upper torso was covered with scars, wounds that looked savage and hideous.

"To hell with that guy!" Ah Ni's eyes snapped with burning rage, but his heart was filled with bleakness. He had never realized how big the world was before leaving the Illusory Spirit Swamp. Back in the serpent-men tribes, his cultivation level of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor was already considered matchless. Rarely anyone dared to challenge him, and even when there were the occasional spirit beasts, he could easily slay them.

However, he was met with excruciating defeats ever since stepping into the human realm. The tribe elder was right in saying the human realm was much more terrifying than the Illusory Spirit Swamp.

That group of folks held Yu Fu and serpent-man Yu Feng hostage but left him here. This was clearly a conspiratorial scheme.

"Do they want me to go seek out senior Bu? This group of people is surely up to no good. If the senior, with all the kindness of his heart, tries to go rescue Yu Fu, he will definitely fall into their trap... I cannot bring harm to senior Bu!" Ah Ni clenched his fist with a dark and gloomy face.

However, if he didn't go find him, Yu Fu and Yu Feng would be in grave danger... This was a difficult decision to make.

"Huhn? Serpent-man?"

A curious mutter suddenly interrupted Ah Ni's indecisive thoughts. Ah Ni looked back in shock only to find two familiar shadows.

He recalled these two figures clearly, since they had also appeared in the tribe for the Ice Soul Monarch Lotus but left

empty-handed.

"I thought you guys got here a long time ago... turns out you just arrived? But why are you all alone? If my memory hasn't failed me, the one needing Owner Bu's remedy isn't you," Wu Yunbai asked calmly. She was dressed in a white robe and eyed the wounded Ah Ni, very much intrigued.

Ah Ni's eyes flashed. He couldn't determine if Wu Yunbai could be trusted.

"Come on, let's discuss this in Owner Bu's store." Wu Yunbai saw through Ah Ni's unease, scrunched her brows, and charged ahead.

Master Ah Wu took a look at Ah Ni and walked forward.

The three of them arrived at Bu Fang's store.

Wu Yunbai came especially early today. She was still vexed about not getting to taste the lotus made Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew yesterday, and so got up extra early and hauled along Master Ah, who was dead asleep.

Bu Fang was slouching on the chair before his door. His eyes flashed when he saw the three figures approaching.

Bu Fang was dazed to catch sight of the serpent-men he hadn't seen for a long time. The young monk from yesterday had just mentioned the serpent-man, and here he was today.

That young monk yesterday... was clearly troublesome.

"Owner Bu, do you still remember this serpent-man?" Wu Yunbai arrived at the store, and first glimpsed at Blacky, who was happily gulping down Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, before asking Bu Fang her question.

Master Ah Wu's also gaped with eyes unmoved. The dozens crystals worth of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was discarded to feed the dog. Now that was throwing God's gifts to the winds.

Blacky paused his feast of the Sweet 'n' Sour ribs and lifted up his



doggy head to glower at the ogling Master Ah Wu. He snorted with his doggy nose, then turned around, facing his butt at Ah Wu before refocusing on his meat in the ceramic plate. His tail wagged in an adorable way.

"Senior Bu..."

Ah Ni came face to face with Bu Fang. His heart was filled with sorrow. He had finally met up with him! It had been a month since leaving the Illusory Spirit Swamp, with the specific purpose of finding Bu Fang. Now that he had finally tracked him down, a myriad of emotions burst in his heart.

Seeing Ah Ni so rattled, tears, snots and all, Bu Fang's eye twitched. Dear brother... must you be so worked up?

"Come on inside," Bu Fang responded.

He left his seat and entered the store.

Wu Yunbai inhaled deeply, then strode into the store. As soon as she stepped in, her complexion changed.

The spirit energy within the store had gotten even richer compared to the day before, and the mystifying waves of energy were also more distinct. It was as if peculiar Path-Understanding Notes buzzed incessantly by one's ears.

"The Path-Understanding Tree..." Wu Yunbai's gaze fixated upon the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree growing by the corner in a earth yellow flower pot.

The leaves on the Path-Understanding Tree had matured, having no longer the fresh, gentle color from before. Undoubtedly, the Path-Understanding Tree was beginning to ripe.

Master Ah Wu was most affected, since he was a seventh grade Battle-Saint and could make out the Path-Understanding Notes with higher clarity.

He felt a stirring inside, and had the urge to sit down cross-legged

for cultivation training. After all, it was not everyday that one would encounter a ripening Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree.

"Miss... this Path-Understanding Tree is about to mature. Owner Bu's flower pot is quite unusual. It probably has the ability to accelerate time, or else why would the tree grow so quickly!" Master Ah Wu observed solemnly.

As a seventh grade Battle-Saint, he was well aware of the circumstances in the Imperial City nowadays. Once the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree ripened, the unsettling equilibrium within the Imperial City would break instantly.

"Why don't you two see what you want to order, um... as for the serpent-man, where are the others? How come it's just you?" Bu Fang turned around and asked.

A cold shiver ran down Ah Ni's spine when he heard Bu Fang's words. He was still hesitant to respond, since he suspected that the bald man was untrustworthy and purposefully sought to lure in Senior Bu...

"I must not drag Senior Bu into this!" Ah Ni's heart sunk.

"Go ahead, don't be afraid. I say no to most requests. Speak your mind freely," Bu Fang said evenly. He could detect the struggle from Ah Ni's eyes, and hence recognized his degree of anguish.

Um... say no to most requests, Wu Yunbai was quite speechless at Bu Fang's remark. But indeed, Owner Bu was inflexible in his own way. If he had sold her a cup of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew yesterday, she wouldn't need to pay a visit here this early in the morning.

The serpent-man Ah Ni felt an instant rush of relief and poured out everything.

Wu Yunbai and Master Ah Wu listened with their ears perked. This serpent-man's adventure was certainly more entertaining than their bland, eventless journey.

"Zhao Musheng?" Bu Fang glanced at the serpent-man and asked calmly.

"Yes! That abominable man is called Zhao Musheng! He captured us with a dishonorable ploy!" Ah Ni gnashed his teeth in anger, fuming with a bitter resentment.

Bu Fang gave it a thought, and recalled the man who attempted to battle the simulacrum of the dragon he conjured at the Double Calamity Dragon Head Array. He didn't expect this guy to enter the picture again, and this time redirecting the target at him.

"Senior Bu, that Zhao Musheng has definitely set up a trap for you. Please don't risk your safety for us. In the name of moral justice, I really do not wish for you, Senior Bu, to go to the rescue, but then again, Yu Fu and Uncle Yu Feng are my family, I..." Ah Ni's complexion was clouded with conflicting emotions as he rambled on.

Bu Fang was dumbfounded and gazed at this babbling fellow, completely tongue-tied.

He lifted up his hand to cut off the blathering Ah Ni, and remarked coolly: "Um... sorry for the slight interruption, I did not agree to going to the rescue."

Ah Ni was struck dumb, and Wu Yunbai was also startled as they both gazed at Bu Fang.

"I am only responsible for treating your Uncle Yu Feng. As for what happens on the way here, it is irrelevant to me," Bu Fang explained solemnly.

Ah Ni trembled, shaking uncontrollably. If Bu Wang was unwilling to come to their aid, then how could he ever save Yu Fu and Uncle Yu Feng?

Just as Ah Ni was about to open his mouth, the sounds of footsteps drifted from the alleyway. Another big crowd was forming by the store.

"Well, as you can see, my restaurant is pretty busy. As for rescuing hostages... I don't have the time for that." Bu Fang threw his hands in the air. He gazed at Ah Ni, then glimpsed at Wu Yunbai, before suggesting: "Huh... you can always ask her for a helping hand. After all, you are both from the Illusory Spirit Swamp. Even though you're from different species, you two could well have been a family thousands of years ago."

To hell with the "same family thousands of years ago" theory... Wu Yunbai did not know whether to laugh or cry.

But Wu Yunbai caught sight of the depressed, desperate Ah Ni, and exhaled a light breath, "Serpent-man, seeing that we were from the same family... ah pft! Seeing that we know each other pretty well, how about if we come to the rescue?"

"However, there are strings attached to our offer. We are hoping that you can introduce us to someone after returning to the Illusory Spirit Swamp... the Serpentine Sovereign."

Wu Yunbai's eyes instantly sparkled, beaming in radiance as she stared at Ah Ni.

# Chapter 212: This Lady's Sword... is Thirsty for Blood!

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"Miss... you mustn't!"

Master Ah Wu's eyes almost popped out after hearing Wu Yunbai's proposal. Oh gosh, my dear lady, why would you go stick your foot into a problem like this? In the Imperial City nowadays, a slight action may trigger an entire chain effect. We don't want to become a thorn in the flesh for the rest of the Battle-Saints. That would truly be troublesome!

Even though White Cloud Villa was quite powerful, at the end of the day, there were only two of them in the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire.

Wu Yunbai completely ignored Master Ah Wu's objection, with her eyes still fixed on Ah Ni.

The high and almighty Serpentine Sovereign was a legendary figure who managed to singlehandedly build a serpent-man tribe powerful enough to counterbalance the White Cloud Villa.

Wu Yunbai grew up reading the legends of the Serpentine Sovereign as recorded by the White Cloud Villa. Even though she had lost count of which generation was the current Serpentine Sovereign, it did not diminish her enthusiasm toward the Serpentine Sovereign at all.

Ah Ni was dumbfounded, his brains suddenly stopped functioning. What was up with this human being before him? Why would you be so obsessed with the Serpentine Sovereign? Could it be... that they really were from the same family thousands of years ago?

The thought of that sent shivers down Ah Ni's spine.

"I grew up listening to the legendary tales of the Serpentine Sovereign. I have always yearned to see for myself what this

mythical figure looks like, seeing that he was able to heavily wound my Herculean father, who wasn't able to recover until three years later."

The sense of excitement faded from Wu Yunbai's complexion as she flicked a glance at Ah Ni and explained coolly.

Um... this story sounded like it had taken a turn down the aisle of tragedy. Could it be that her fixation on the Serpentine Sovereign derived from the injury he caused on her father?

Ah Ni felt his mind running all over the place.

"Just give me the word, will you or will you not introduce us." Wu Yunbai crossed her arms, lifted her chin, and asked Ah Ni.

"Yes! If you really can rescue Yu Fu and Uncle Yu Feng, I'll do whatever it takes to plead with the head elder to arrange this meeting!" Ah Ni uttered with clenched teeth. Only once a year in the serpent-men tribe could one have an audience with the Serpentine Sovereign. This opportunity was truly rare.

"Consider this a done deal." Wu Yunbai was very satisfied. She chuckled lightly and snapped her fingers.

Master Ah Wu, who stood behind her, had tears streaming down his face. My dear lady... can we please not act capriciously and unrestrained? If you wanted to see the Serpentine Sovereign, why couldn't you simply ask the villa master once you return to the White Cloud Villa?

"Owner Bu, you must have Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew available today?! Give this lady a cup!" Wu Yunbai was over the moon at this moment. She waved her hands around boldly.

"My dear lady... can we give this a second thought?" Master Ah Wu coaxed.

However, Wu Yunbai completely ignored him, with her gaze landing on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded expressionlessly, then turned around to head back into the kitchen.

Once he stepped into it, the sounds of footsteps echoed and travelled from the main entrance. Numerous figures had squeezed into the store.

Among the the first crowds was the Ouyang family. It was evident that the breakthroughs of the three Ouyang barbarians from yesterday came at a shock. Hence, they hurriedly charged toward the store this morning.

Ouyang Xiaoyi stuck out her head, her eyes peering toward the kitchen. If Owner Bu wasn't in the store at this time, he must be in the kitchen.

"Let me know if you want to order anything."

Ouyang Xiaoyi began tending to her duties, which included keeping the order of the store.

"Today's Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew is limited to five cups for sale." Bu Fang's calm voice drifted from the kitchen, after which he himself appeared with a white jade wine jar in his hands. His complexion was cool and indifferent.

Even though the crowd was displeased that the available amount of the wine had yet again decreased, they didn't voice any objections. This was a wine that could assist one to reach breakthroughs... When the fruit was the scarcest, its taste was the sweetest. That was the way of life.

Bu Fang placed the white jade wine jar on the table and took off the lid. There was still one third of the wine nectar left within the white jade wine jar. A rich wine fragrance instantly burst forth from the wine jar, intoxicating everyone.

In the early morning, a wine aroma wafted out of the small alleyway, engulfing the space around it.

Sploosh Splash, Bu Fang scooped up a cup of light cyan colored

wine nectar with a bamboo tube. Stripes of cloud-shaped moires hovered above the wine cup, with its rich concentration of spirit energy faintly quivering.

"Your Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, please enjoy," Bu Fang said as he handed the wine cup to Wu Yunbai, who was unable to hold herself back.

Wu Yunbai received the cup with her eyes absolutely glued to the wine nectar. She licked her ruby lips, swallowed a mouthful of saliva, and took a sip of the wine.

A burning, pungent flavor instantly rushed into her mouth, sending chills down her body. Her eyes lit up as she raised her head and took three more sips. With three gulps down her throat, the cup of wine was completely devoured.

Bu Fang caught the cup that Wu Yunbai flung across dizzily, and placidly turned to look at her.

Wu Yunbai's entire face became pink red, her flushed cheeks made her look adorable. After a light burp, Wu Yunbai took a step with her body shaking back and forth and her head spinning. Not before long, she landed flat on the floor.

"Miss!" Master Ah Wu was astounded and quickly stepped forward to support Wu Yunbai, yet the latter had already sunk into a deep drunkenness.

This one cup of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew had an alarming amount of strength. The so-called "pass out with one cup"... was obviously not a joke.

"Owner Bu... please excuse us. Here is five hundred crystals, we'll be one our way." Master Ah Wu was speechless at the young lady who had just vowed to come to the rescue but ended up knocked out cold after one cup of wine. My lady... aren't you a tease?

Bu Fang accepted the crystals and nodded his head.

Master Ah Wu said no more, supporting Wu Yunbai as he walked



out of the store. He also summoned for the very much lost Ah Ni to follow along.

The three of them quickly disappeared from the store.

Bu Fang tapped the white jade wine jar with a bamboo tube and successfully caught everyone's attention. He announced coolly: "Only four cups left."

The crowd was immediately stirred up, their scramble for the goods caused a commotion.

After the last four cups of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew have been sold, Bu Fang packed up the white jade wine jar and took it back to the kitchen.

After the wine sale, the store resumed its regular business operations. The Ouyang family left carrying a passed out Grandpa Ouyang. Xiao Xiaoyong also had to support Xiao Yue, who lay on the floor smacking his lips, to find his way out of the restaurant...

"What a pity, there is a new dish today, but nobody wants to give it a try." Bu Fang curled his lips and muttered as he witnessed one customer leaving after another.

"Hey oh, Owner Bu, the store has been bustling with business these mornings! Now it is hard to squeeze even if we get here early." The big-bellied Fatty Jin stepped into the door with his heavysset troops as he remarked casually.

It was yet another couple of unexciting yet pleasant business hours.

"Xiaoyi, serve the dish."

"Ay!"

...

Wu Yunbai lay sprawled on the bed motionless like an octopus. All of a sudden, her body trembled. She pulled blindly at everything around her, making a mess of the bed spreads.

She crawled up from the bed, pouted her lips, the expression on her face changing constantly. She rubbed her throbbing head and peered at the nightfall through the windows. Her eyes suddenly narrowed into a squint. She emitted a light breath, which was still rich with the smell of alcohol.

Wu Yunbai was startled, and then began to inspect herself to see whether the Monarch Lotus-made Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, one she did not have the chance to feel for herself after passing out, has helped her reach a breakthrough.

"This... this... oh my god!"

Wu Yunbai was simply dumbstruck. Within her energy core, a spinning lake of spirit energy was incessantly emitting true energy. If one could compare her true energy vortex from yesterday to a small pond, then today it has transformed into a huge lake.

Who would have thought that a cup of wine could help her reach a breakthrough whilst in a deep sleep.

The true energy vortex was as if a lake, setting off large waves as it circulated... this signaled that she had officially stepped into the echelon of seventh grade Battle-Saint.

Wu Yunbai's eyes widened, and her ruby lips cracked open to form a laugh.

She stood unmoved, felt a tug at her heart and subsequently a force of energy rushing down to her feet. Her entire body elevated in the air. She walked on void space as she took a few steps all tipsy. With that, Wu Yunbai could not contain her excitement.

Elevated Steps, only seventh grade Battle-Saints could achieve that.

"There really is a breakthrough! And all accomplished soundless and without a stir. Even though it was dependent on my personal foundations, Owen Bu's wine nectar was undeniably magical... I was worried that passing out from the wine would cause me to lose

the best window for a breakthrough. Who would have thought that I could directly attain an upgrade!" Wu Yunbai clenched her fists excitedly, and couldn't suppress the mirth in her heart.

She walked out of her room and caught sight of Master Ah Wu all stretched out, snoring loudly in his sleep.

Serpent-man Ah Ni also sat on his rolled up serpent tail with his eyes shut.

Standing before this scene, Wu Yunbai narrowed her eyes. A trace of gentleness flashed across her eyes before opening her mouth to howl.

"Master Ah Wu!"

Master Ah Wu instantly jumped up in fright, with his drowsy eyes widened. Serpent-man Ah Ni also opened his eyes, very much confused.

"Come on, let's go rescue the hostages! This lady's sword... has been thirsty for blood since long ago!"

Wu Yunbai threw her arms up in the air in a heroic manner.

# Chapter 213: A Moonless and Windy Night... to Butcher a Dog

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"Miss... what did you just say?"

Master Ah Wu's heart quivered. He couldn't believe that the young miss just made such a lofty and heroic statement.

Wait... But before Master Ah Wu could open his mouth to dissuade Wu Yunbai, his eyes suddenly widened as he stared at her in a daze. Wu Yunbai true energy stirred and kept rising, which led to his heart palpitating with excitement.

"Miss! You broke through to become a Battle-Saint?!"

Master Ah Wu entered into a state of excitement and his mental tiredness totally vanished as his eyes shone like a bright star.

On the side, the serpent-man Ah Ni's heart also leapt into his mouth. How did this crossdressed girl suddenly attain a breakthrough to become a Battle-Saint? She was still so young!

In reality, Wu Yunbai did, in fact, look very young. In other words, around the age of twenty and yet, her cultivation level had already exceeded most of her peers.

As expected of disciples of the White Cloud Villa. They truly deserve their reputation as a mysterious and gigantic faction.

Maybe... they really had a fighting chance to save both Yu Fu and Uncle Yu Feng! Ah Ni's originally faltering heart filled with hope again.

Wu Yunbai's mouth curled into a smile as she nodded her head to acknowledge. As she released her true energy, an even larger pressure emerged from her body, forcing the serpent-man to retreat a few steps back.

"It's really the aura of a Battle-Saint! Wonderful, if the villa master finds out that the young miss has achieved a breakthrough,

he will be thrilled!" Master Ah Wu said as he danced in excitement.

"Owner Bu's Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew really is the good stuff. Not only was the essence of the Ice Soul Monarch Lotus Seed absorbed into the wine, it even combined all the other precious Spirit Herbs into one. With that scorching sensation... Its medical effect is definitely not weaker than the seventh grade Ice Soul Monarch Lotus. It deserves its price of 500 crystals." Wu Yunbai's exclaimed.

Was it really worth exchanging a mere cup of wine for the chance for a Battle-Emperor to break through to Battle-Saint?

Yes, it was definitely worth it!

"Master Ah Wu, let's hurry and rescue them now. Since we promised that serpent-man that we would do so, we have to live up to our words. Such a moonless and windy night is perfect for taking action. Besides, I want to try out the strength of a Battle-Saint!" Wu Yunbai broke into a beaming smile, tinged with excitement.

Master Ah Wu's face stiffened up. To be honest, he was wary of taking part in this rescue mission. Given the current state of the Imperial City, even if one were a Battle-Saint, they weren't entirely safe from danger either!

Furthermore, his goal here was to ensure the safety of Wu Yunbai. Naturally, he didn't wish for her to be embroiled in such a risky endeavor.

However, after seeing the strong determination of Wu Yunbai, he had no choice but to give in to Wu Yunbai as he changed into dark clothes and prepared to set out.

...

On that moonless night, as the chill wind blew, it stirred the sand on the ground.

A streak of shadow emerged from an corner. A figure with a bald

head with multiple scars on it could be seen jumping from wall to wall at an incredible pace, with almost no sound being produced at all.

With a flip off the wall, the bald figure landed at the entry of an alleyway.

As the bald figure lifted his head, a pair of avarice-filled eyes revealed themselves. Peeking out, he turned his gaze onto the way of Bu Fang's squarish little restaurant. There, a plump black dog could be seen snoring away.

"It's such a rare sight to see such a plump dog. Tonight, on this wonderful moonless night, I can have a good feast!"

The man tried to stifle his laughter.

He remembered that the wily fox, Zhao Musheng, mentioned to him before that a scary spirit beast resided in the tiny restaurant. However, nobody knew what its cultivation level was. Hence, he needed to be careful in this snatch-the-dog mission, in case the spirit beast which Zhao Musheng is wary of would notice him. That would truly be... dreadful.

"This humble monk is just here to snatch a watchdog... That supreme beast should not be too bothered by that. After snatching the dog, I will immediately run away without looking back... there shouldn't be any problem there!!" Baldie formulated what was, in his mind, the perfect plan.

Turning his thoughts back to the plump, juicy black dog, he couldn't help but reminisce about the delicacies he could experience. That dry-grilled dog meat, red braised dog meat, honey-glazed dog meat...

The more he thought about it, the more he couldn't wait to take action.

"This humble monk is known as the Terminator of Dogs! Big black dog in front, here I come!"

Baldie snickered. As he moved cautiously toward the front, he took care not to stir up any large movements, to avoid being noticed by the supreme beast protecting the restaurant.

Baldie moved agilely like a swallow. It even seemed as though he was flying toward the restaurant. With each step he took, his pace grew even faster.

His sight fell on the black dog lying on the ground, that thoroughly fattened black dog, chock full of meat...

"That's good ! I cannot feel the pressure of any spiritual beast. It looks like that incredibly strong supreme beast didn't notice me." Baldie heaved a sigh of relief, but he still remained on alert, fearing that the savage monster would lock on to him.

The black dog remained on the ground, with its nose twitching ever so slightly as it remained blissfully asleep, without any signs of awakening.

Baldie let out a sound of delight as he looked at the dog.

As his hand made a small movement in the air and flicked his wrist, a frigid cold glint of a dagger appeared and rested on his hand. The dagger shone, becoming a frightening sight in the moonless night.

"Such a plump dog, it's perfect for dry-pot dog meat!"

Baldie licked his lips as the dagger ferociously lunged at the big black dog.

In order to snatch away the dog without so much as a squeak, he had to be ruthless and precise. With one stroke, blood must be spilled and the dog silenced forever without a chance at even barking. He had practised this maneuver countless times before, and even the location he planned on striking was one he sussed out after numerous experimentations; there was no better location than this to drain its blood.

Screech---

An ear-splitting screech, one so jarring that it gave those who heard it goosebumps, sliced through the dead of night amplified to deafening proportions by the deathly silence of this tiny alleyway.

Baldie was stunned. He couldn't believe that the dagger, which he used to savagely stab the dog, not only failed to leave a single scratch on the dog, but it bent as well, as though it was stabbing a piece of rock.

"Is this possible?" His eyes narrowed as he kept the damaged dagger and took out another sharpen dagger to stab the dog again.

I stab!

I stab!

I stab again!

I'll stab your a\*\*! Baldie fell on his butt in disbelief after the three stabs, with his eyes glued on the now bladeless dagger in his hand. In his heart, a foreboding sense of unease began to wrap around him like vice.

He looked at the dog again.

The black dog finally opened its drowsy eyes, slowly turned its head around, and with twitch of its mouth, stared back in an almost human-like fashion.

"Damned bald donkey, what are you doing tickling this lord dog in the middle of the night? Is it fun or something?"

It was a man's voice, calm and affable.

However, the voice carried the force of thunder as it blasted toward Baldie and left him trembling as he stepped back. His face was white, as if he had seen a ghost.

This... This plump dog... can freaking speak?!

Blacky rolled its eyes. Even though it didn't understand what was this donkey doing stabbing him in the middle of the night and even though that dagger didn't hurt it in the slightest... this dunce had



clearly disturbed this lord dog's sleep. Unforgivable!

Under the dazed stare of the bald man, Blacky actually stood up on its hind legs, nearly causing the bald man's eyes to pop out of their sockets. Eyes hanging by a mere thread, he gawked at the fat dog approaching him while doing the... catwalk!

...

On the second floor of the restaurant, Bu Fang was still sleeping soundly without knowing what was happening outside, in the alley. However, even if he knew about it, all he would do was frown.

Coming in the middle of the night to provoke Blacky... this bald donkey should have seen it coming.

At the same time, within the doorway of a resplendent courtyard in the Imperial City...

Three shadows wearing black clothing proudly stood at attention.

"So, this is the place?" Wu Yunbai couldn't help but ask as she stared ahead at the courtyard.

Snake-man Ah Ni nodded his head. With regards to this place, he was sure that both Yu Fu and uncle Yu Feng were locked up inside.

"Miss, this isn't some ordinary mansion. Are we really going to go in?" Master Ah Wu knitted his eyebrows as he looked at the manor. He had this sense of uneasiness, as if it was dark bottomless pit, waiting to swallow them all.

"What's there to be scared of... Master Ah Wu, do not forget, this miss is finally a Battle-Saint and can wield the semi-divine tool... the Cloud Sword!" Wu Yunbai said with confidence.

Hearing that, he paused for a moment before relaxing. That's right. The young miss was a lady who possessed a semi-divine tool, a seventh grade Battle-Saint. An ordinary Battle-Saint wasn't even

a match for her, so perhaps he was really worrying too much.

"Let's go... to save them," Wu Yunbai said in a serious tone.

Even with an hidden trump card, one must still exercise caution with the current state in the Imperial City.

The true energy of the three people surged forth as they rushed toward the manor.

# Chapter 214: Humble Monk only Envied

## Lord Dog Muscular Juicy Body

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On the Imperial City's street, in a quiet alleyway, outside Fang Fang's little store.

As the cold moonlight radiated down and covered the ground, it illuminated the alleyway where a plump, big black dog could be seen striding like a cat, casting a long shadow.

The big black dog emotionlessly looked toward the bald donkey in front of it, a bald donkey who dared to use a dagger on the Lord Dog.

At the current moment, in his heart, Shang De felt as though ten thousand black big dogs were galloping toward him. How could this plump big black dog in front of him actually open its mouth and speak? What was going on?

Barely containing the terror in his heart, Shang De got off the floor. Thinking of a hundred possibilities, the severity of the situation suddenly dawned on him.

"A dog which can speak... I'll be damned! I hope this dog is not the spirit beast Zhao Musheng is referring to?" In an instant, his confusion was cleared up as if a bolt of lightning had streaked across his mind, banishing the darkness clouding it. Turning to look at the dog, his face turned as pale as a sheet, as if he had seen a ghost.

The spirit beast he remained on guard against for the better part of the day, through some cruel twist of fate, turned out to be the target of his skullduggery tonight! Standing there, eyes watering and face etched with indignation and grief, Shang De truly felt like cursing the heavens for his misfortune.

But how could such a powerful spirit beast be a plump dog? Could a plump dog even become a spirit beast?

As Blacky strode forward, with its smug look seemingly intending to taunt his opponent, which caused Shang De's heart to tremble with fear. He thoroughly regretted his action. Why did he give in to a moment of desire and decide to trouble this black dog.

"From your body... this Lord Dog could sense a killing intent." Blacky emotionlessly spoke, its voice mild yet somehow charming. "Why do you bear such killing intent toward a dog?" spoke the Lord Dog with its mild voice as he stopped in his path, looking at Shang De.

Shang De's eyes widened. He grabbed his head with his hands and then slapped it. Under the uncaring eyes of the Lord Dog, he suddenly leapt into the air and with a forceful kick of both his legs, stepping onto the wall. Judging by his actions, he was planning to flee within the span of a breath.

Watching the panicking bald donkey stumble to get away, Blacky extended its doggy tongue and licked its dainty little doggy paws.

"I'm asking you a question here. What are you running away for?"

Blacky muttered curtly after which he violently swiped a dog paw onto Shang De's back.

With his heart totally swept up like a tsunami, the startled Shang De only had one single thought in his mind, which was to run away as fast as possible.

Although he could not sense any spiritual energy movement from that plump black dog, when he stared at the dog, his heart couldn't muster a single ounce of resistance. That sensation... it was like when he faced an eighth grade spirit beast in an endless desert before.

At that time, his cultivation level was only up to Battle-King, while he was facing a War-God spirit beast.

"And... that War-God spirit beast also knew how to speak."

What the heck, encountering a spirit beast which could speak, there's only one word: run!

Boom!

Just as the thought of running crossed Shang De's mind, an incredible pressure appeared behind him. His body suddenly froze, unable to make a single movement, as the paw slammed him into the ground.

"Why did you, in the middle of the night, try and use a dagger on this Lord Dog?" Blacky raised its dainty little doggy paws while sighing.

Shang De's face was now full of fear. Even with his full-fledged muscular body, he was unable to make any movement, as though he was chained up... This threatening feeling was even scarier than the pressure he felt from that War-God spirit beast in the past!

Damn this dog!

"For some reason, this Lord Dog feels that you harbor bad intentions... Fess up, unless you wish to end up like this..." Lord Dog spoke.

Crash!

Shang De groveled on the ground, with his whole body full of cold sweat. Glancing to the side, his pupils suddenly shrunk, as he saw that the floor paved with bricks had shattered into multiple fragments... A dog paw print could be seen superimposed on it.

"Lord Dog, Big Brother Dog! Please show some mercy!" Shang De felt like crying, being bullied like this.

"Hmmm?"

Blacky rolled its eyes at the gutless bald donkey.

"Well, I humbly came in the quiet night, well, it's because... I admired Lord Dog's heroic and well-toned muscular physique, so I was thinking..." Cold sweat could be seen dripping from Shang De's

head... Should he said it out?

"And so what do you want?" Lord Dog blinked as it said.

"So I was thinking... about borrowing a slice of dog meat, to taste!" Shang De's heart trembled as he finally blurted out the the statement he was in the midst of mulling over. He immediately shut his mouth. In his heart, he knew he was in deep trouble.

True to that, at that instant, a surge of turbulent malicious aura fell on his back.

"You dare say you wanted to eat dog meat?!"

Boom!

As though a slumbering beast had just been aroused, an oppressive aura enveloped the city.

At that very moment, the whole Imperial City boiled over. All the Battle-Saints who were sleeping soundly almost pissed in their pants as they opened their eyes and dashed out of the room, each of them feeling the frightening aura.

That aura was just too overwhelming!

At that instant, no matter who it was, their started to shiver.

In an inn, Ni Yan opened her eyes, twisted her slender body and leaped off her bed before dashing out of the room and into the sky.

A delicate shadow could be seen following behind her.

"Sister Ni Yan... this pressure! Could it be a War-God spirit beast?"

Ye Ziling was not aware of the action of arming herself with long bow on her back, clutching tightly with her palms full of sweats.

"No... there's something weird with this aura, it's seems to be much stronger than a War-God spirit beast, as if..." Ziling knitted her eyebrows. She found this aura familiar, as though she had felt this before.

"No matter what, there's going to be trouble brewing in the Imperial City!" Ni Yan sighed.

...

"Young Miss, should we still act?" Master Ah Wu's whole body trembled. Faced with the aura, his face turned dark.

"To think that within the Imperial City lay such a scary existence... This overwhelming pressure is at the same level as the Master of Cloud Villa! When did Light Wind Imperial City process such a hidden trump card? No! Let's use this chance. While everybody is stunned by this aura, we should immediately take action to rescue the prisoners!" Wu Yunbai bit her lips as she said.

Master Ah Wu's face paled. It looked like there was no choice but to take action. Having made the snake-man Ah Ni stay at the entrance to be their lookout, two shadows could be seen leaping over the walls.

...

Shang De's body could be seen shivering, "I told you I didn't want to speak at all, look at you... you got angry already!"

His heart was full of bitterness. He truly only wanted to catch a plump dog for its dog meat. To think that this dog, which was basically a pig at this point, hid such a frightening power within itself.

"Eat dog meat?! Who gave you the gall to eat dog meat?" Blacky was furious. Its entire body covered with dog fur could be seen radiating light.

Boom! Boom!

The tiles on the floor started to shatter as they could not withstand the tremendous pressure.

"Lord Dog! Let's speak calmly!" A ray of light radiated out, engulfing him. To think that Shang De was able to break out of

Blacky's pressure. A Buddha simulacrum could be seen appearing from his body as he leapt off the ground to get back on his feet.

Shatter!!!

However, before he got the chance to continue to speak, a dog paw covering the sky cruelly patted down, and the Buddha simulacrum shattered like glass into many fragments.

Like a falling star, he felt as if his whole body was bursting into flames as he fell from the sky.

With his night clothes in tatters and multiple slashes on his skin. His whole body was flattened, while he vomited blood nonstop.

Boom! Boom!

A loud explosion could be heard throughout the Imperial City in the night, with sound waves cascading through, followed by the deep silence that came next.

On the outer walls of the Imperial City, a deep crater was carved into its stony walls, from which bricks could be seen falling down

A shadow struggled to crawled out of the crater. With his whole body bloodied, he barely managed to stand up. From his chest, pieces of buddhist relics could be seen falling into pieces.

"That damned dog.. such a misfortune!"

Shang De was truly covered in blood Were it not for those precious buddhist relics helping him to take on most of the damage, he would likely have become a meat patty already.

After eating dog meat for so long, finally he was beaten by a dog... All he could say was that he totally deserved this.

With his injured body and his heart feeling desolate, he slowly made his way toward Zhao Musheng's manor.

Blacky sniffed his nose indignantly. Still angry, he glared at Shang De's broken figure, sighed and lay down at the restaurant entrance.



...

Upstair, Bu Fang leaned against the window. Seeing that the alleyway floor was destroyed again, he crinkled his mouth into a smile.

"I already asked Blacky to be more gentle on the stone pavement, yet it got destroyed again."

Looks like there was no choice but to ask someone to come and repair the pavement on the following day. Bu Fang sighed as he closed the window and climbed back into bed, preparing to sleep.

This night, however, would most likely be a sleepless one for the Battle-Saints of the Imperial City.

# Chapter 215: The Wind Whistled and Misery Came

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A resplendent courtyard, throughoutly surrounded by pavilions and terraces, and partitioned by a miniature stream that ran right down the middle. All that framed within the picturesque backdrop of a false mountain from which the courtyard's river drew its lifeblood from, round and round, meandering through its stony crags.

As the moonlight shone over the entire courtyard, it reflected off the stream, turning it into a river of stars.

In a certain corner, two figures gently descended onto the plush greenery, ever so gently, so as not to be heard by others. With a face stiff with anxiety, Master Ah Wu closely kept pace with Wu Yunbai as she traversed the courtyard. This was the courtyard Ah Ni had told them about, the one where the serpent-man was held captive within. It was also the one where Zhao Musheng resided in.

"Young Miss... be careful, since this Zhao Musheng was so insistent that Owner Bu paid him a visit, there's no way he wouldn't leave traps behind or perhaps an ambush of sorts." Master Ah Wu prudently noted.

Wu Yunbai nodded her head. She knew of that as well. There was simply no way Zhao Musheng wouldn't make any preparation when dealing with Owner Bu.

Standing within the courtyard, they couldn't help but feel a little spooked by the serenity and almost deathlike solitude of the courtyard, barely broken by the intermittent whooshes of the flowing water.

"Let's move... we still have to find where the snake-man is being held prisoner," Wu Yunbai said.

With a zip, the two figures disappeared into the distance ahead, ever so quietly.

Zhao Musheng stood within a certain room, with his hands behind his back. At his side was a table on which rested a cup of tea still fresh from the teapot, which billowed its aromatic fragrance throughout the room.

Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile as he raised the cup to his lips and took a sip. Eyes closed, he took a moment to savor the fragrance before slowly leaving the room.

Stepping out, he couldn't help but blow a breath of hot air in response to the slight chilliness outside. Mere moments later, a rush of mental energy surged out of the man who took but one step forward and flew into the air!

Back within the courtyard, the roar of a wild beast could be heard crashing through the silence of the courtyard, deafening those who heard it and nearly destroying the courtyard in the process.

From within, came a multitude of tyrannical laughs that echoed thunderously in the air.

Boom! Boom!

As flows of true energies clashed, the resulting shockwaves tore through the resplendent courtyard, turning it into a horrific battleground in just the blink of an eye.

At that, Zhao Musheng grinned. "So, he finally took the bait."

Dashing through the air, he came to a stop above the courtyard only to see a chaotic battle already in progress beneath. There, he saw a multitude of figures surrounding another group of figures.

"Hmm? It's not Bu Fang?" He paused for a second upon realizing that it wasn't Bu Fang who the experts below were surrounding.

"Haha! Zhao Musheng, so these two fellows are the targets this time? Once we capture them, we will get the Five Stripes Path-

Understanding Fruit Tree?" Came a boisterous yell from below. It was a topless brute seated atop an equally fierce looking cheetah, that issued that thunderous laugh.

Surrounding him were three other experts who also commanded a beast of their own. These were the men who surrounded Wu Yunbai and Master Ah Wu.

As Master Ah Wu stood there, hand clasped tightly around a serpent-man, his face couldn't be any paler nor graver even if he wished it.

That Zhao Musheng really did set up a trap for Bu Fang, and to think it was such a terrifying one as well...

Four seventh grade Battle-Saints along with two sixth grade beasts. Such a team was basically invincible within the imperial capital. Such a showing for a mere fifth grade Battle-King... that Zhao Musheng must have really taken the threat of Bu Fang seriously.

Standing in the midst of said trap was Wu Yunbai, with her brows knitted together and true energy surging.

"Men from the Third Godly Temple of the Wildlands, huh? To think the esteemed Third Godly Temple of the Wildlands would stoop so low as to collude with the insignificant Mahayana Island... your faces aren't worth much, I see!" Wu Yunbai coldly declared.

Third Godly Temple of the Wildlands wasn't a faction foreign to her. It was, after all, a power that could rival the White Cloud Villa's. However, these two factions were located in different regions with the White Cloud Villa occupying Illusory Spirit Swamp while the Third Godly Temple of the Wildlands occupied the central regions of the Wildlands.

While she said they were colluding, the only one who could dispatch so many Battle-Saints had to be the Third Godly Temple of the Wildlands. A mere Buddhist sect like the Mahayana Island

couldn't provide such a showing even if they tried.

"Oh? A pretty little thing like you actually knows about us? Seems like your background isn't that bad either!" Sneered the brute seated atop the cheetah, as he threw a look at Wu Yunbai.

Zhao Musheng descended upon one of the false peaks and with a frown, called out to Wu Yunbai and Master Ah Wu, "Why is it you two rescuing the serpent-man? Where's Bu Fang?"

Hearing that, Wu Yunbai merely threw him an impudent look and said nothing.

"Forget it... since you two are willing to risk yourselves for Bu Fang, your relationship with him shouldn't be that simple either. Capturing you two for a negotiation with him should yield the same results as well." Zhao Musheng emotionlessly declared before turning to look at the Battle-Saints below him.

"Capturing them will give you a chance at the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree. Men... for the fruit tree... what are you all waiting for?"

"Hey, hey, Zhao Musheng, I hope you aren't lying here, for your sake as well as mine, otherwise you'll regret it!" The brute glanced at Zhao Musheng and laughed coldly after which he whistled. Immediately, the cheetah beneath sprang into action.

...

Rumble!

Within the Imperial City, a chain of explosions rocked the city without rest. All around, a frightening blast of wind swept through everything in its path.

Amidst the storm of dust, a figure could be seen dashing out, hands wrapped around a snake-man. The figure touched the floor outside of the courtyard where Ah Ni, who had been waiting outside all this while, immediately reacted.

"Move! We're leaving first! The Young Miss will act to cover our backs, quick!" Yelled Master Ah Wu, with a face as dark as the night and just as cold.

Hearing that, a chill gripped the heart of Ah Ni but he didn't say a word. Summoning his true energy levels, he flew off after the distant figure of Master Ah Wu.

Back within the courtyard, the explosions continued with no signs of abating. In fact, they grew even more intense with sword energies peppering the air around the courtyard. By now, this furious battle had long since made its presence known to the entire imperial capital.

Multiple Battle-Saints were already quietly observing the earthshaking battle with their consciousness.

Amongst them was a figure clad in a fiery red robe who silently swayed in the air as he toyed with his slender fingers.

"Musheng, that idiot... Stirring up such a scene at a time like this, aren't you just asking for trouble by sticking out like that? The pressure from that eighth grade beast had just dissipated not too long ago and you are already causing such a ruckus..." A disdainful Mu Lingfeng frowned.

The fact that the little restaurant which possessed a Path-Understanding Fruit Tree seemed to possess an eighth grade watchbeast was undoubtedly a piece of bad news for him. Such a beast was strong and with it guarding the store, he would have to pay a steep price in order to attain that tree.

"Looks like I have to request an elder's aid... the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree... I must have it." Mu Lingfeng's eyes narrowed as he twisted his finger. An instant later, a fiery bird appeared within his hand. Lowering his head, he muttered several words to the little bird after which it chirped and flapped away.

"By the time the elder arrives, that Five Stripes Path-

Understanding Fruit Tree should be ready to bear fruit as well... by then, it will be time to act."

Mu Lingfeng breathed deeply and then turned his attention back to the battle raging below. He quietly scolded the fool once more before flying away.

...

The corner of Wu Yunbai's mouth were stained with blood. As her chest heaved, the Cloud Sword and her arm both trembled.

Even though she had the Cloud Sword with her, facing off so many experts alone was still a tough task. Thankfully, she still had the White Cloud Villa's jade talisman with her. Activating it, she finally managed to escape that deadly trap. Had it not been for that trump card of hers, she would have probably lost her life back there.

After all, those experts from the temple clearly weren't going to show her mercy.

Gripping the semi-divine tool in one hand, she painfully clutched at her wounds with the other while speeding off into the distance. Suddenly, her face froze as she looked into the distance.

Right there was a dishevelled bald man dressed in rags, hobbling toward her while clutching injuries of his own.

"What's a beggar doing loitering around the streets in the middle of night?" She muttered to herself as she swallowed a gout of blood. Amidst her confusion, her eyes suddenly narrowed as she finally recognized who that man was!

"It's you?!" Obviously, she recognized who that bald monk was, especially given the undisguised killing intent in her eyes right now. "Isn't that bald man the guy ferrying news to Zhao Musheng?"

As for the bald man, the look he had on right now could only be described as thunderstruck. In order to savor a piece of dog meat,

he nearly got himself killed by a slap from a dog. Truly, his lucky couldn't get any worse. Yet, just as he finally managed to drag himself to the doorstep of Zhao Musheng's manor, he found himself face to face with a sword-wielding pretty face with the word "kill" written all over her face. Exactly what did he do to deserve such a fate?!

"Damned donkey! Die!"

With a furious yell, the Cloud Sword, clad in piercing sword light, swung right at the bald monk.

Puchi

A spurt of blood later, the bald monk was sent flying away, blood raining in his wake.

Still clutching her wounds, she felt a resounding thud echo from behind her after which she threw the bald donkey a final look and a harrumph before disappearing into the night.

The wind whistled and misery came...

Eyes filled with tears, the bald monk stared at the moon hanging high above him and swore to never eat dog meat again.

...

At the break of dawn, the first rays of the morning peeked through the windows of a tiny restaurant and bathed its owner's face in a warm soothing light. Stirring from his deep slumber, Bu Fang wrinkled his nose and opened his eyes.

It's the start of another beautiful day.

Bu Fang leaped out of bed and after freshening up, came to the kitchen to begin his daily knife work and carving practice. After finishing his routine, he then prepared a serving of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and walked out of the store, ribs in hand, to Blacky's sleeping spot.

"Blacky, it's time for breakfast..." Bu Fang gently called out.



However, the reaction he received stunned him. Normally, this black dog of his would fall head over heels for a plate of ribs, and yet Blacky didn't seem the least bit interested today as he lazily sauntered over after throwing the plate of ribs a disdainful glance.

Looks like this plump dog of his must have really been pissed off by last night's incident. Seeing that, Bu Fang couldn't help but wonder exactly what did that fellow do to provoke such lasting ire from his dog.

However, since Blacky didn't seem to want to talk about it, he naturally had no way of finding out either. Walking back to his restaurant, his nose was greeted by a tantalizing fragrance that faintly lingered in the air.

Bu Fang turned his gaze to the Path-Understanding Fruit Tree he kept in the corner and stared wide-eyed. This tree of his actually bore three adorable little green fruits for him! That was where the fragrance originated from.

So the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree was finally going to start bearing fruits?

## Chapter 216: Miraculous Donburi

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Bu Fang knitted his eyebrows as he slowly made his way toward the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree. Sniffing the scent, it brought a sense of refreshment and clarity to one's thought.

As the leaves of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree swayed, the patterns became animated, with every thread of the patterns ever so conspicuous. Within the lush leaves, three round and green fruits appeared. While the fruits were not large and fully ripened, they had a faint cloud pattern etched on them. It bore some resemblance to the Three Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit.

When he extended his hand and gently stroked a fruit with his fingers, a slight amount of spiritual energy undulated outwards, scattering a chill fragrance. As it spreaded through his body, it gave Bu Fang a sense of comfort.

"Great... judging from its appearance, it is going to ripen soon", Bu Fang curled the corner of his mouth, and his heart rejoiced.

Bu Fang witnessed the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree's growth from a single seed to maturity. His heart had grown fond of it.

He stood up and sighed. Taking a final look at the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree, he turned and walked back into the kitchen.

As the restaurant continued its daily operation, the fragrance of dishes scattered throughout the store, intoxicating the diners.

Ouyang Xiaoyi could be seen hopping around joyfully. It had become a daily habit of hers to come over to the small restaurant to work; it was much better than rote cultivation at home.

Even though she helped out every day, her cultivation speed did not suffer at all. The cultivation atmosphere in the shop was most ideal thanks to the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree

scattering out the Path-Understanding Notes, which were highly beneficial to cultivation.

"Xiaoyi, serve the dish."

Bu Fang's emotionless voice drifted from the kitchen. Ouyang Xiaoyi came to the front of the window and took an Egg-Fried Rice which was emanating a mesmerizing aroma. Having worked as a waitress for a long time, she had grown accustomed to the fragrance, although, occasionally, she would still lose herself in the aroma. She was more resilient than most people.

This was one of the difficulties any restaurant waitress must conquer.

Serving the Egg-Fried Rice to a customer, Ouyang Xiaoyi smiled as she retreated a few steps back. Suddenly, she noticed multiple shadows entering the store entrance as she tilted her head toward them.

"Where is Owner Bu? Hurry, ask Owner Bu to come over..."

With her face white as a sheet, Wu Yunbai staggered into the restaurant. Behind her was Master Ah Wu. He looked worried. Ah Ni and Yu Fu could be seen behind them, supporting an unconscious serpent-man.

When Ouyang Xiaoyi saw the serpent-men, her heart was filled with curiosity with regards to the strange serpent-man race.

"You guys wait here. My smelly boss is currently in the kitchen," said Ouyang Xiaoyi. After following Owner Bu for some time, her way of speaking had become simple yet concise.

"Master Ah Wu, don't be so anxious. Let's find a seat to sit down first," Wu Yunbai voice was a bit weak, her face white and lips drained of their rosy colour.

Master Ah Wu nodded his head as he pulled a chair out for Wu Yunbai to sit.

Yu Fu was a bit fearful when she looked at the restaurant's interior. "This is senior's restaurant? After going through so many hardships, at last, we have arrived."

Yu Fu's pretty face was full of scars, there were many ripped scales on her tail, which was covered in injuries.

After a long time, Bu Fang wiped the grime off his hand. He came out of the kitchen, nodded his head at Yunbai and her group after seeing them.

His glance fell on the serpent-woman Yu Fu, and after seeing the unconscious serpent-man Yu Feng, he knitted his eyebrows.

That serpent-man's breath was much weaker than before. It was obvious that during the journey here he suffered some serious injuries.

"You are injured?" Bu Fang emotionlessly spoke as his gaze finally fell on Wu Yunbai, who was also covered in injuries.

"Just some small injuries, nothing too serious." Wu Yunbai maintained her stance, even though her face was white.

"Owner Bu... I already said that there were some issues with Zhao Musheng. He insisted for you to go over intending to kill you. If yesterday you were the one who went instead, I'm afraid you would have died multiple times already... Luckily, Young Miss broke through to Battle-Saint last night, or else the mission would have most likely ended in failure," Master Ah Wu said in indignation.

That Zhao Musheng was truly a despicable man, to think that he colluded with the people from Godly Temple of the Wildlands. If the master was here, Zhao Musheng would have been beaten to death by a single palm.

However, the moment Wu Yunbai was injured, Master Ah Wu used a scroll rune to send a secret message back. White Cloud Villa dispatched one of their four commanders, Commander Zhankong.

When the time came, Zhao Musheng would still be beaten to death by a single palm.

After all, Commander Zhangkong was an eighth grade War-God!

"Oh, your luck is not bad." Bu Fang wasn't too surprised after listening to Master Ah Yu. Zhao Musheng definitely would make some preparations since he dared to trouble Bu Fang. After all, he did suffer in the hands of Bu Fang before.

However, Bu Fang was curious exactly what this Godly Temple of the Wildlands was made of.

"Since you are injured, I would recommend ordering the restaurant's new dish. Perhaps it will be of some help to your injuries." Bu Fang spoke in a serious tone to Wu Yunbai as he looked at her.

Wu Yunbai was startled. Her injuries were grave, and thus any ordinary elixir would be ineffective, yet a simple dish would work?

However, as she thought about Bu Fang expertise in Elixir Cuisine, her eye shone. "Right... this chef in front of me is not an ordinary chef, perhaps he does really has a way."

"New cuisine?" Wu Yunbai had some anticipation as she turned behind to look at the menu. After scanning around, her eyesight locked onto the new dish which had just been added.

"Dragon Blood Meat Donburi?" Wu Yunbai paused for a while, as she felt some novelty to this cuisine name.

"Two hundred crystal... it's quite expansive!" Wu Yunbai sighed.

"The taste is not bad, and it should help your injuries," said Bu Fang seriously.

"Let's order a set. Crystals are not an issue, what's most important now is to heal Miss' injuries." Master Ah Wu anxiously urged him before Wu Yunbai could speak.

Bu Fang nodded his head before he turned to make his way into

the kitchen. As he passed by the feeble serpent-man Yu Fu, he added, "Wait a while, till the restaurant opening hours are over."

Ah Ni was speechless as he saw the back of Bu Fang entering the kitchen. He could not utter a single word.

Back in the kitchen, Bu Fang took out some Dragon Blood Rice from a clay pot. After washing, he passed the water used to wash the Dragon Blood Rice to Ouyang Xiaoyi, for her to water the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree.

After putting the Dragon Blood Rice into a steamer, Bu Fang started to prepare the handmade beef barbecue sauce. He took out a tenderloin portion of the Wandering Dragon Cow. Spinning the kitchen knife in his hand, flowery patterns started to appear.

...

As Bu Fang carried the Dragon Blood Meat Donburi out of the kitchen, the aromatic fragrance of the beef barbecue sauce and Dragon Blood Rice diffused into the surroundings and the people sniffed the air in delight.

"Your Dragon Blood Meat Donburi, please slowly enjoy it." Bu Fang spoke as he placed the dish in front of Wu Yunbai.

Yunbai's eyes twinkled as she looked at the Donburi dish, however, her eyes soon revealed a flash of disappointment as it did not meet up to her expectation of an Elixir Cuisine.

Since it wasn't an Elixir Cuisine, would it have any effect?

Yunbai was clueless. However, she still used a porcelain spoon to scoop some Dragon Blood Rice to put into her mouth, under the envious stares of the other patrons.

Scalding! Fragrant!

Those were the first impressions the Dragon Blood Meat Donburi gave, as the scalding yet thick fragrance overpowered her taste buds, leaving them slightly numb.

The Dragon Blood Rice was chewy while the beef barbecue sauce was thick with flavor, even though it was not known what sort of spirit beast meat was in the beef barbecue sauce. It had a delightful mouth feel. After chewing for a while, Wu Yunbai pale face regained its rosy color. It could be due to the surging hot energy or due the recovering of her injuries. As she stretched her neck and gobbled down on the rice, her eyes sparkled. The spoon in her hand never stopped moving, as chumps of rice were continuously fed into her mouth.

Bu Fang was satisfied with Wu Yunbai's eating manner. With regards to delicacies, one should eat without constraints. That liberating way of eating was how you showed respect to any delicacy.

Eating in a hamfisted manner only meant that the food wasn't enticing enough.

Wu Yunbai widened her eyes as she continued. As the Dragon Blood Rice entered her stomach, she felt a hot sensation rising from her stomach. Her energy core became like an oven as turbulent spiritual and vitality energies gushed, enveloping her entire body.

At that very moment, her injured body was filled with energy. Through the activation of her cultivation method, her spiritual energy was turned into True Energy as it circulated the entire body and pulse. As energy gathered at the place of injuries, they were healed.

Her body, battered in grave injuries, was healed at an incredulous pace, visible to the naked eye.

Wu Yunbai's heart was surprised and shocked. To think that a bowl of the Dragon Blood Meat Donburi... was powerful enough to heal her injuries! It was simply miraculous!

## Chapter 217: An Elixir Cuisine that Manifests Vitality Energy

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A donburi was quickly brought before Wu Yunbai and was devoured just as quickly by her, with nothing left behind, not even a grain of rice.

She had just finished her meal and yet it didn't take long before her face managed to regain of some its rosy hue, as if a mass of dense vitality energy was circulating within her right now. Belching, she released some of the stored up energy.

Feeling that warming burn in her energy core, her face brightened up. Owner Bu truly lived up to his name; with just one bowl of Dragon Blood Meat Donburi, her wounds actually recovered this much. Although they weren't completely healed up, they were at least much better than before.

"Owner Bu, this beef of yours seems a little different. Why is it so packed full of energy? That rice too, the mouth feel of it was rather chewy, but once I swallowed it, my body was filled with vitality energy, like I had just eaten some miraculous medicine." Wu Yunbai exclaimed, mouth sputtering with praises in every word.

Bu Fang grinned slightly as he took in her praise. That rice she just ate wasn't just any old rice grain, it was Dragon Blood Rice. Although it was just rice watered with a pseudo-dragon blood, its effects were vastly superior to that of ordinary rice grains and even better than certain breeds of spirit energy rice.

In short, not only was it a delectable ingredient, Dragon Blood Rice was also a medicinal ingredient.

As for the beef, was there even any doubt that it was special? Carved from the seventh grade Wandering Dragon Cow, there was no way it wouldn't be brimming with spirit energy. The taste was vetted by Bu Fang himself. It was superb.



Born of these two ingredients, it was only natural that the finished dish possessed such an unparalleled taste.

Right now, Wu Yunbai's body was filled with a surging mass of spirit and vitality energy. She needed a place to cultivate so as to digest this energy and recuperate at the same time.

Thus, Master Ah Wu and her swiftly bid their farewells to Bu Fang and left.

Before leaving, she threw Ah Ni a glance that was steeped in meaning: "I hope you won't forget about your promise."

Ah Ni nodded before bowing respectfully to express his gratitude for her aid in this mission.

Wu Yunbai accepted the gratitude silently and then left with Master Ah Wu.

"Owner Bu... is it about time we begin the emergency treatment of my uncle, Yu Feng?" Ah Ni anxiously asked.

Yu Fu, equally anxious, threw the owner an expecting look as well.

However, Bu Fang merely swept his eyes over them blandly before saying: "Be patient, I already said that once our opening hours are over, I will personally brew some elixir cuisine to save him. Naturally, I won't go back on my words so just rest easy and wait. Don't rush me."

As calm as can be, he then returned to the kitchen.

At the side, Ouyang Xiaoyi cozied up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree and sat down in a comfy spot beneath, one eye closed while the other remained open. While it wasn't strictly considered cultivating, basking in the scent of the fruit tree was enough to aid one's cultivation.

Like that, a day of operation ended in a flash during which this little restaurant was graced by a number of acquaintances who left

after enjoying some small dishes. For the most part, they were here to observe the growth status of the fruit tree.

As two slightly obscured crescent moons rose over the darkened horizon, the restaurant finally closed up for the day. Walking out of the kitchen, he wiped off the stains on his hand, pulled up a chair for himself to sit and then turned to look at the trio, all in a calm and orderly fashion.

On his previous trip to the Illusory Spirit Swamp, he managed to retrieve some seeds from the Ice Soul Monarch Lotus. That lotus originally was one of the serpent-man tribe's heavenly treasures. Having taken such a valuable ingredient, Bu Fang naturally needed to show them some sincerity. That was why he elected to save that serpent-man, Yu Feng.

Truth be told, it was a form of equivalent exchange.

Due to the extenuating circumstances then, the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat Congee was only able to slightly alleviate that serpent-man's condition. Now that they were all in the imperial capital, it fell on him once more to brew up another batch of elixir cuisine. Given that he had promised them before, he naturally wasn't going to skimp on the effort now.

Calmly, he plopped himself down onto the chair and began chatting with the serpent-man Ah Ni.

Having spent an entire day in the kitchen, even Bu Fang needed some time to relax. However, Ah Ni and Yu Fu were clearly too anxious for that right now. Given a choice, they would rather have Bu Fang immediately start working on the brewing.

Finally, after getting enough rest, Bu Fang stood up and, under the expecting gaze of the two snake-men, walked back into the kitchen to begin his brewing.

Previously, in the serpent-man settlement, he only had the most primitive of cooking implements to work with. Using those crude

tools, the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat Congee he boiled had barely a tenth of its original medicinal power. Now that he was in his own personal kitchen, such a problem naturally didn't exist.

"Blood Crown Wandering Dragon Cow Meat Congee? Hmm... some changes are needed here." Standing before his stove, his deep contemplations were only interrupted by a few sporadic blinks of his eyes.

First, he retrieved from his system's inventory a gigantic slab of the Blood Crown he sliced off from the head of that seventh grade Black Swamp Boa. That Blood Crown was where the Black Swamp Boa stored its vital energy, thus it was the main ingredient for this batch of elixir cuisine.

"Perhaps adding in some Dragon Blood Rice might improve the efficacy of the elixir." He murmured to himself while stroking his chin.

The more he thought about this change of his, the better it sounded to him and his eyes brightened up in response.

Green smoke coiling about his hands, he summoned forth his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and with a quick flourish, sliced off a chunk of the Blood Crown.

In order to process the Blood Crown, one needed to use the Golden Dragon Bone Knife. No other knife would serve here, as they wouldn't be able to seal the opening caused by the cut. Unless that opening was sealed up, the energy within would constantly leak out, turning the Blood Crown worthless within moments.

The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was imperative in brewing elixir cuisines precisely because of its ability to preserve the vitality and spirit energy within the ingredient even after it had been sliced.

Bu Fang grabbed a handful of Dragon Blood, though not much. It was merely half of what he used to prepare that donburi.

Retrieving a casserole from the kitchen cabinet, he then tossed the washed Dragon Blood Rice into the kitchenware and poured in a generous serving of Heaven Alps Spirit Lake Water provided by the system. After being chopped up, the Blood Crown was tossed into the casserole as well.

Next came the Wandering Dragon Cow Meat. This time, he sliced off the bottom round of the beef. Naturally, he used the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife as well, perfectly sealing the spirit energy within.

Tossing all the ingredients into the casserole, Bu Fang turned on the stove and started the slow brew. As the ingredients stewed within, he put a single hand over the lid of the casserole and continually channeled his true energy through it.

The brewing of elixir cuisine was, in a lot of ways, a test of the brewer's degree and quality of control over his true energy. Furthermore, the brewer must know the combined effects of each and every ingredient within his dish like the back of his hand. That was why brewing elixir cuisines was such a exhausting and challenging task for the vast majority of chefs.

Even Bu Fang had to expend a decent amount of true energy and energy in order to brew a good batch of elixir cuisine, especially this particular batch of Blood Crown Cow Meat Dragon Rice Congee. Because the ingredients used were all extraordinary, the spirit energy reaction between each was a lot more complicated and minute. Such details required a greater degree of true energy control, and this increased the overall difficulty of the task.

For roughly half an hour, Bu Fang maintained his infusion of true energy. By now, his forehead was drenched in sweat and yet he merely trudged on with brows furrowed, not daring to loosen his focus for even a second.

With regards to the culinary arts, Bu Fang had always adopted the highest of standards. It was his hope that every dish he put out

was the best. Thus, he put his heart and soul in every dish he cooked, just so that it wouldn't disgrace his art.

Soon, a rich and uniquely fragrant congee smell began to escape from the lid of the casserole. It had an exquisite feel to it, as if it was an extremely fine thread that weaved its way through your nostrils ever so smoothly like pure silk.

"That's the smell! Even though it's slightly different from that time... that's definitely the smell! I remember it very clearly!" Raved a visibly excited Yu Fu, arms clutching Ah Ni's own as he took in the fragrance wafting out of the kitchen.

Seeing that, Ah Ni couldn't help but nod and smile ruefully. However, while he might have acted as such, his heart was just as excited as his companion's.

The fragrance itself was in the midst of being brewed; first it had a reserved quality to it before bursting forth in an intoxicating wave.

The moment the two serpent-men noticed a lean figure walking out of Bu Fang's kitchen, they immediately straightened their backs.

From within, he brought out a piping hot casserole that steamed with a fine, silken fragrance.

Blob Blob!

Even after it was placed on the table, the bloody congee within was still boiling hot. As the bubbles burst, a waft of fragrance was released into the room.

"Blood Crown Cow Meat Dragon Congee. This should be enough to fully treat your father's ailments, so go ahead and feed it to him." Bu Fang explained to Yu Fu as he massaged his stiff fingers.

The serpent-woman nodded her head, with excitement written all over her face. Walking up to the casserole, she eyed the boiling hot congee and chewed on her lips.

She pulled out a celadon bowl and laddled a spoonful of congee into the waiting bowl. As she did so, the vitality energy within almost seemed to materialize and hiss at her like a serpent.

"This... this..." She found herself at a loss for words. For vitality energy to manifest such a phenomenon... How terrifying...

"If nothing goes wrong, this elixir cuisine should be able to treat his ailments," Bu Fang said with a calm nod of his head. As his serious gaze fell upon the excited daughter, his gaze softened slightly.

## Chapter 218: How About I Serve as the Guardian of this Small Restaurant

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Yu Fu ladled a spoonful of piping hot Dragon Blood Congee into the waiting celadon bowl, where the vitality energy within soon surged and coalesced. Using a porcelain spoon, she carefully scooped up a bit of the congee and cooled it with a blow. As she did so, that dragon-like vitality energy dissipated, leaving behind a rich fragrance.

This was a bowl of Dragon Blood Congee and not some dessert congee. Because Wandering Dragon Cow Meat was added into the mix, the congee was slightly salty and that was reflected in the fragrance that wafted across the room.

The slightly red congee was carefully fed to the unconscious Yu Feng, and after two small bowls of it, the snake-man's countenance began to show some visible improvement. Instead of that deathly pale hue he had before, there was an increasing redness in his cheeks.

Unlike the previous time, the effect of the elixir cuisine was a lot more pronounced. The moment the third bowl was finished, Yu Feng suddenly opened his eyes, revealing what looked like vitality energy swirling within his pupils.

A surge of energy waves rushed out of his body and blew away Yu Fu, who was in the midst of preparing another spoonful of congee.

Humm...

As if a ripple of energy was roiling about within him, Yu Feng's entire face turned blood-red like it was on the verge of bleeding.

An instant later, he spat out a mouthful of black fluid that filled the area with a pungent stench.

Previously, the serpent-man's reaction wasn't so pronounced. The fact that he acted this way had exceeded Bu Fang's

expectations, though it didn't cause him much panic in the end because it was precisely the kind of effect he was looking for.

This single bowl of congee was packed full of ingredients which contained vitality energy. Just that Blood Crown alone was enough to cause Yu Feng to awaken. Adding in Dragon Blood Rice to supplement its effect made the efficacy of the elixir even more pronounced.

Yu Feng's aura surged for a moment before finally stabilizing a while later. As his inky black hair dryly slapped against his face, his contaminated sweat continuously rolled down his face, following the curve of his lower jaw till they finally dripped onto the floor.

These droplets contained within them the impurities of his body. Upon replenishing his vitality energy, his metabolism recovered as well, signifying that he had completely recovered.

"Father!" Yu Fu cried out, excited to the point of weeping. This journey of recovery was truly a dangerous one, fraught with so much hardship that almost made her lose her life multiple times. Looking at the recovered Yu Feng, there was nothing that could have pleased her more right now.

Yu Feng's eyes had a certain depth to it now. Reining in his aura, he threw his daughter a loving look before nodding at a visibly excited Ah Ni standing right beside her. Finally, he turned his eyes to Bu Fang.

With a wave of his snake tail, he came up to Bu Fang and shook his hands while sincerely thanking him.

"My gratitude, Owner Bu, for the elixir. Such a massive favor is one Yu Feng will never forget."

Narrowing his eyes for a moment, Bu Fang eyed the snake-man who had recovered thanks to his miraculous elixir cuisine, with admiration and jubilation filling his heart as he accepted the



serpent-man's gratitude for his hard work.

"There's still a bowl of Dragon Blood Congee left over there. Once you finish it, your injuries should be completely healed up," Bu Fang said.

The serpent-man nodded his head and thanked Bu Fang once more before slowly finishing up the last bit of congee.

While that bowl of congee was medicinal in nature and filled with overwhelming vitality energy, it was also a rare delicacy to be savored. As the snake-man downed the congee, a sense of satisfaction filled his heart. By the end, he almost swallowed his own tongue by mistake as he slurped up the last bit of congee.

"Owner Bu's culinary skills are truly a marvel. Once more, I extend my gratitude for Owner Bu's aid. I'm not sure if we will ever be able to return this massive favor!" As he said that, the serpent-man looked Bu Fang right in the eyes.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, merely brushed it off with a wave of his hand. "I don't need you guys to do anything for me. My Ice Soul Monarch Lotus was obtained from your tribe and thus I promised your high elder that I would save you. This is an equivalent exchange between us. There's no need to harp on it."

Even though he said that, the serpent-man, Yu Feng, still knew deep down in his heart that this act of saving him wasn't something a mere Ice Soul Monarch Lotus could compare to. Although it was a valuable ingredient, Yu Feng knew very well that this bowl of congee contained at least two other ingredients that were just as valuable as said lotus.

"If Owner Bu doesn't mind... how about this one acting as a guard for him. In a vast city like the imperial capital, it must be hard for Owner Bu to run his business... While this one might not have too many skills, his cultivation is at least decent..." Offered the serpent-man after a moment of contemplation. For a top seventh grade Battle-Saint of the serpent-man tribe to act as a chef's

bodyguard, that should be more than enough to repay the favor he was shown.

And yet in the face of this request, Yu Fu and Ah Ni displayed a rather curious expression.

Stunned, Bu Fang didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the moment...

"It's alright... being a bodyguard and all... er..."

"Does Owner Bu not look favorably upon this one? This one's cultivation might not be considered the top within the snake-man's capital, but dominating the imperial capital of Light Wind wouldn't be a problem at all..." Yu Feng declared with absolute confidence in himself.

At the side, Yu Fu and Ah Ni couldn't help but roll their eyes at him.

Where did he think this was? This was the renowned restaurant of Owner Bu... it was precisely this tiny, unassuming restaurant that threw the entire imperial capital into the turmoil it faced right now...

Who knew how many Battle-Saints had tried to pry into the restaurant's secrets and who knew how many experts struck out at it due to a lack of self-control. Even so, look what had happened so far.

The restaurant was still happily opening for business everyday.

This restaurant truly wasn't lacking in protection... especially not from him.

"Our restaurant isn't lacking in bodyguards, so there's no need for your esteemed self to be worried. Since your esteemed self has recovered, this one has fulfilled his promise. In that case, seeing as our operating hours have passed, it's time for this one to close the shop... Everybody, if you don't mind me not walking you all out..." Not interested in wasting anymore time on this, Bu Fang replied

with a placid look on his face.

The inside was already guarded by Whitey and the exterior had the plump dog... err, Lord Dog, guarding it. To either of them, a Battle-Saint at the peak of the seventh grade was merely a toy...

"Alright, since Owner Bu doesn't need this one's services, this one won't insist. However, this one will remain in the capital for a year. Should this restaurant face any trouble... this one will do his best to help. Should Owner Bu need this one's help, please feel free to ask for such." Having said that, Yu Feng left the restaurant with Ah Ni and Yu Fu without even waiting for Bu Fang's response.

Helplessly looking at the trio leave, a strange look crossed his face.

"That serpent-man... why is he so stubborn? Was it because I was too indirect with him? Sigh... if I knew it would turn out like this, I would have just said so already, a mere seventh grade Battle-Saint... really isn't qualified to be our guard."

He pursed his lips and couldn't help but laugh a little to himself. Closing the door boards, he cleaned up the celadon bowl and the casserole before returning to the kitchen and practising on a few dishes. Having done that, he returned to his room to turn in for the night.

Back in the hall, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree exuded an even richer fragrance. Looks like the little tree was growing up hale and hearty.

...

"Yu Fu... who was it that inflicted such serious injuries on you?" As Yu Feng slithered slowly out of an alleyway, his face couldn't help but darken while he eyed Ah Ni's and Yu Fu's injuries.

He already wanted to ask this question back in the restaurant, but out of deference for Owner Bu, he held back. Now, however, there was nothing holding him back anymore.

That was his daughter... to think the day would come where she ended up covered in injuries like that. Clearly, a great deal had happened while he was unconscious.

Hearing that, Ah Ni grew a little agitated himself. Now that Yu Feng had recovered, it was as if they had gained a support to rely on within this city where the Battle-Saints ran amok.

Ah Ni proceeded to recount all that had happened to them while Yu Feng was unconscious, including how Yu Fu was captured by Zhao Musheng and was tortured. He also mentioned how he promised Wu Yunbai something in exchange for rescuing Yu Feng and Yu Fu.

"That brazen old cur! He actually dared to injure my daughter... He's clearly looking for death!" Having heard all that, a flash of murderous intent made its way across Yu Feng's eyes. With a burst of light, an inky black long spear appeared out of nowhere within his palms. Immediately, a burst of bloodthirsty aura rushed out of the ominous black spear.

"Ah Ni, lead me to that old cur, I swear I'll skewer him to death with this spear!" Howled a furious Yu Feng.

However, Ah Ni knew exactly how frightening that manor of Zhao Musheng's was. Even with two Battle-Saints like Wu Yunbai and Master Ah Wu, they barely managed to avoid death. No matter how strong Yu Feng was, rashly breaking into that manor would probably end in misfortune.

Thus, he worked in concert with Yu Fu to placate the serpent-man's anger and then suggested that they paid a visit to Wu Yunbai first. Calming down, Yu Feng nodded his head. He knew just as well as the other two which was the more prudent choice. However, that didn't stop him from adding Zhao Musheng to his must-kill list.

"Oh right, Ah Ni, I want you to purchase an apartment near Owner Bu's restaurant. We'll live there for a year. Since I promised

that I would protect his restaurant for a year, I must keep to my words." Giving it some thought, he said that while handing over several crystals to Ah Ni.

Clearly not prepared for that, Ah Ni accepted the crystals with a dumbfounded look on his face.

"Hmm? Ah..."

# Chapter 219: Eighth Grade Experts, Arrived!

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Outside the majestic gates of the Imperial City, verdant sprouts reared their tender heads as the end of winter heralded the arrival of spring. Having been covered in snow for an entire season, the soils around the capital finally began to show signs of revival. All around, a burgeoning aura of life washed over the lands.

Along the wide main road just outside of the capital, a crisp clip clop could be heard echoing over the horizon. From a distance away, a figure slowly loomed into view.

It was an old man dressed in a full-bodied robe, riding an ashen-gray donkey while holding a gigantic wine gourd in his hand. As he made his way toward the capital, he would take a swig from his wine gourd from time to time, all the while swaying right and left.

With a satisfied look on his face, the old coot would hum a small ditty between each swig of wine.

Standing beneath those majestic gates of the imperial capital were three figures with their backs perfectly straight as they stood there watching while the chilly winds ruffled their coats.

As Tang Yin laid eyes on the looming figure of a donkey-riding old man, his eyes lit up. "Master, the senior has arrived." Tang Yin couldn't help but quip to Ni Yan, the woman standing beside him.

Ni Yan nodded her head and pursed her lips. That old drunkard sure had a sense of humor... to think he actually chose to ride a donkey here all the way from Wuliang Mountain. Could there be anything more comical than that?

"So this is the Senior Hu, whom master always talks about." Longbow strapped over his back, Ye Ziling opened her eyes wide to get a closer look at the old senior who came riding a donkey.

"If you're trying to say that your master always talk about an old drunkard, then yes, that's him." Ni Yan smiled and gave Ye Ziling a

jovial pat on the back.

Once more, the rhythmic clip clop of the donkey cut across the quiet of the icy air. Suddenly, within the mere moments it took for their hearts to jump in surprise, what was originally a distant figure actually appeared before them in an instant.

Still reeling from the surprise, Ni Yan gasped. But that donkey was just... Why was its trotting speed so quick!?

"You damned brat, an old bag of bones like me can't take this kind of shock anymore. If this old man doesn't see this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree, then you can forget about ever touching his wine ever again!" The old man snapped, mouth wide open, after which he took another swig of wine.

Hearing that, Ni Yan immediately griped to herself, "as if anyone would think about that Dragon's Breath of yours when they had Owner Bu's Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew over here in the capital."

The old drunkard flipped himself over the donkey's back, secured his wine gourd to his waist and then pulled up his pants before flashing Tang Yin and Ye Ziling a roguish smile. With donkey in tow, he proceeded onwards toward the imperial capital.

"So this lass is that old witch's disciple?" clicking tongue "Well, isn't she a pretty one." The old drunkard smiled once more after giving Ye Ziling a throughout look.

Immediately, she returned the old coot an alarmed look.

Like that, the four of them continued their light-hearted banter as they walked toward the gates. Yet, just as they were about to enter the capital, a thunderous bestial howl echoed in the distance.

Ni Yan and the others promptly whipped their heads in the direction of the howl. As for the old drunkard, he made sure to take another swig of his wine before turning around as well.

All they saw in the distance was a giant black dragon with its wings fully extended, bellowing as it flew in their direction. As it did so, its body let forth a surge of mighty aura that could have only come from a pseudo-dragon like itself.

"Oh hoh, a seventh grade spirit beast, Black Hell Dragon?" The old drunkard chuckled.

Unlike the senior, Ni Yan and the others were all suffering under the pressure of that mighty dragon. Suddenly, their eyes narrowed as they noticed a figure standing aloft on that dragon's back.

It was a hunched-back old man with an aura as steadfast and heavy as a mountain.

"That's... an expert from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands?" Ni Yan murmured.

So an eighth grade expert from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands had finally joined the fray.

...

Within a small courtyard in the imperial capital, the Ghost Chef Wang Ding was in the midst of dissecting a fifth grade spirit beast with a few flourishes of his cleaver.

His hands were so nimble that the cleaver almost seemed to dance in his palms. With every flourish, a slice of spirit beast meat came flying off.

In mere moments, an entire spirit beast was stripped clean by his practised slices.

Storing the cleaver, the Ghost Chef wiped his hands clean before shakily making his way back to a tiny house within the courtyard. There, he sat down on a rocking chair and slowly rocked himself.

Just in front of the rocking chair was a gigantic black wok. The wok was bubbling with a white steam that gave off a strange odor as it wafted around the room.



After sitting there for a while, the Ghost Chef stood up and brought in a giant bucket. Within the bucket was the meat he had just dissected not too long ago.

Lifting up the lid on the wok, a rush of steam shot out and into the sky.

With an inscrutable look in his eyes, Wang Ding stared at the bubbling in the wok. His lips curled into a slight smile, after which he tossed all of the meat within that bucket into the wok.

Crackle... The meat began threshing about in the wok at a rapid speed.

Hands quivering, the Ghost Chef retrieved a tiny jar from his tunic and flipped open its lid. From within, he fished out a dark purple pill with two of his nearly dried up fingers.

Laughing creepily, he crushed the pill between his wizened fingers and poured the powder into the wok before covering it once more.

"That's the 35th fifth grade spirit beast... another two more and the Essence Meat Broth should be ready. By then, the fight for the Path-Understanding Fruit Tree should've started.

The Ghost Chef shakily made his way back to his rocking chair and plopped himself down comfortably. As he did so, he covered his legs with a plush fur blanket before resuming his rocking.

...

Over the past few days, the tiny restaurant had seen increased traffic. A number of Battle-Saints had long since lost their patience and had to see for themselves how far the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree had grown.

Of those that came, a number had been thoroughly conquered by the small restaurant's chef after having a taste of some of his dishes. From then on, they became daily customers. After all, being able to savor such delicacies while basking in the Path-Understanding

Notes of the fruit tree honestly wasn't a bad deal at all.

Within an earthen flower pot, tucked away in a corner of the restaurant, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree grew. Its leaves had taken on a dark green hue and were riddled with a profoundly complex set of veins. There were five of them that coiled around it like a tiny snake.

Hidden amongst the leaves were three spirit fruits, the size of an infant, hanging tantalizingly off the tree's branches. As they barely hung onto the branches, four light blue clouds could be seen engraved onto their peel.

Those present knew that the moment the fifth cloud appeared, that meant the fruit had completely ripened.

Today, however, there were only four cloud engraved; it was still one short of the magical five.

"Xiaoyi, serve the dish." The faint voice of Bu Fang echoed from the kitchen.

A moment later, a bowl of piping hot Fish Head Tofu Soup was placed onto the windowsill of the kitchen by Bu Fang.

Ouyang Xiaoyi weaved around the dining hall along a path she taken multiple times before, dish in hand, till she finally came up to the table of a man dressed in a red robe.

"Your Fish Head Tofu Soup, please enjoy," Ouyang Xiaoyi said in her usual bubbly voice before winking at the handsome man dressed in a set of red robes.

For the past few days, this man visited them on a nearly daily basis. Each time, he would order a different dish and after finishing it, would leave right away, unlike the other Battle-Saints who loitered around for a long time, like flies.

"Many thanks." The man smiled warmly at Xiaoyi before turning his attention to his soup.

By now, Mu Lingfeng had been thoroughly conquered by the delicacies of this tiny restaurant. The first time he had a taste of its heavenly dishes, he received the shock of his life. Every pore in his body quivered from delight and his heart practically leapt out in joy.

He wasn't the only one either. Around him, a number of Battle-Saints had grown accustomed to this daily routine of finishing a dish or two and leaving right after.

"Such a pity... Once this fruit tree matures, this tiny shop will turn into a battlefield. I doubt it will survive then... I wonder if I will ever get the chance to savor such delights again." Mu Lingfeng lightly sighed to himself.

"Hmm?" Just as he took a few sips of his soup, his consciousness stirred. He promptly took out a jade talisman; it seemed to be sending a message of some sort.

"Elder Bian is already here?" Mu Lingfeng gasped in surprise, with one hand still ladling the fish soup with a blue and white porcelain spoon while the other operated the jade talisman.

"Pooey!"

Suddenly, Mu Lingfeng couldn't help but spit out the mouthful of fish soup he drank. His eyes suddenly widened as he accepted the message within the jade talisman, with a look of incredulity on his face. Truly, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Sheng Mu, that moron... he actually called for Elder Xia? He's even rushing here right now with the elder in tow... What exactly is he up to? Is he trying to make a move right now?" Mu Lingfeng had a dumbstruck expression on his face at the moment.

In fact, the Three Godly Temples of the Wildlands weren't as united as they seemed; each temple often competed with each other. Mu Lingfeng, himself, belonged to the Imperial Beast Hall. The Elder Bian he mentioned earlier was an expert of said Godly

Temple.

As for Sheng Mu, he belonged to the Ferocious Divine Hall. Like the name suggested, he was all brawns and no brains. Elder Xia was an elder of the Ferocious Divine Hall and was a famously stupid but destructive man...

With the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree so close to maturity, the fact that this bunch of people were rushing here right now... wasn't it a bad thing?!

## Chapter 220: So What if I Beat You Up?

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Not an extra shadow could be found in the splendid and magnificent main halls of the palace inside the Imperial City. Everyone, including the eunuchs and palace maids, was sent away by Ji Chengxue.

He sat on the throne all alone, with his eyes lightly shut. He was not sleeping, but in deep contemplation. At this point, the circumstances of the Imperial City had gotten out of hand, particularly beyond his control. Even though he was technically the emperor, he couldn't help but feel helpless and powerless.

Xiao Meng had sent in new intelligence. From such reports he learned of many news. The Imperial City nowadays was no longer one that fell under his command. Even eighth grade War-Gods have begun to appear. They were a kind of existence that eclipsed even the most powerful forces of the Imperial City, which meant that the Light Wind Empire itself could not even put up a good fight.

In the past, there were only seventh grade Battle-Saints. With Xiao Meng at the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint, he was still able to awe the crowd and subdue any opposition. But before an eighth grade War-God... he was rather insufficient.

These eighth grade War-Gods whom one rarely hears of had suddenly appeared in the Imperial City. Their target was the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, which was located in Owner Bu's store. Given that, Owner Bu's store was destined to suffer.

Rubbing his brows, Ji Chengxue opened his eyes and sighed.

"Nevermind, there's no point in beating myself over with this as I can't come up with any good solutions. Owner Bu will be on his own. Perhaps he has a trump card, given that supposed Supreme Beast on guard, maybe... it won't be that easy for these eighth grade War-Gods to go in and destroy everything."

...

Wu Yunbai studied the man standing before her, who wore casual clothes and a silver mask covering half of his face. She instinctively recoiled, taking a step back.

"Brother Zhan Kong, why... why are you here as well?" Wu Yunbai said with a slightly awkward expression on her face.

That masked man, in a guarded manner, scanned the floor that Wu Yunbai lived on with his eyes and wrinkled his brows.

"Ah Wu said you were heavily wounded, but given how you look... it doesn't seem that bad?"

His voice was charming, but with an added hint of rigidness and aloofness.

"Commander Zhan Kong, she was indeed deeply wounded a couple of days ago. But with the help of someone in particular, she had fully recovered." Master Ah Wu responded with great reverence. The ice-cold man before him was no simple figure.

This was one of the four greatest commanders of the White Cloud Villa. His cultivation level was at eighth grade War-God and his combat abilities were forbidding. He had once ripped apart a seventh level spirit beast with his bare hands, and showered his body with its blood.

"Who hurt you?" Zhan Kong's eyes spun behind the mask and fell upon Wu Yunbai, as he asked softly.

"None of your business. I'll avenge myself," Wu Yunbai replied stubbornly.

Zhao Kong gazed at Wu Yunbai calmly and suddenly walked toward the room. He extended his hands and patted Wu Yunbai's head.

"Ah Wu, come with me. Tell me, who hurt her... and who saved her."

"Ah... yes!" Ah Wu was startled, but quickly followed him.

Wu Yunbai bulged her cheeks as she gazed at the back of this towering man. She humphed to herself before catching up to them with stomping feet.

"The Mahayana Islands, Buddhist Sect?" Zhan Kong flicked a puzzling glance at Ah Wu. A force of influence so paltry dared to provoke someone from the White Cloud Villa?

But he didn't ask much more, as he only needed to know who wounded Wu Yunbai.

"Then, who rescued her?"

"The owner of a small store. The store very much hyped recently in the Imperial City as it has possession of a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree," Ah Wu answered respectfully.

"Oh? That store? On my way here I bumped into an old bird of the Ferocious Divine Hall. His target seemed to be the store... If I guessed right, it should be the same as the one you just mentioned," Zhan Kong remarked.

Wu Yunbai's complexion changed. An old bird of the Ferocious Divine Hall? A fellow able to grab hold of Zhan Kong's attention must be an eighth grade War-God... Could it be that the Ferocious Divine Hall had begun making their move on the store? They finally got tired of waiting?

"Zhan Kong..."

"Say no more. I know what you want to suggest. But I have my own plans. Rest first. The water of the Light Wind Empire's Imperial City is too muddled right now. My objective this time is to simply to bring you back to safety, so as to fulfill the villa master's orders. So, you better behave yourself."

Zhan Kong simply cut off Wu Yunbai's words, stood up, and walked out of the room with his hands behind his back.

Wu Yunbai was furious... such a conceited, insolent man!

"Ah Wu, watch her well. Do not let her out of the room before I return." Zhan Kong glimpsed at Master Ah Wu, who was standing nearby, as he instructed.

Ah Wu felt his heart tremble and a chill running down his spine as he nodded in a hurry.

Afterwards, Zhan Kong no longer took notice of them and left the inn entirely.

Zhan Kong stood on the streets of the Imperial City, one that bustled with pedestrians. His eyes flashed a sense of calmness and as he took a step forward, everything surrounding him flashed by at the speed of light.

In an instant, the step was complete, and he found himself standing before a luxurious courtyard.

He peered at this courtyard, with his eyes dimming with apathy.

"Simply the trivial Mahayana Island, a piece of trash without even an eighth grade War-God, dares to hurt the junior villa master of our White Cloud Villa. Here's an idiot who had acted recklessly and blindly."

Zhan Kong shut his eyes beneath the silver mask. The corners of his eyes quivered as he curled his lips.

No big movements were to be seen. Zhan Kong simply raised a hand, grabbed at the air, and a full gush of spirit energy instantly gathered at his palm.

Within that space, an enormous spirit energy palm had surfaced. That palm was gigantic yet delicate. One could see the fine lines that covered it. A formidable force of energy spread upon the palm.

Zhan Kong tilted his head, gazed at the spirit energy palm hovering over the luxurious inn, and pressed it slightly downwards. In that moment, the winds and clouds shook, causing



the buildings within that luxurious courtyard to shake uncontrollably.

Within the courtyard, a cross-legged Zhao Musheng sitting in a secret chamber snapped open his eyes. Terror flashed across them.

"I wonder which warrior has arrived. Zhao Musheng has failed to receive and welcome you, I apologize for that!"

With a howl, Zhao Musheng broke out with the most terrifying force of energy that he could muster and rushed out to the courtyard. He floated midair within the courtyard, and just as he finished speaking, he lifted his head. Witnessing the giant palm that had effectively covered the sky, his pupils shrank and his heart trembled.

"Zhao Musheng? You came out at just the right moment... As you've hurt someone from our White Cloud Villa, you shall face your death."

Zhan Kong peered at the floating Zhao Musheng coldly and his lips curled. Without another word, he pressed down with his palm.

Bam!!

After a thunderous sound, Zhao Musheng felt that incredible force of pressure fall on his body. All the bones in his body were crackling due to the pressure.

"Damn it!"

Zhao Musheng's eyes were filled with infinite terror. This daunting force of pressure was unmatched... The one before his eyes turned out to be an eighth grade War-God!

The spirit energy palm continued to press down, causing the grounds to shake. Zhao Musheng was sent sprawling onto the floor, and in that very moment, the magnificent courtyard around him was turned into a pile of ruins.

If someone inspected all of this from above, he would see that the

grounds of the courtyard had sunk in. All that was left was a huge handprint.

What followed was an earth shattering shock that extended outwards, causing the entire Imperial City to shake.

This tremendous noise caught much attention within the Imperial City.

Xiao Meng, resting in the Xiao quarters, felt his heart jumping to his throat. He could sense the terrifying force of pressure, and couldn't help but emit a long breath.

An eighth grade War-God... has finally made a move!

Boom Boom Bang!

Rocks exploded and splintered. A bloody Zhao Musheng burst out from this explosion. He glared at Zhan Kong harshly.

Zhao Musheng did not say another word, but turned around and stepped up his feet, with intentions to leave.

However, Zhan Kong's eyes beneath the mask were cold and ruthless. His garment crinkled as he stirred again. Behind him emerged a magnificent pair of wings formed by the convergence of vapor energy.

In a split second, he appeared next to Zhao Musheng.

"Did I say you are allowed to leave?" Zhan Kong asked placidly.

"Don't take this beating to the extreme!" Zhao Musheng bellowed. Little did he expect an eighth grade War-God to make a move on him. He was not prepared at all to almost face his death.

"So what if I beat you up? You think you have grounds to talk when you've injured my people?" Zhan Kong retorted coolly. His body twirled and out came a kick that landed directly on Zhao Musheng's body. That formidable strength almost ripped apart the air.

Zhao Musheng spit out a large mouthful of blood. He appeared

aged and fragile as ever in that moment.

He staggered and then found his balance as he stood amidst the air. He wiped off the blood dripping by the corner of his mouth as a hideous look flashed across his complexion.

He crushed a blood colored jade pendant into pieces, and instantly a shining gold Buddhist silhouette manifested around him. The Buddha's palm struck fiercely towards Zhan Kong, and as it swung down, the golden Buddha transformed into a blood red and ferocious form.

Zhan Kong took a deep breath, leaped up, and after a 360 degrees swirl, directly teared that blood Buddha apart.

The gigantic blood Buddha dissipated, leaving behind only blood red streaks of light.

"Very good... I thought it would be a battle to the death. Turns out he used a distractin to run away. I guess that's what they call getting wiser as you grow older, but whatever... merely a branch off of a Buddhist Sect, there's nothing to worry about." The wings on Zhan Kong's back had faded as he landed smoothly on the floor. He adjusted his shirt as he murmured to himself.

With hands behind his back, he turned around to leave. Behind him... what used to be a courtyard was now merely a pile of debris.

...

On the streets of the Imperial City, a couple of fearsome, burly blokes dressed in leather garments dashed through recklessly.

The one in the lead was a man with muscles bulging like small mountains. His force of energy was heavy and majestic. As it fluctuated, it emitted a thunderous roar.

Suddenly, his ears twitched. He gazed at the swirl of smoke rising from afar and curled his lips.

"Someone actually made a move first before me, Xia Da... very

well, I can't fall behind!"

"Sheng Mu, that store is there. Let's go faster! I can't wait to get this moving!" Xia Da smiled coldly. The muscles on his face had scrunched up into a terrifying look.

Sheng Mu rode on a cheetah. He laughed and pointed at the alleyway ahead. "Elder Xia, a left turn ahead and we will reach the store... I was previously collaborating with that fool Zhao Musheng. That bonehead said it would be easy to obtain the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree. I can't believe I was stupid enough to believe him. We wasted so much time and got nothing in return. That's why I had to seek guidance from you, the elder."

"Haha! You are such a moron. If we are here to seize it by force, what's the point of beating around the bush? Just directly charge over there! This elder will show you what absolute dominance looks like! All those from my Ferocious Divine Hall should never flinch or recoil as they tread through this world. Just go ahead and do it! Don't have the jitters, just go ahead!"

# Chapter 221: There Are Countless People Seeking Treasures From Me, Who Do You Think You Are

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Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen, stretched his body, and dried his hands. Then, he pulled out a chair to rest for a bit.

Having stayed in the kitchen all morning, he had finally finished making the dishes that his customers had ordered. It was certainly nice to steal a moment of leisure from the rush of business and take a catnap.

Mu Lingfeng sat afar, drinking his fish soup while observing Bu Fang emerging from the kitchen. He had been to the store for many days now, and this Owner Bu gave him the impression of maintaining his composure even before an erupting volcano.

However, Bu Fang's cooking skills were superb, and could easily be considered top-rate among the gourmet delicacies he had tried himself.

If it weren't for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree sitting in this store, Mu Lingfeng would love to come here often for a small meal or a drink. What a pity... as the saying goes, the precious stone may land its possessor in jail. To possess a treasure as prized as the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree meant this store was destined to meet a tragic end.

He knew that, not after long, this store would be wiped out in a split moment.

"That fellow Sheng Mu is bringing Elder Xia to the store. What a shame..." Mu Lingfeng took a sip of the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine and emitted a light sigh.

...

A group of burly men trod the streets of the Imperial City, and

finally arrived at the tranquil alleyway.

"Is it here?" As Elder Xia flicked a glance at Sheng Mu, the muscles on his ferocious face quivered as he inquired.

"Yes, that store is located in this plain, unremarkable small alleyway." Sheng Mu stroked the head of the black cheetah on which he rode and chuckled lightly.

Elder Xia instantly knitted his brows, a with sneer smearing over his lips, "It is in an awfully remote area. Could the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree really rest in such a cornered little store?"

However, he didn't say much more and led his crew right into the small alleyway. It did not matter whether this store was located in a remote area or in the small corner of an alleyway, as his sole target was the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree. As for the store... it was not among his primary concerns... For all that matters, he could simply wipe it out if it got into his way.

Standing before the entrance of the store, Elder Xia twisted his neck. All the muscles in his body begun to shake and throb, as a stirring dragon.

Sheng Mu squinted his eyes, hopped off from the back of the cheetah, and turned his head to face Elder Xia. "Elder Xia, are we going in or not?"

"Come on, let's check out that Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree first? Is it really as you've described... to be honest, I still don't believe your words. How could gems like the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree appear in this random corner of an alleyway." Xia Da twitched his mouth.

Sheng Mu was taken back and wasn't sure how to respond. However, he quickly laughed it off and led the crew into the store.

Stepping into the store, he was hit by the cozy atmosphere within, which caused his complexions to change. As a seventh

grade Battle-Saint, he was especially sensitive to spirit energy. The rich food aroma and spirit energy that filled the air as well as one's stomach were both marvelous and incredible.

The atmosphere inside versus outside of the store were drastically different. Once in a while, the Path-Understanding Tree spread Path-Understanding Notes that penetrated one's spirits and heart.

"The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree really does exist!" Sheng Mu's eyes lit up. He turned to look at Elder Xia, who had also stepped into the store.

The expression of the latter had become somewhat odd.

"For dining, please consult the menu behind you. Let me know what you want to order." Seeing numerous strong men entering the store, Ouyang Xiaoyi wrinkled her brows. The store was pretty small, and with these new additions, had begun to seem crowded.

"Dining? Haha! You little lassie, I am not here to eat, I'm here for the treasure!" Sheng Mu guffawed.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was startled, and for a moment, didn't know what to do.

Bu Fang, who sat on his chair, wrinkled his brows and gazed at these hefty men.

"Get me the store owner. Tell him to hurry his ass if he still wants this cornered little store to survive and stay open!" Sheng Mu was fierce and ruthless.

Bu Fang stood up, shielded Ouyang Xiaoyi with his body, and walked before this crowd of people.

"I am the owner of the store. Is something up?"

From a distance, Mu Lingfeng shook his head. Sure enough... these warriors of the Ferocious Hall, with their well developed limbs but heads of a moron, had found their way here. However,

he didn't bother moving himself, and merely remained in his seat whilst enjoying the delicious fish soup.

"Something's up? Sure there is! Didn't you hear what I said before, that I've come to the store in search of the treasure? Don't play possum with me. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, fork it over..."

Sheng Mu formed a fist, and with the muscles on his face quivering, laughed viciously.

Bu Fang glanced at him without any facial expressions, curled his lips, and then opened his mouth: "There are countless people seeking treasures from me... who do you think you are?"

Sheng Mu was absolutely dumbstruck. He glared back with bulging eyeballs and summoned up a deadly force of energy. However, before he had the chance to make a move, he stopped abruptly in astonishment. That was because he felt a swift and fierce force of energy gushing through the doors and directly locking him down.

"Who is making trouble in this store?"

Outside, a cold voice rang in the air. The shadow of a figure had appeared.

The bystanders, including Bu Fang himself, peered outside of the door in curiosity. They realized quickly that the fellow out there with such bellicose utterances turned out to be a serpent-man.

Bu Fang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Serpent-man Yu Feng was really there protecting his store... Who would have thought that he'd actually dare to show up. The crowd before him emitted powerful forces of energy, so where did he gather the courage...

"Hey ho? You intend to defend this store?" Sheng Mu broke into a chuckle. Was this seventh grade Battle-Saint serpent-man the store's trump card? If so, it would really take the fun out of it.



"Owner Bu, I have promised you that I will look after the store. I live up to my words." The serpent-man Yu Feng remarked solemnly.

A long, black spear appeared in his hands. It swept across the air and pointed directly at the warriors of the Ferocious Hall standing within the store.

Bu Fang wanted to say something, but Sheng Mu and his crew had already walked out of the store and into the alleyway to face the serpent-man Yu Feng.

Bu Fang rolled his eyes, completely at a loss for words.

Though he couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry at the current circumstances, he still felt a touch of warmth inside.

"Serpent-men are actually appearing in the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire? How interesting..." Amidst the crowd, Xia Da curled his lips into a smirk. Seeing the serpent-man Yu Feng, he couldn't help but laugh.

"The fame of the Grand Serpentine City, located in the Illusory Spirit Swamp, has spread even to the Hidden Dragon Continent. The Serpentine Sovereign had singlehandedly built a magnificent grand city even under the difficult circumstances in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. For that, he had gained the respect of countless people. I wonder if you yourself is from the Serpentine Sovereign's Grand Serpentine City?" Xia Da asked coolly.

The serpent-man Yu Feng was slightly taken back, after which he wrinkled his brows, with the long spear still waving about, and replied: "Even though I myself am not a serpent-man from the Grand Serpentine City, I was fortunate enough to meet the Serpentine Sovereign in person."

When he divulged this, Yu Feng felt a sense of pride. As he came from a branch of the serpent-men tribe, it was already the utmost honor to meet face to face with the legendary Serpentine

Sovereign.

"Oh... so you have met the Serpentine Sovereign? Then for the sake of the Serpentine Sovereign, I'll let you scam. Beat it." Xia Da flicked a glance at the serpent-man Yu Feng, waved his hand, and snickered as he replied.

The nearby crowd, consisting of Sheng Mu and the crew, also burst out into laughter.

The serpent-men... were a species they looked down upon, as they were equivalent to man-beasts. Deep into the Wildlands, man-beasts proliferated and lived as the lowest level of species, garnering no respect whatsoever.

Yet now, this serpent-man stood before them vowing to defend the store... It was simply ludicrous.

Bu Fang leaned by the door frame and observed this stand-off calmly. Before he knew it, fat ole Whitey had already emerged behind him, standing like a piece of stiff wood, and its mechanic eyes flashed beams of red.

"How presumptuous!"

The serpent-man Yu Feng did not recognize this strapping, muscular fellow before him. However, he could certainly discern this brute's insulting and disdainful tone. That was absolutely unpardonable!

"Scram? Your audacity is laughable!" Yu Feng's eyes flashed. His serpent tail swung, and waves of true energy surged out of his body. The long, black spear began spinning and piercing towards the brazen man.

In that moment, it felt like the air was almost ripped into shreds. Rat-a-tat, such sounds rang continuously. A furious torrent of true energy rose up like tides, instantly distorting the atmosphere within the small alleyway.

As expected, a warrior at the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint

summoned a terrifying force of pressure when he made a move.

The faces of Sheng Mu and the crew had changed colors. This serpent-man had a truly impressive cultivation level. No wonder he had the guts to stand out... None of the seventh grade Battle-Saints currently present could take him down without a struggle.

Unfortunately... this serpent-man had no idea of whom he was in presence, nor what kind of an unimaginable existence they represented!

Xia Da remained in his spot with squinting eyes. The mighty spear was just short of a meter away from his body when Xia Da finally decided to sluggishly lift up his brawny palm.

Crack...

An ear-splitting sound reverberated in the air. The serpent-man Yu Feng's pupils shrank. This human before him had managed to catch the long, black spear he had hurled, and only with one hand.

Bu Fang, still leaning by the door frame, was also taken back. To be able to resist the strike of a seventh grade Battle-Saint with a single hand, this burly brick before his eyes must have a stunning cultivation level himself.

"No wonder he dared to provoke the store... did he feel assured with the addition of superior combat abilities?" Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth and murmured quietly. Of course, not a single trace of anxiety had flashed across his heart.

He patted Whitey's chubby stomach, perfectly unflustered.

## Chapter 222: Guardian of The Store, A Demon Who Strips Others

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Just like that, the burly man Xia Da easily snatched, with one hand, the cold, black spear which exuded a concentrated scent of blood.

Xia Da simply seized it with his palm without having to use his true energy. His muscular body was strong enough to resist the waves of true energy that the serpent-man Yu Feng had sent his way.

Yu Feng's pupils shrank and his heart shuddered. Able to catch that terrific spear merely with his hands of flesh... This human before his eyes had a body built magnificently, one that was even stronger than that of the typical spirit beast.

Xia Da noticed the astonishment on serpent-man Yu Feng's face. His lips curled, showing off a row of sparkling white teeth, and he chuckled: "This spear... is not bad."

Afterwards, Xia Da hurled a mighty force, and an overpowering force of energy burst out of his hands. Yu Feng, with a spear in his hands, was instantly propelled into the air and forced to glide towards Xia Da.

"Damn it! What kind of force is this!"

Yu Feng was panic-stricken inside. Even with his strength as a seventh level Battle-Saint, he simply could not resist this terrifying pull.

His long serpent tail shook violently, as if a sharp blade cutting through the air, and sliced scathingly towards Xia Da.

A serpent-man's tail was normally their strongest weapon. Those who have trained solely with their serpent tails found it to be much more powerful than the typical man-made weapons.

However, Yu Feng's flinging serpent tail was once again caught by Xia Da. The immense pain from a ripping sensation caused Yu Feng to howl. With a clatter, his long spear fell onto the ground.

Xia Da laughed coldly and scornfully. A gigantic, rock-like fist came rushing down and smashed mercilessly onto Yu Feng's body.

Suddenly, serpent-man Yu Feng, who was at the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint, found himself knocked into the sky by the smack of a fist. A mouthful of fresh blood sprayed out as he crashed hard into the walls of the alleyway and knocked off a pile of bricks.

"Someone who acts blindly without thinking about the consequences. I told you to scram, yet you insist on sticking your foot in." Xia Da clenched his fist. The sound of his knuckles cracking was akin to branches snapping in half.

Xia Da carried his monstrously large body, and edged closer one step at a time toward Yu Feng, who was struggling desperately on the floor.

A formidable force of pressure surged out of his body, one that caused the hearts of all the seventh grade Battle-Saints present to sink and tremble.

This was an eighth grade War-God... like a warrior simply without a rival!

Serpent-man Yu Feng had blood dripping from the corners of his mouth. His serpent tail continued to sway as a sense of horror smeared across the eyes he used to glare at Xia Da... Damn it, who would have thought this was an eighth grade War-God!

He suddenly felt so humiliated. He had promised to defend the store, yet the first time he made a move, he was almost beaten up like a dead dog.

"I wanted to let you off the hook for the sake of the Serpentine Sovereign. But since you are clearly seeking death, you can't blame

me for the rest." Xia Da was like a towering mountain that sat majestically with all its grandeur. He peered down upon Yu Feng, who was sprawling on the floor, and slowly lifted up his foot.

The muscles on his feet were just as sturdy as those on the rest of his body. With a single trample, this serpent-man would be off to meet his maker.

Yu Feng's pupils shrank. A gush of true energy burst from his body as he sought to flee in a scurry. Yet, Xia Da merely laughed coldly and stepped down on his serpent-tail. With that, the true energy within his body had completely dissipated...

Spat, out came another mouthful of fresh blood. Yu Feng landed hopelessly on the floor.

"Serpent-men will be serpent-men. An inferior species at the end of the day, and no different from the man-beasts living in the Wildlands." Xia Da taunted with a light smile. His rock-like fist rose once again, this time targeting the serpent-man Yu Feng's head.

If this fist landed, Yu Feng's head was bound to explode, regardless of his cultivation as a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

"Hey... let go of that serpent-man."

The air suddenly froze. Those from the Ferocious Hall merely looked at that serpent-man as if he were a joke. Not a trace of pity could be found in their eyes. Since he dared to ruffle Elder Xia's feathers, he had to prepare for death. But alas, a calm voice cut through the deadly still atmosphere.

Everyone was taken back, and gazed toward the source of that utterance.

Xia Da also paused the fist ready for launch, twisted around his head, and glanced at the slim figure leaning by the door frame.

"You want to save this bonehead? Sure... trade you with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree." Xia Da stood up straight and

smiled at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang didn't return the smile, and continued to look at him coolly.

Suddenly, Sheng Mu, who had stayed quiet all this time, stepped toward Bu Fang with a chuckle.

"Elder Xia, I'll take care of this fellow for you! Merely a fifth grade Battle-King, yet with the guts to act all tough in front of us. I've found him to be an eye sore for a while now!"

With a loud bellow, Sheng Mu immediately appeared in front of Bu Fang. His eyes widened, sniggering coldly, as his hands clawed toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was still leaning by the door frame, his complexions unchanged.

"Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others."

Behind Bu Fang, Whitey's robotic voice boomed. Its mechanic eyes flashed red, and such beam scanned across Sheng Mu, blinding his eyes.

Bang...

Sheng Mu's clutch landed on Whitey's stomach, yet did not leave a single scratch.

"What... is this random thing? A puppet?"

Sheng Mu wrinkled his brows, and conjured up another force of energy with his hands. This time, his claw aimed to tear through the puppet.

But no matter how much force he exerted, Whitey remained unshakable.

Afterwards, Whitey lifted up a palm and smacked down.

Sheng Mu felt a crisis coming his way. A burst of true energy enveloped his entire body.

Boom Bang!

With a bam, Sheng Mu was sent flying from Whitey's slap. He was hurled ferociously against the walls.

The others from the Ferocious Hall felt their hearts beating with fear. Sheng Mu was knocked into the air without even able to strike back... Why was this puppet so powerful?!

Whitey's mechanic eyes flared, and then extended an arm to pick up Sheng Mu from the pile of rubbles.

Rip!!

A crispy sound reverberated in the air. Sheng Mu found his garments torn into shards, instantly revealing his muscular, burly body.

Bang!

After stripping him clean, Whitey threw the bare naked Sheng Mu onto the floor.

"A demon who strips others!"

Someone from the Ferocious Hall exclaimed out of terror. It turned out that this puppet was the guardian of the store, a demon who strips others!

"I'm going to kill you!" Sheng Mu roared. He took out another piece of garment from the spatial spirit beast tusk hanging by his neck and clothed himself. His eyes flashed fury blazes of rage.

Whitey's mechanic eyes whirred, with its red beams once again landing on Sheng Mu. That ray of red flickered, with a slight tint of purple shine crystallizing.

Serpent-man Yu Feng, who was laying nearby, simply stared aghast with his mouth hanging ajar.

What the hell? What just happened? What was I doing? What was the point of me getting all beaten up?



How he wished to drill a hole through the ground in that very moment and bury his head...

Who would have thought that the store's defense capacity was so solid. And yet there he was, boasting shamelessly about being the protector of the store. Owner Bu must have laughed at his overconfidence when he suggested it. Though Owner Bu had already turned down his offer, he still decided unilaterally to come to the store's defense.

And the result was being pounded like a dead dog. It was beyond an imaginable level of humiliation.

"Back off first." Xia Da stopped a Sheng Mu ready to strike again. His face showed a trace of fascination as he gazed toward Whitey and curled his lips. That glance was much like one a hunter emitted whilst studying his prey.

"You puppet, have got quite the strength... why don't you come at me."

Xia Da was not short of brute force, and he certainly took pride in his impressive strength. Eyeing the chubby puppet, Xia Da bawled and stomped his feet. The floor tiles in the alleyway instantly cracked and were fragmented into bits.

Boom!

A tremendous force of pressure appeared before Whitey. Rock-like fists rained down on Whitey's plump stomach.

A muffled ring echoed though the entire alleyway.

Whitey was steady like an unshakeable mountain. Its robotic head lowered, the red beams from its mechanic eyes continued to flash, and rested on Xia Da's body.

Xia Da scrunched his brows. How could there be no effect whatsoever?

"Fine! Your store dares to possess this Five Stripes Path-

Understanding Tree, so it is unsurprising you've got something to depend on! Then today... I'll test if your source of reliance is tough enough!"

Xia Da's pupils shrank. Waves of true energy circulated within his body and his entire person swelled up. This expansion made him even bigger than Whitey's figure, as if he had truly transformed into a brooding mountain.

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang!!

Xia Da lifted up both of his fists and, like an unstoppable motor, showered an unmoving Whitey with a torrent of smacks.

The entire alleyway shook violently, as if it were hit by an earthquake. Gray sprinkles of dust floated into the air and covered the alleyway with smokes of haze.

Bu Fang stopped leaning carelessly by the door frame. He adjusted his stature and scrutinized the ferocious, beastly streams of light flashing amidst the dust storm.

He had absolute faith in Whitey. But the fellow this time was like a mad dog. His rain of fists was like hammers plummeting down. For an average seventh grade Battle-Saint, every one of those blows would be fatal.

Within the store, the red-clothed Mu Lingfeng also watched soberly.

Xia Da was as large as a beast. He was well known within the Three Godly Temples of the Wildlands and had once ripped a seventh grade spirit beast into two halves with his bare hands. He was a disturbing and fearsome kind of existence. With someone like this giving his all... this store was perhaps near its end.

## Chapter 223: Purple-Eyed Whitey, Rampage!

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The thunderous tremor continued to pound, causing the entire alleyway to shake and pieces of gravel to shoot through the sky.

Dense ashes formed a dust storm, from which resounded beast-like howls.

Boom Boom!

The invisible forces of energy finally diffused.

From his position in the store, Bu Fang could feel rolling waves of energy blasting on the roof, but then subsequently scattered by an unseeable force within the store. His face displayed a sense of astonishment.

"Hahahaha! I finally blew you up!!"

A last explosion followed the deafening roar of laughter, and the floor of the alleyway was instantly reduced to a pile of ruins.

Blacky was lying by the entrance of the store. He twitched his doggy nose and glanced lethargically at the center of the ashes. Through his eyes, he could see everything within the smoke and dust cloud limpidly.

The bystanders standing from a distance of the alleyway drew in chilled breaths. This was an eighth grade War-God, one able to bring about such a magnitude of wreckage by the sheer force of his body.

Demolishing a small alleyway was something they could accomplish themselves, but only with the application of true energy. Without true energy, their bodies of flesh, though still strong, could never yield such destructive forces.

"Sheng Mu... that... that puppet should have been blown up right!" A Battle-Saint had excitement written all over his face, with

both of his eyes beaming.

"How the hell would I know! But since Elder Xia made a move, that puppet must have been ripped into shreds... his label 'beast in human form' isn't a meaningless saying!" Sheng Mu's eyes burned like flames.

Suddenly, a gigantic figure leaped out of the smoked ashes and landed on the floor. His chest heaved, and his mountain-like fists still emitted hot steam.

In the next moment, Xia Da lifted up his head as his eyes fixated on the storm of dust. A light breeze brushed past and dispersed the fumes in the air.

Xia Da focused on the flying sparks of dust and squinted his eyes. All the muscles on his ferocious face quivered.

Bu Fang also stared intently at the smoke dust, but straightaway, the corners of his mouth gently formed a curve.

Beep Beep!

A rattling sound echoed. Amidst the ashes, a silhouette materialized, and its shape became progressively clearer.

It was the same old chubby, white figure radiating with a metallic gleam.

The red beam from its mechanic eyes continued to flash, also at a rather alarming speed.

"What the hell! This is still not freaking smashed into smithereens? This puppet..." Somebody who noticed Whitey's scratch-free body yelped in astonishment.

Sheng Mu also took in a chilled breath. The crazy punches launched from Xia Da's exceptional body were enough to end the life of a seventh grade spirit beast. Yet this puppet... was intact and unmarked!

Bloody hell... did it have to be so extraordinary?

Xia Da's pupils also shrank. Afterwards, his chest pumped out a huge puff of air as he bellowed with laughter.

He stomped ferociously with one foot, crushing the rock beneath him into bits. His entire body sprang up as he swung his rock-like fists straight at Whitey yet again.

If it couldn't be crushed with one or two attempts... then tens, hundreds of times it shall be... surely it couldn't survive after all of that?!

Bang!

However, his fist didn't even reach Whitey this time.

The red beam from Whitey's eyes froze. Its palm batted down like a fan and slapped Xia Da, who had just sprinted a few steps, right onto the floor.

"Damn it!" Xia Da was enraged. This puppet's attack caught him by surprise!

Bang! Whitey's mechanic eyes aimed at Xia Da, and its palm rose and smacked down once again. With a loud boom, Xia Da's body literally sank into the grounds, sending tiles flying everywhere.

The floor was now effectively and utterly destroyed.

The cracks in the ground extended to Blacky's resting spot but stopped short, as if blocked by an invisible force of energy.

Blacky yawned and continued to watch with enthusiasm as the chubby Whitey... tortured the poor fellow.

Bang!

Whitey's every whack appeared so calm and composed. However, for Sheng Mu and his crew, it was almost as if the smacks landed on their own chests. Their hearts trembled with fear.

"You abominable piece of shit! Now I'm pissed!" With a holler, a rich wave of true energy surged up before Whitey.

This rush of true entry shot straight to the sky and spread through the entire Imperial City. Numerous people felt its force.

The force of pressure from an eighth grade War-God had finally and wholly burst forth in this very moment.

Whitey's swinging palm was caught by Xia Da, now covered from head to toe with an armor of true energy. Xia Da gradually lifted up the palm as his eyes stared daggers at Whitey coldly.

He had long forgotten when was the last time he had suffered such a huge loss. But being knocked onto the floor ruthlessly, now this was a first.

It has always been him tormenting others. Never had there been someone who dared to treat him this way!

The armor created by true energy shone brilliantly and lustrously, as if made of tangible materials. This was the uniqueness of an eighth grade War-God. Once one reached the breakthrough to the realm of War-God, one could generate matter through the force of energy vortex in one's energy core. Then, by nourishing it with true energy and an infinite supply of vigor, one could then transform it into an actual weapon.

"Your puppet here sure has something up its sleeves. Just you wait... once I tear this puppet apart, you'll be crushed into pieces next!" Xia Da's glance suddenly shifted toward Bu Fang. As the owner of the puppet, Bu Fang was the ultimate culprit in bringing about his utter humiliation.

The clear intent to kill rushed from Xia Da's body, and fed into his growing might. The force of pressure that had spread through the air made it hard for Sheng Mu and the crew to breath evenly.

Whitey's eyes, which had thus far targeted Xia Da, suddenly blasted with a brightening red ray that nearly blinded others.

"Sensing the troublemaker's intent to kill the host. Shifting mode, prepare for extermination."

The red beam burned so fiercely that it had reached its peak, suddenly dulled, and transformed into an odd shade of purple. That tone of purple caused both Xia Da's body and heart to shiver. He definitely had a bad feeling about this.

Purple-eyed Whitey, switched on!

Bam!!

Whitey lifted up a foot, at a speed that Xia Da was unable to discern, and landed a kick swiftly on Xia Da's stomach.

Snap!

With a crackling sound, Xia Da's entire body was thrust into the sky by Whitey's kick. The armor of true energy before his abdomen had fractured... and fell off piece after piece.

Xia Da's eyes widened, and he couldn't help but heave uncomfortably. There was nothing but wrath on his face, and his intent to kill had just amplified.

With a loud bang, the small alleyway brimmed with brilliant rays of light. Standing before Whitey was a colossal silhouette of a demonic god with three heads and six arms!

"Go to hell!" Xia Da covered his stomach, and the fragmented armor of true energy gradually repaired itself. He lifted up a clenched fist, and simultaneously the silhouette of a demonic god also raised its gigantic fist and punched toward the purple-eyed Whitey from below.

Whitey's purple eyes beamed, and its entire figure instantly vanished like a lightning. What a complete juxtaposition to its previously sluggish manner.

Everyone lifted up their heads instinctively, only to see the chubby puppet floating in the sky. Its raised palm easily withstood the punch of the enormous demonic god silhouette.

Everyone stared aghast as Whitey's robotic palm transformed

into a sharp knife covered with mystifying markings.

The blade of the huge knife glistened, as sharp as ever.

Swoosh!

The blade flashed by like a beam of light, and slashed through the arm of the demonic god silhouette. With a crack, it was smashed into pieces and dissipated into true energy that had scattered into the air.

Xia Da's heart trembled violently and, with a howl, he released a black cascade from the mouth of demonic god. That stream fluctuated with destructive waves of energy, as if determined to finish off Whitey.

Whitey remained unmoved, and even the purple beam of light from its eyes froze. A massive black hole appeared before its chubby stomach and completely consumed the black-colored cascade crashing onto Whitey's body.

"Oh my god!! What kind of monster is this!"

Xia Da's pupils shrank. He was well aware of the capabilities of that black cascade, which had the power to demolish an entire city. Yet today it was easily absorbed by this puppet.

Could it get scarier than this?

Whitey's hand, having transformed into a giant knife, swiped through the air and sliced down from the head, completely butchering the true energy demonic god.

Xia Da spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, and his entire figure staggered backwards. His gigantic stature was like a leaking balloon, and quickly reduced to its original size.

The armor of true energy that had shielded him also began to crack... and continued chipping off piece by piece.

After that one slash, he had met his defeat.

Bam!



Whitey landed on the floor with a deafening boom, a sound which reverberated through the alleyway, and swung its knife again. Its imposing manner caused Sheng Mu and his crew to become limp with fear. They could barely stand straight...

A puppet had basically vanquished their elder, an eighth grade War-God!

"That was... dog fuckin' unbelievable! A mere puppet... how could it be so powerful?" A seventh grade Battle-Saint trembled with horror and couldn't help but curse. Whitey had truly scared them out of their wits.

From a distance, a black dog lifted open an eye and gazed at the seventh grade Battle-Saint who had just spoken... Last time it was a young monk who wanted to eat dog meat, this time it was a dumbass who wanted to screw a dog?

When the hell did dogs offend you people?

Blacky humphed derisively and curled his doggy lips to show a row of pearl white teeth. Afterwards, he lifted up his doggy paw and lashed at the air.

Swoosh!!

The seventh grade Battle-Saint who had just swore felt his heart thud. In an instant, he was hit with a blackout.

Sheng Mu goggled as the seventh grade Battle-Saint besides him was turned into a pile of ashes that dissolved into the soil. His heart almost stopped beating that very moment. Terror, panic, desperation... all sorts of negative feelings had poured into his mind.

That puppet... was virtually the devil!

He attributed this Battle-Saint's death to Whitey... as the purple-eyed Whitey before him looked like a terrifying demon.

Nobody noticed that a black dog lying by the entrance hummed

delightfully and gradually lowered its delicate doggy paw.

Xia Da struggled badly and finally pulled himself up from the floor. Both of his eyes were bloodshot.

However, Whitey's enormous knife was not merciful... With a swoosh, a deep gash appeared across Xia Da's body, and blood spurted out of that wound.

This puppet... was out to kill him!

Xia Da's ferocity had evaporated, and all that was left was infinite horror!

Bu Fang, who stood by the entrance of the store, breathed with relief. Whitey will be Whitey, always living up to the reputation of the store's safety guarantee.

With Whitey here, what was the worth of... even an eighth grade War-God?

Whitey's mechanic eyes flashed a purple gleam, and stomped down with heavy steps. It was almost as if each step directly landed on the hearts of Xia Da and his crew.

This group of warriors of the Ferocious Hall... were frightened to death.

Suddenly, both a rumbling roar and a long spear shot from the far side of the sky. The spear was flung from the hands of a figure and pierced through the air. It traveled at a speed so fast that sparks of fire almost spurted out of the spearhead.

With a loud boom, the long spear was thrust before Whitey's body, and burning flames rushed up like a torrent.

Inside the store, the red-clothed Mu Lingfeng's face suddenly darkened. He had kept a close watch on the sequence of events outside and finally rose to his feet. This was a move made by Elder Bian of their Imperial Beast Hall!

Mu Lingfeng left his spot and strode toward the exit of the store.

Bu Fang, still standing by the door, cast him a perplexed look.

Mu Lingfeng suddenly stopped course and peered at Bu Fang, who was still by the entrance. An inexplicable beam of light seemed to be circulating in his eyes.

Only a fifth grade Battle-King... oh my dear Owner Bu.

Suddenly, a wave of Path-Understanding Notes suddenly poured out of the store. The Path-Understanding Notes were like invisible ripples and disseminated from the insignificant corner of this store to the small alleyway outside. Not after long, it had spread to the entire Imperial City.

# Chapter 224: What on Earth was This Monster?

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The buzzing was not loud. It rang like a gentle breeze passing by and jiggling the bells.

The sound had a soothing effect, fluttered like ripples and caressed the mind. It cleared one's head and led one's true energy to circulate smoothly inside.

This was the Path-Understanding Notes.

An unusual aroma wafted out of the store. The originally faint fragrance was becoming richer. If it was akin to a light milky scent previously, it has now turned into dense, silky streams of milk—the two stages were completely different.

Bu Fang was at a loss, and so was Mu Lingfeng. They both turned and looked towards that ordinary corner of the store. A sapling, one a little higher than a man, was shaking slightly as it bloomed. Mystifying runes floated around the sapling, making it lush and full of spirit energy.

The earthen yellow flowerpot had also completely changed in appearance. In replacement of its dustiness was a delicate sheen of glazed jade. The earthen yellow surface peeled off, revealing the essence inside.

Three fist-sized, lime fruits were hanging from the Path-Understanding Tree. Four lines of cloud shaped moires suspended about, with the last flickering stripe coming into shape. It seemed like it was about to materialize right away. Once all stages were completed, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree would have matured and bore fruits, which meant its Path-Understanding essence would have reached the peak.

When that time came, even an eighth grade War-God couldn't help but burst with greed.

The shimmering flame in Mu Lingfeng's eyes instantly brightened. The Path-Understanding Fruit on the Path-Understanding Tree, had finally ripen!

Bu Fang was also eyeing the lime colored fruits on that Path-Understanding Tree with great interest. He had seen Three Stripes Path-Understanding fruits before, but the one he came across was not in a very good condition. It had been placed in the vault of the Light Wind Empire for too long and more than half of its essence was lost. That one was no comparison to the glittering, crystal clear fruits on this tree, which were surrounding by cloud-shaped moires as they shone brightly.

"Owner Bu, did that Path-Understanding Tree... bear fruits?"

Mu Lingfeng, dressed in red, turned to look at Bu Fang as he uttered this words in a meaningful tone.

Nonetheless, he quickly became dumbfound as he noticed that Bu Fang took no notice of him and was instead staring blankly at the lush Path-Understanding Tree with shaking twigs.

"The System has detected that the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree has borne fruits. Temporary task: the host needs to protect the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree and invent a dish with its fruits. The dish needs to pass the system's evaluation review. Task reward: the recipe of Mapo Lightning Tofu."

The moment Bu Fang had cast a glance at the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, the System's solemn voice went off in his mind, even startling him a little.

He did not expect the system to chime in at this time, let alone suddenly announcing a temporary task.

"Invent a dish with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits?" Bu Fang felt the corners of his mouth twitch.

Now that the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits had

matured, it had lured a bunch of warriors to gather by the door. In announcing such a task at this very moment, the system was clearly butchering the hopes of those Battle-Saints outside.

The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits were naturally necessary to develop a dish. He also knew immediately, without having to give it a hard thought, that it would not be easy to pass the system's evaluation. There were only three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits, which was too scanty a supply for Bu Fang.

"Owner Bu..." Mu Lingfeng frowned slightly as a trace of discontent flickered across his fine, refined face. Bu Fang dared to completely ignore him.

However, another idea struck through his heart. He took a look at the metallic puppet battling the wild crowd alone outside, and then gazed at the matured Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree inside the store. Standing right before him was Bu Fang, merely a fifth grade Battle-King...

If he caught Bu Fang, did it mean that the Path-Understanding fruits would belong to him?

...

A long spear burning with furious flames struck right in front of Whitey, whose mechanic eyes were shining in a shade of purple. It sent shattered bits of rocks exploding everywhere.

Everybody looked up at the sky in shock only to see a figure so huge it had obscured the sun and sky suddenly emerge. It was a giant black dragon, on the back of which rode a small-figured elder with a hunched back.

Though this elder was rather petite in size, his energy was frighteningly strong.

"Bian Changkong?" Xia Da, who was covered in blood, finally breathed a sigh of relief. Seeing the spear in front of him effectively blocking the terrifying puppet's further attack, he felt

his heart skip a beat.

The hunchbacked elder stepped out, with hands behind his back, and appeared to be physically strolling on air. The black dragon folded its wings, and with the beckon of the elder, disappeared into a flash of light after a loud howl.

Bian Changkong, elder of the Imperial Beast Hall, was a War-God and was unusually strong.

"As an Elder of the Godly Temples of the Wildlands, you have allowed yourself to be beaten like a dead dog. You have utterly marred the reputation of the Godly Temples of the Wildlands." Bian Changkong flicked a glance at Xia Da, who was covered in blood and had barely escaped being cut into two halves, as he sneered derisively.

He raised his hand and the spear flew back into it. A huge wave of pressure repressed the crowd as he waved his hand.

Bian Changkong looked toward the purple-eyed Whitey with a grave complexion. Xia Da was an elder of their Godly Temples of the Wildlands. He couldn't just watch him die here so he chose to step in.

A dense aroma drifted out, with the rings of the Path-Understanding Notes nearly reverberating throughout the entire Imperial City.

One by one, the Battle-Saints residing within the Imperial City began exerting their strong forces of energy. They could no longer sit still... the Path-Understanding Notes permeated the air, alerting them that the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree had matured and borne fruit. Needless to say, their hopes of advancing to the echelon of War-God relied on that.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Countless shadows of figures rushed through the Imperial City at the speed of lightning and one by one, converged at the small

alleyway.

Zhan Kong returned to the inn just in time to catch Wu Yunbai trying to sneak out. His lips curled and his face broke into a ruminative smile.

"No rush. Let's go together. I'll secure a Path-Understanding Fruit for you. Once you reach the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint, I will assist you to achieve the breakthrough." There was a rare trace of tenderness in Zhan Kong's words.

Wu Yunbai was dumbstruck. Master Ah Wu, standing next to her, could only blink to ease the awkward expression on his face.

In Xiao's Quarter, Xiao Meng draped on his silver armor. He carefully combed his jet-black hair, took a spear, and stepped out of his residence. He was headed for Fang Fang's little store.

Having guarded the capital for such a long time, he felt he deserved to seize the chance to do something for himself. He wouldn't want to miss this opportunity to advance into eighth grade War-God.

A flash of sword cut into the sky along with the blooming, fierce energy of the sword. In the sky, an elder with white brows and hair was flying on the blade of a sword. He was heading rapidly toward an alleyway he desperately wanted to erase from his memories.

The hairs on Tian Xuze's beard bristled. Even though he had a nightmarish experience in that alleyway, he couldn't bear giving up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and lose the chance of reaching eight grade War-God.

"Hahaha! The Imperial City sure is lively today. Everyone seems to be going for that Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. Tsk Tsk."

The donkey's hooves stamped on the grounds of the Imperial City and echoed a crispy sound. The old drunkard rode on the back of the donkey, laughing as he poured wine into his mouth.



Ni Yan and Ye Ziling rolled their eyes at this old fellow. They both rushed past him and soared away as swift as two swallows.

...

Whitey's purple eyes flickered. The shining shade of purple was ice cold and released with it an intention to kill. Everyone who sensed it felt chills run down their spine and goosebumps creeping over their skin.

One of Whitey's arm became a huge blade, bringing about a sharp breeze of wind even with the slightest wave.

Xia Da looked at Whitey in fear, with his heart trembling and shuddering. This puppet was way too frightening!

Bian Changkong pointed his spear at Whitey and spoke with a hoarse voice:

"This fellow is a warrior of our Godly Temples of the Wildlands. Could you kindly show some mercy and spare his life?"

Xia Da's face was flushed red. He felt like his chest was blocked by a suffocating heaviness that couldn't be lifted. He was in a state so pathetic that he needed this old fellow to beg for his mercy...that was simply excruciating!

Whitey's robotic head turned and its purple eyes were still glistening as it announced: "Anyone with the intent to kill the host will be exterminated."

Bam!

Then, Whitey directly stomped down, sending bits of rocks flying about as the ground beneath it shattered. Whitey moved at a speed so fast it was hard for the human eye to detect.

Bian Changkong's pupils shrank as he bellowed thunderously.

"If so, please pardon my offense." True energy started to gather around Bian Changkong, one that seemed even stronger than that of Xia Da.

The spear pierced through the air like a flying dragon. Suddenly, there emerged the silhouette of dragon, waving its claws and grinding its teeth. Strong wind hustled and scattered rocks rained down. The force of pressure was simply terrifying.

This hurl of the spear stifled all of the nearby Battle-Saints.

Whitey kept charging forward to counter this strike. Its purple eyes flickered.

Then it raised the blade on its hand and lashed.

Splloosh Splash!

Boom Bang!

A loud explosion echoed and the dragon-shaped spear shattered into pieces, much like a collapsing bridge. The ferociously howling dragon silhouette was sliced into two halves by the blade.

Bian Changkong's hand trembled. He felt like his entire figure was engulfed by a strong, hostile sense of killing intent. His body stiffened as if he had fallen through the cracks of an iced pond.

Damn it?! What on earth was this monster?!

# Chapter 225: The Dainty yet Terrifying Doggy Paw

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This was the first time Bian Changkong had sensed such an intimidating force of pressure. He had nearly forgotten what a palpitating heart feels like, but it evoked sentiments that were buried deep inside.

The puppet lump before his eyes did not emit a flood of true energy which he found irrepressible, but it did give him a clear sense of unwavering, peerless quality. In terms of true energy, the puppet was unable to make him feel subdued, yet when it came to sheer momentum, he was forced to admit defeat.

When the gigantic knife came slicing down, the true energy from his long spear was like a winter's day ruined by a flaming bonfire, ice melting into water. In short, it did not awe the puppet at all.

Bian Changkong suddenly froze from head to toe. The single slash of knife terrified him so much that it felt like he had just fallen through the hole of an iced lake.

The true energy within his body circulated with great difficulty, a phenomenon that was unthinkable. He, a superior existence even in the three Godly Temples of the Wildlands, was now stricken with dread.

With his spear knocked out of his hands, Bian Changkong suddenly felt a sharp pain between his thumb and index finger. He remained dumbstruck as he subsequently sensed a strong wind brush past.

Swoosh!

So fresh and crisp was the sound of knife meeting flesh, sending goosebumps down one's body.

The speed of this purple-eyed puppet before him was alarmingly fast, as a light breeze that had swept past him with a giant knife.

Afterwards, a hideous wail rumbled behind him.

Bian Changkong instantly felt his chest heavy. His entire figure trembled as he began drawing in sharp breathes.

At this very moment, the alleyway had become awfully still.

A rubber ball-like material bounced onto the floor, emitting a loud thud... everyone's heart shuddered as they gazed at the person behind Bian Changkong with petrified eyes, their bodies literally shivering with fear.

The wail came and went quickly, as if smothered by a hand strangling one's neck.

Bian Changkong slowly twisted his head. His aged eyes shrank as chills ran down his spine.

Whitey's also mechanically rotated its neck. The purple ray from its eyes flashed once again but then reduced into a shade of red. The ominous glare that targeted all of heaven and earth with a killer's instinct had also dissipated with this switch of light.

At once, the crowd felt a lessening tension in their hearts and began to breathe rapidly.

Before Whitey's body knelt a massive shadow of a figure. This gigantic body was covered with bulging muscles akin to stirring dragons, yet its head had been completely severed.

Fresh blood continued to spew out like a fountain, spreading a pungent bloody odor throughout the small alleyway.

The great knife in Whitey's hands turned back into a fan shaped robotic palm. It twisted its head around and targeted a dumbfounded Bian Changkong with a red glow of light.

Eighth... an eighth grade War-God... just got beheaded?

In this unremarkable little corner of the Light Wind Empire, an eighth grade War-God... had fallen?!

Bian Changkong's aged face shook violently. His hunched back

slouched down even more.

All of a sudden, his entire body was showered with coldness. He lifted up his head and locked eyes with the red gleam emitting from the metallic lump puppet.

The intent to kill that he had worried about was no longer present, but... he still had an indescribable bad feeling.

"Troublemaker... you will be stripped as an example to others."

Whitey announced mechanically after flashing its red beamed eyes and scanning it across Bian Changkong's body.

...

"Owner Bu, I really need this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. I am wondering whether you might bear the pain to give up this beloved gem?"

Mu Lingfeng's eyes glistened as they shifted onto Bu Fang. He simultaneously began summoning the force within his body. This force of pressure produced by his cultivation as a seventh grade Battle-Saint spread and inched toward Bu Fang.

A fifth grade Battle-King was no different from an ant in the eyes of a seventh grade Battle-Saint. Simply by releasing a force of pressure with one's true energy, a seventh grade Battle-Saint could send a fifth grade Battle-King down to their knees like a dead dog. That was the discrepancy of their power.

Even though Mu Lingfeng recognized deep down that this was somewhat immoral, he suddenly craved to witness the stony Owner Bu sprawling over the floor like a dog.

Just envisioning this fascinating image filled his heart with excitement!

The store's primary buffer was currently preoccupied with an eight grade War-God outside. Though he didn't know how that turned out, he didn't expect there to be any suspense left. After all,

the number of eighth grade Battle-Saints outside... definitely exceeded one.

"Are you threatening me?"

Bu Fang's mind had just snapped back from receiving the system's orders and immediately noticed Mu Lingfeng edging closer and closer to him with a body fully charged of true energy.

An expression that clearly harbored malicious intentions belied Mu Lingfeng's elegant, gentle complexion. His gaze... was clouded by a strangeness.

Kneel... could it be that I haven't released enough forces of pressure?

Mu Lingfeng muttered quietly inside as he took a step forward. He shuddered, however, when he detected Bu Fang's perplexed look.

Taking another stride, Mu Lingfeng increased his pressurizing by another degree, one which any typical sixth grade Battle-Emperors would find unbearable, let alone a mere Battle-King.

Bu Fang blinked his eyes and watched as a flushed face Mu Lingfeng closed in on him. He couldn't help but roll his eyes. This one here... was he an idiot or what?

Why hasn't he knelt down yet? Why has he managed to stay perfectly calm under my force of pressure?! Impossible!

Mu Lingfeng's pupils shrank as he finally affirmed that his power was simply incapable of suppressing Bu Fang. With that, a trace of loathsome hatred filled his eyes.

Since he had already made a move on Owner Bu... there was no point in recoiling now.

Bam!!

Mu Lingfeng stopped applying his force of pressure, and instead summoned up a wave of true energy as he clawed at Bu Fang.

"Owner Bu, sorry for the offense! The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit has a huge impact on my good fortunes, and I mustn't forsake it!" Mu Lingfeng exclaimed coldly.

From afar, Ouyang Xiaoyi had already backed away in reaction to Mu Lingfeng's terrifying aura. She had sprang back and recoiled to the corner of the Path-Understanding Tree. With the Path-Understanding Tree as a shield, she managed to minimize the influence that Mu Lingfeng's force of pressure had on her.

Ouyang Xiaoyi's petite face blanched as she cast a worried look toward Bu Fang. Would the smelly boss... die?

As for this fellow before her eyes... who had turned against them with the snap of a finger, he was truly detestable!

Bu Fang did not fear any kind of forces of pressure, and therefore remained unaffected by Mu Lingfeng's attempts. But seeing that Mu Lingfeng decided to make a move, he couldn't help but wrinkle his brows.

Though his cultivation had much improved, he was still miles away from... tackling a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

Whitey was currently held up outside... as for that lazy dog, huh? Lazy dog?!

Bu Fang's eyes flickered and witnessed a large black dog walking toward him like an elegant cat.

Mu Lingfeng's eyes were filled with elation. As soon as he captured Owner Bu, he would become the new owner of the store. Hence, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit would naturally fall under his possession. After he consumed this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, he could finally enter the echelon of eighth grade War-God!

Eighth grade War-God was a serious obstacle and a state of being he had wanted to achieve even in his wildest dreams. Becoming an eighth grade War-God, outshining the other competitors from the

Godly Temples of the Wildlands, and finally becoming its future successor!

Hahaha!

Finally... finally all of this was about to come true!

Mu Lingfeng felt so satisfied that he wanted to break out into laughter.

However, in the very next second, a black dog walking cat steps barged into his sightline and blocked his way. It lifted its doggy head, opened its doggy mouth and yawned loudly.

"What's up with this dog walking cat steps? A dog thinks it can stop me?"

Mu Lingfeng cracked up.

His hands, wrapped with horrifying waves of true energy, continued to claw down, this time with intentions to tear through the dog as well.

However, just as he stepped closer to the dog, the jade pendant before his chest began to scorch. The burning sensation sent alarming signals down his body.

The jade pendant emitted a ray of beam, from which a fiery red shadow surged out and hovered overhead.

The Fire Lion's massive figure instantly occupied a huge chunk of space, making the store seem rather crowded.

Blacky gazed at the Fire Lion floating above his head, then curled his doggy lips and humphed contemptuously. He lifted up a dainty little doggy paw and patted at the Fire Lion ready to launch towards him with all its mighty fury.

The Fire Lion was a seventh grade spirit beast, one extremely ferocious and powerful. Its sudden emergence was accompanied by foul wind and a rain of blood, striking terror into the hearts of many.



Even Bu Fang felt his heart beating with fear.

"Lil'Fire?" Mu Lingfeng flinched and took a step back. He couldn't understand why his Fire Lion, originally resting happily in the imperial beast rune, had suddenly popped out.

However... he froze the very next second.

A fierce lion's roar echoed, but it was a wail carrying an infinite amount of terror and grief.

Bang!!!

After a loud boom, Mu Lingfeng's terror-stricken eyes watched as the Fire Lion simply exploded into a confetti of minced flesh.

Sploosh Splash.

Blazing hot streams of blood splattered over Mu Lingfeng's whole body, but his heart had never felt as bitter and cold as it was now.

Shredded flesh and streams of blood showered the store but then quickly and visibly dissolved into ashes that scattered into the air.

A seventh grade Fire Lion, all because a coquettish dog walking cat steps lifted its paw... had just perished without leaving behind a corpse.

Who would have thought that the store... had a trump card like this. The many rumors about a Supreme Beast residing in this store... turned out to be true!

Blacky laid down his paw, his doggy eyes gazing coolly at a Mu Lingfeng so scared out of his wits that he had fallen, butt first, onto the floor. Blacky's doggy nose wrinkled.

Bu Fang curled his lips, rubbed Blacky's smooth, immaculate fur, and then turned around to walk towards the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit.

He didn't even bother flickering a glance at Mu Lingfeng, who was still shaken over Blacky's paw.

Bu Fang's frostiness filled Mu Lingfeng with despair, as this meant Bu Fang was no longer concerned with his life or death. Instead, the one he had to face... would be a terrifying Supreme Dog!

This was a wretched, depressing situation, yet it was a tragedy that Mu Lingfeng had brought upon himself.

Blacky's doggy lips widened, showing off a row of sparking white doggy teeth. He cast a glance at Bu Fang's back, then snorted before lifting up, once again, his doggy paw.

The target this time was the simply terrified Mu Lingfeng.

# Chapter 226: Gather Around, The Path-Understanding Fruit Finally Unveiled!

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Swoosh Swoosh Swoosh!

Sounds of sky ripping apart echoed through the Imperial City. One after another, countless warriors with weapons on their backs galloped by and rushed toward the location of the ripe Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, Fang Fang's Little Store.

These people were not all fierce seventh grade Battle-Saints, with some only fifth grade Battle-Kings or sixth grade Battle-Emperors. However, they had the same target as these Battle-Saints, and came precisely for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree.

As the saying goes, obtaining rare treasures rested on a pinch of good fortunes. What if a bystander happened to be blessed by a stroke of luck and got a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit?

That lucky bastard would have a wonderful life ahead, advance to the level of Battle-Saint, then breakthrough to War-God. By then, one may very well start fantasizing about reaching the echelon of Supreme-Being.

The shadows of figures converged rapidly at the alleyway in which Bu Fang resided, much like a swarm of flies.

The Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou, each full of power and energy, rushed toward the alleyway carrying their eye-catching, specialized weapons. Although the store evoked nightmarish memories, they still couldn't resist the temptation of Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling arrived at the alleyway almost at the same time. Both of their pupils shrank when they witnessed the big scene before them. The narrow alleyway was already filled with a crowded bunch.

The forces of energy on these folks were stable and strong, even

distorting the atmosphere nearby. It was apparent that none of these bystanders had a weak cultivation level, and that they consisted mostly of seventh grade Battle-Saints.

However, none of the them dared to act recklessly. The ordinarily tranquil alleyway had been demolished into rubbles. Its walls thoroughly cracked and its pavement covered with shattered pieces of rocks.

Whitey's chubby figure stood still in the alleyway like a gigantic mountain. Not far from Whitey was a massive beheaded figure kneeling on the floor.

Swish!

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling stared with their mouths agape.

A naked elder flew by and crashed into the floor right next to them as he landed on his face.

"Another one stripped... Bu Fang's demonic stripper has really lived up to its name." Ni Yan didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She hurriedly covered Ye Ziling's curious eyes. Denied of the urge to peep, the latter was rather dismayed.

Ni Yan glimpsed at the naked old man with repugnance.

Bian Changkong's aged face quivered nonstop, but he dared not to object loudly. The puppet was way too strong, and he was simply no match to it. No wonder a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree would appear in their remote little store. With such a terrifying warrior on guard, any absurdity that had occurred here now seemed understandable.

Extracting another robe from his spatial sprit ring and clothing himself, Bian Changkong finally felt a little better. But this satisfaction did not last long, as on a second thought, he snapped right back into anger.

He was a mighty elder of the three Godly Temples of the Wildlands and had already reached the level of eighth grade War-

God. For someone like him to be stripped and flung onto the street was incredibly humiliating!

"What are you looking at, young lady!" Bian Changkong was in a fit of rage. As he put on his robe, he caught sight of Yan Ni and Ye Ziling staring at him with curious eyes. His face darkened immediately as he scolded them.

Now Ni Yan was no push-over. She proceeded to pull a long face as she rebuked him coldly: "How does an old fellow like you who strips down and streaks have the nerve to open his mouth? Do you really think your frail physique is somehow charming? How shameless."

Ye Ziling also stepped out and glowered at him.

Bian Changkong was so enraged that he almost coughed up blood. The true energy within his body began to circulate as he prepared to smack these two audacious girls to death.

However, just as a stream of true energy surged out of his energy core, he felt chills running down his back. He suddenly remembered there was still a terrifying puppet standing from a distance.

Clip-Clop-Clip-Clop.

The sound of donkey hooves hitting the pavement echoed. A donkey sauntered into the small alleyway, and on it rode a figure.

The old drunkard filled his mouth with wine. With a flushed faced, he smiled. "Who the hell dares to make a move on the third elder of our Celestial Arcanum Sect?"

The old drunkard clutched a huge gourd filled with wine as he cast a tipsy glance at Bian Changkong. He suddenly raised his eyebrows and laughed pleasantly: "Oh it's you, old fellow."

"You!" Bian Changkong instantly knitted his brows into a frown. The old drunkard of the Celestial Arcanum Sect was very powerful. His arrival at the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire

was surprising. Could it be he was also here for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits?

That was very much possible, seeing how this man was obsessed with brewing fine wine, and the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was a rare spirit fruit, one cut out to be a superior ingredient.

A long howl resounded through the air. The shadow of a burly figure leaped out and emerged from the sky.

This was a fellow with half of his face covered by a silver mask. Strong forces of energy projected from his body.

"The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits have ripen... I am not greedy and only seek for one piece," Zhan Kong said plainly as he hovered in the air majestically and peered down at the store beneath him.

Another eighth grade War-God!

The old drunkard took another sip of wine and narrowed his eyes.

Bian Changkong also shot Zhan Kong a meaningful glance.

Eighth grade War-Gods were indeed strong. But right in this very alleyway... a War-God had just fallen!

Zhan Kong wrinkled his brows into a frown upon realization that nobody had responded to his request. He took another stride forward, leaping over a large distance, and stopped right in front of the store.

Suddenly, a different sensation hit his heart, prompting him to peer inside the store.

Bang Bang!!

After a chain of explosions, and alongside the mournful wails of a spirit beast, a red clothed figure stumbled out of the store in fright and desperation.

Zhan Kong could sense that this fellow was a seventh grade

Battle-Saint.

The color drained from Bian Changkong's face. "Oh no! Why is Lingfeng in that store?"

Aware of Mu Lingfeng's terrified state, Bian Changkong charged right toward him without further hesitation.

"Elder... Elder Bian, help me!"

Mu Lingfeng rushed out of the store, and seeing Bian Changkong dashing toward him, felt like there was still a last glimmer of hope. He bawled miserably.

Dead, all dead!

Lil' Fire, Lil' Water and Lil' Thunder had all perished!

It was the doing of that scary black dog. A seventh grade spirit beast couldn't cope with the force of his paw. Three of his seventh grade spirit beasts were now mercilessly slaughtered by a dog!

He was in so much pain and anguish, but on top of that, it was a sense of fear that dominated him.

That dog... was a demon!

Bian Changkong's face was filled with bewilderment. This was the first time he had ever witnessed Mu Lingfeng this petrified. He pulled Mu Lingfeng to his side and immediately sensed an aggressive force emerging from the store.

"Huh? A doggy paw of true energy?"

Bian Changkong was baffled. A small, delicate doggy paw could frighten the mighty young master of their Imperial Beast Hall out of his wits?

"Watch out, Elder Bian! Duck!"

Mu Lingfeng saw how Bian Changkong was foolish enough to try resisting the doggy paw, and that really scared the living daylight out of him. One could replace the three seventh grade spirit beasts

they lost. But if the elder of the Godly Temples of the Wildlands died... the consequences would be freaking dire!

Bian Changkong was taken back, and his face became even grimmer. He conjured up a delicate true energy armor that enveloped his body. A beam of light then flashed within his hands, and a small black serpent appeared wrapping around his arm.

Hiss, hiss. The serpent flicked its tongue, and with it spread a terrifying force of pressure.

This was also a seventh grade spirit beast.

Bian Changkong directly flung the small serpent at the doggy claw. This seventh grade Black Water Snake was a precious treasure of his. It had a terrifying combat capability, and the average careless eighth level War-Gods couldn't escape its attack.

The small serpent ferociously stretched open its mouth, flaring its fangs as it spewed out poisonous venom.

In the very next moment, with a loud bang, the doggy paw merely trampled over it. The serpent...simply exploded and dissipated into a bloody fog.

Holy Shit!

Bian Changkong trembled from head to toe. Fear rushed into his eyes like an uncontrollable flood of water.

A seventh grade spirit beast was smashed into a smoke of blood with a single strike... could this doggy paw be any more terrifying?

Without needing to think twice, Bian Changkong was determined to take flight. But was he able to make a break for it?

He blocked Mu Lingfeng's body as the doggy paw came charging at them again.

Bang!

With nowhere left to hide, Bian Changkong was forced to summon his spear and attempt to withstand this strike.



Spat!

Out came a mouthful of fresh blood, and the bones in Bian Changkong's body crackled like fried beans. The long spear in his hand instantly shattered into pieces.

His entire body was tossed through the air and crashed onto the walls of the small alleyway. The armor of true energy wrapping on him had also fractured into bits and pieces...

The mere strike of a doggy paw had nearly finished off an eighth grade War-God.

Mu Lingfeng fell on his butt as he slumped onto the floor. He felt like his entire world has turned into a shade of gloomy gray.

The muscles on Zhan Kong twitched as he quietly coughed. He withdrew his palm awkwardly. That doggy paw evidently also... threw him off his game.

The small alleyway became deadly still in that moment. Sounds of warriors ripping through the sky to land in the alleyway rang once in a while. But having detected the grave atmosphere within the alleyway, nobody dared to make a noise.

Tap Tap Tap.

A series of footsteps echoed from the store, finally breaking the silence. Then, a slim figure emerged from the shadows.

Bu Fang clutched in his hands the three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits infused with rich spirit energy. He approached the door with a big black dog walking cat steps on his right and a little loli following suit on his left.

This bizarre combination quickly drew everyone's attention. Seeing the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits in the slender fingers of that youth, everyone began to breathe heavily.

The protagonist... had finally appeared!

# Chapter 227: Saying That I Misappropriated... How Shameless Can You Get?

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In a small courtyard within the Imperial City.

Ghost Chef Wang Ding walked toward the big wok in front of him. As the lid opened, a steaming hot stream of dense spirit energy immediately surged forth. The spirit energy collided with his wrinkled face, filling the air around it.

Taking a breath, his nostrils felt as though they were on fire, forcing him to retreat a step back and knit his eyebrows as the burning sensation became unbearable.

"The essence of 37 fifth grade spirit beast boiled into the Essence Meat Broth, plus an elixir found in ruins during my trips throughout the continent. This Essence Meat Broth is the cream of the crop." Ghost Chef's eyes shone as his entire body jittered in exhilaration.

"Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit... I must definitely get it. The water is muddy enough. I wonder if the little restaurant has been destroyed or not; rumour has it there's an eighth grade expert residing there... however, that little restaurant should have become a wasteland by now."

Ghost Chef mumbled to himself as he stirred the broth, bringing forth a rotten smell.

A porcelain jar, with the size of a fist and a round shape, was brought out.

Opening the lid, Ghost Chef filled the jar with the boiling meat broth from the wok, enough to fill the entire jar.

"With this Essence Meat Broth, even against an eighth grade War-God, I still have a fighting chance in a battle. It's a pity... the

side effect of the broth is too great, I must get my hands on the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Tightly clasping the jar of scalding hot broth in his hand, Ghost Chef put on a set of black robes and left the small courtyard.

Outside, two guards who were on duty noticed the Ghost Chef coming out. Their eyes widened but before they could utter a single word, Ghost Chef sliced their throats within a flash. A cold expression could be seen gleaming from the Ghost Chef's eyes.

These were people sent by Ji Chengxue to monitor him. Of course, he was aware of it. It had just been too troublesome for him to act before. Now, with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit ripening, naturally he wouldn't be soft-hearted.

With regards to the Ghost Chef's character, the fact that he was able to roam the continent and survive attested to the point that he wasn't a soft-hearted person.

A cynical expression appeared in the Ghost Chef's eyes. Still clasping the jar, he took large strides forward with a short flash.

...

As the masonry around him broke, sands flew around the alleyway. A dense number of experts crowded around, heavily breathing could be heard, with eyes tinged with redness, glaring closely at the tiny store hidden in an alleyway.

Outside the restaurant entrance stood a strange combination: a skinny youth, a lovable young girl and a plump dog.

In Bu Fang's hand were three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits which had just matured, emerging colorful and full of vigorous spirit energy. Their aura continued to fill the surroundings, daring the alleyway full of experts to make trouble.

The three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits in Bu Fang's hand could be their window of opportunity. Getting one of the fruits would be the ultimate opportunity for them, offering the

chance to have a breakthrough, something they always dreamed of...

For those War-Gods floating in the air, it was slightly beneficial for them. Although the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits were precious, it was only of immense use to the Battle-Saints. In the eye of an eighth grade War-God, the effect was weaker. However, being able to get their hands on it would not be bad at all, still a heavenly treasure.

After all, he had promised Wu Yunbai to get his hand on one of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

Bam!

Within the ruins of a wall, a dishevelled figure could be seen crawling out. This person's appearance was miserable, with his whole body covered in fresh blood and sporting a vicious look.

"Cough, cough!" Bian Changkong coughed out blood with eyes full of dread. To think that a dog's paw would bring him so much more fear than the iron man puppet he encountered.

"This little restaurant... is truly inconceivable!"

"Elder Bian!" Mu Lingfeng hurriedly ran along the alley to Bian Changkong side. His eyes fell on the man's body, draped in blood, while supporting him up. Mu Lingfeng could not bear the sight and heaved a cold sigh. The one in front was an Eighth-Grade War-God, yet he was still beaten so miserably.

This dog... could it be the legendary supreme beast?

Supreme beast... even in the deepest area of the Wildlands, the existence of such a being was a taboo. To think that in this city and in this very alleyway existed such a terrifying being.

"Owner Bu, I'm Zhan Kong, one of the commanders from White Cloud Villa. Today, I come seeking a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Faced with the strong battle forces of the restaurant, Zhan Kong finally chose to compromise and performed a fist and palm salute to show respect to Bu Fang.

Seeing that it was one of the commanderes from White Cloud Villa, people from the surroundings started to whisper to each other.

White Cloud Villa was one of the powerhouses in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. Although the people present could not recognize it, Elder Bian did and his face started to change. With his position as an elder, naturally he understood the strength of White Cloud Villa. It was a force on the same scale as the Three Godly Temple of the Wildlands.

He eyed Zhan Kong's dignified face.

"Owner Bu, I'm Bian Changkong, one of the elders from the Three Godly Temples of the Wildlands. I also come seeking a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Far away, the old drunkard started to laugh yet he did not come forward for his self-introduction. He took a sip of wine, wiping his mouth afterwards in delight.

The surrounding people's gaze fell on Bu Fang, waiting in anticipation.

Bu Fang stood at the restaurant entrance, emotionless as his eyes swept through the surroundings. Looking at the damaged alleyway, his eyebrows knitted together.

"I know the reason why you guys have come today, the three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits that are in my hands," said Bu Fang as he lifted his hand out. The three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit attracted their glaze.

However, soon he retracted his hand to stow away the three fruits.

He curled the corner of his mouth while emotionlessly saying,

"However... I don't plan to give the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits to any of you."

Everyone present was stunned. Soon and at the same time, they became agitated.

Bu Fang didn't plan to surrender the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits? Was he planning to keep all three of the heavenly treasures?

That statement had made everyone dissatisfied. They had travelled a long distance to reach the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire, all for the sake of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. To think that Bu Fang wanted to keep the fruits for himself... Such a selfish act tempted the anger of the crowd!

Zhan Kong's face wasn't pleased. He had never expected Bu Fang to issue such a strong statement of rejection.

"Owner Bu, in front of so many people, you boldly misappropriate all three fruits for yourself. That is not very nice," said Zhan Kong coldly.

His words reflected the feelings of everybody present, as they continued to glare angrily at Bu Fang. What irritated the crowd more was that under everybody's gaze, Bu Fang's facial expression did not change at all.

Bu Fang shook his head and doubtfully looked at Zhan Kong, "Misappropriate? You say I misappropriate? I won this Five Stripes Path-Understanding seed fair and square, by winning the first prize from the Imperial City's Hundred Families Banquet. Since I won it, that means the seed belongs to me. I planted the seed in my restaurant and looked after it from germination to final maturity... You say I misappropriate, how shameless can you be?"

Bu Fang's voice wasn't loud and held no anger. It was his daily emotionless way of speaking, and yet it stunned everyone.

That was right. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree belonged to Bu Fang. He was the rightful owner of the heavenly treasure. There was no reason for him to hand over the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

After listening to Bu Fang's words, a laughter came from the old drunkard. As he brought forth the wine gourd to his mouth to take a sip of wine, the wine fragrance scattered forth.

"But there are three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits and yet you want them all for yourself. This will anger everybody. Heavenly treasure is a golden opportunity. You..." Within the crowd, somebody unwillingly yelled.

"Right... This heavenly treasure cannot be monopolized by one person!"

"If this old man is unable to gain this heavenly treasure today, I will fight it out with you. Whoever denies this old man the chance of having a breakthrough will be my enemy."

The voices of admonishment started to surge and as they got louder, the crowd became even more excited as they scolded Bu Fang. The killing intent started to surge.

As Bu Fang hugged the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits, he threw a glance over the crowd and became impatient. He must complete the system's temporary mission, three fruits were simply not enough for himself, so how could he share them with others.

He curled his mouth as he turned to make his way back to the restaurant, feeling lazy to argue with the crowd.

"Owner Bu, I will use crystals to buy the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits!" The silent Bian Changkong opened his mouth while staring at Bu Fang.

"Right... crystals are not a problem." Mu Lingfeng nodded his head as he realized that.

Since Bu Fang turned back and faced Bian Changkong, they

thought that he was considering selling the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

At once, Bian Changkong was delighted, "I am willing to pay five thousand crystals for a single Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. Is Owner Bu interested?"

Five thousand crystals for a single Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. To be honest, the price was quite fair. After all, a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit increased the chance for a seventh grade Battle-Saint to breakthrough to War-God, although it was not a hundred percent chance of a breakthrough. So, paying five thousand crystals for it still carried a risk.

"I'm willing to pay seven thousand crystals." Zhan Kong reported a higher number as he gave a look at Bain Changkong.

"Ha ha! I like this sort of peaceful solution. There no point in meaningless killing. This old man is willing to come out with nine thousand crystals. After all, Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit should be a suitable ingredient to brew wine." Old drunkard finally spoke with a laugh.

Bian Changkong stared furiously at the two other men, gritting his teeth, "This old man will pay ten thousand crystals!!"

Ten thousand crystals...

At once, everyone in the crowd sighed.

They were talking about crystals, not gold coins. Ten thousand crystals... was a price as high as the heavens. Just to buy a single Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit... It might not be worth it.

The entire wealth of a Battle-Saint probably was around ten thousand crystals.

Hence, everyone in the crowd felt that Bu Fang would accept the deal. After all, the amount was simply too irresistible.

Naturally, Bu Fang was tempted. Ten thousand crystals... if he



was able to convert them to his cultivation, it would spare him of a lot of work.

"System, if I sell the fruits, will the crystals be considered as the store's earning?" He asked the system after deliberating for a while.

Within a moment, the system replied in a serious tone, "It will not be counted. The cultivation level of the host depends on the sale of the restaurant. Hence all sale must be from the dishes cooked by the host. If the fruits are sold, any crystals gain won't be counted in the increment of cultivation level."

Bu Fang was expressionless. Of course... he knew the system would not give him any shortcut.

The anticipating glances of everyone clearly showed that they assumed that Bu Fang would sell the fruits.

Bu Fang's heart ached. Still, he gritted his teeth and replied to Bian Changkong in an emotionless expression, "Do I, Owner Bu, look like the sort who lacks crystals? No matter how many crystals are offered for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit... I will not sell them."

What!

Bu Fang's words incited a lot of gasps. Bian Changkong was in a daze, with fires surging within him. He was pissed off.

"Owner Bu did want to misappropriate for himself after all! Get him!"

"This opportunity belongs to everybody, how can he take them all for himself! Kill! Snatch the fruits!"

"Damned! For an opportunity to breakthrough, everyone with me!"

Bu Fang's words were like a knife which severed the hopes of everyone present. The crowd finally couldn't resist taking action.

When there were enough benefits laid out in front of the masses, all fears of Whitey and the supreme beast were gone.

The crowd of experts, all releasing their true energy, rushed toward Bu Fang's restaurant with a look of avarice on their faces. As everybody rushed forward, the ground seemed to tremble from the terrifying momentum. Even Zhan Kong's face started to change.

Even now, Bu Fang eyes still had that same cold expression. Glancing at all these greedy people, he sighed.

"Since everyone is eager to seek their death... so be it."

## Chapter 228: Lord Dog Made a Move!

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Within the Imperial City, a large wave of true energy surged and spread toward the sky. As it reached the clouds, it scattered in all four directions, covering the entire city. Within the surge of different forms of true energy, a flood of angry voices followed.

At this point, the entire small alleyway was filled with chaotic shouting, all for the sake of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. The crowd could not hold it in anymore.

Ni Yan's face whitened. Hearing the shouts from those experts with their fuming facial expressions, she pulled Ye Ziling toward her to prevent her from getting lost among the crowd.

She glanced toward the direction of the small restaurant, as more experts surrounded the building.

Ni Yan could not understand why Bu Fang did not accept the deal to sell the Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. If he had agreed... this situation would not have occurred.

If he agreed to the sale, the crowd would not have turned violent. After all, anyone who could purchase one of the fruits would be of a certain strength. For example, both Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong were eighth grade War-Gods, and nobody would dare harbour any desire to rob them.

Yet, Bu Fang still held on to the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. This gave the crowd the chance to rob him. That was the ultimate reason why all that tension was created.

"Sister Ni Yan, will Owner Bu... be okay?" Ye Ziling doubtfully asked, turning to face Ni Yan only to see her biting down on her lips, as she seemed to decide. Her true energy started to circulate.

Immediately, Ye Ziling was shocked, "Sister Ni Yan, you want to join in the fight?"

"Fight, what fight? Be a good girl and stay at the old drunkard's

side, I will go and help Owner Bu." Ni Yan snapped and knocked on Ye Ziling's head.

Ni Yan knew that Bu Fang had a terrifying puppet, Whitey... and a black dog. However, the opponents in front of him were just too many. Even the flow of the alleyway was jammed due to the large crowd, with their colliding true energies enough to collapse the walls of the alleyway.

With a large number of seventh grade Battle-Saints present, their combined strength could even compete with an eighth grade War-God.

"Now is not the time for an idle chat." Ni Yan strained her eyes, causing the true energy from her body to surge forth. With her snow-white legs revealed, she dashed forward a few steps to block the path of two incoming shadows.

"All of you, get lost!!"

Ni Yan gave the ground a mighty kick and true energy overflowed from her shoulders. She reached out and grabbed two nearby two Battle-Kings before viciously throwing them backward towards the crowd.

Bam Bam!

Swatted away by the oncoming crowd, whose heads had been clouded by greed, the two Battle-Kings vomited blood from their severe injuries before letting forth a miserable howl.

Ni Yan was truly a domineering sight to be seen, as three thousand green threads danced in the air, each strand powered by her surging true energy. Her face was one of seriousness and tempestuous anger.

As she continued to toss away multiple waves of experts, a sinking feeling hit her.

She had already blocked many experts, but there were just too many in the crowd.

An arrow fast as lightning glided across the crowds, with a large sonic wave trailing it. Several people were pierced, gravely injuring them.

"Sister Ni Yan... I will help you."

...

"Since everyone is eager to seek death... so be it"

Bu Fang's voice wasn't loud, yet it transmitted throughout the entire alleyway. As the crowd heard it, those anxious experts did not feel afraid at all, but instead their eyes became redder in anger!

"Kill! If you don't hand over the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, we will thrash your restaurant and then kill you!" Somebody in the crowd shouted.

The shout of "kill" could be heard echoing from the crowd.

Whitey, with its large belly, blocked the entrance of the restaurant. Its red mechanical eyes flickered, turning to purple.

"Whoever wishes to harm the host must be eliminated."

Thump!

The chopper reappeared in Whitey's hand. With a downward stroke, it split open the heads of the two most front Battle-Emperors.

As the thick blood oozed, not only did it not force the crowd to retreat, rather, it increased the bloodthirstiness of the crowd.

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling started to retreat as they continued to battle, till they reached the front of Bu Fang. Their two appearances were a mess.

"Owner Bu... are you crazy! Going against so many people?!" Ni Yan tone was slightly angry as she spoke. She did not understand Bu Fang's thinking at all.

Those who were familiar with Bu Fang also helped to block the

encroaching crowd as they retreated to the restaurant entrance.

The appearances of Xiao Meng, Wu Yunbai and the rest were dishevelled.

As Bu Fang's eyes swept over the people who helped him, his gaze warmed. However, as his glance turned toward the greedy crowd, his eyes turned cold.

"Lazy dog, these people... you do not need to hold back," Bu Fang coldly spoke. For the first time, his voice contained a killing intent.

As the little black dog's mouth and nose started to twitch slightly, its eyes revealed a sense of excitement.

"Don't need to hold back? Great..." Its tongue stuck out as it licked its lips, revealing razor-sharp white teeth.

"Greed is the root of all evil... all these reckless humans." A calm male voice echoed throughout the entire alleyway.

Within the crowd, Zhan Kong suddenly halted from the impending sense of danger that was strong enough to cause his heart to beat wildly.

Run!

Without a single thread of hesitation, Zhan Kong turned his body and retreated out of the restaurant's surroundings.

A few shadows dashed out of the crowd and floated in the sky, hearts pumping wildly.

One of them was the old drunkard riding a donkey... To think that the old man's donkey could float in the air too.

Bian Changkong dragged Mu Lingfeng away as he retreated from the surrounding. Within the crowd, there were many who were able to sense the impending danger.

Those in the sky looked with fear as they stared downwards.

Blacky strode out of the restaurant like a cat while Bu Fang asked

Ni Yang and the rest to retreat into the restaurant.

Blacky came to a stop beside Whitey, which by now was totally covered in blood.

Whitey, after all, was a puppet not able to generate any true energy. Even though it possessed the battle strength to go against ninth grade experts, when faced with the large crowd, it had its hand tied up. At this moment, Lord Dog came to assist.

A sixth grade Battle-Emperor with eyes full of anger released a shout as his body was enveloped with true energy. The axe in his hand was pointed toward the black dog, preparing to slash downwards.

"Prepare to die!"

Faced with the shadow of the axe coming down on it, Blacky let out a bark as it raised its dog paw and patted down.

Boom!

The axe disintegrated along with the Battle Emperor who became a puddle of blood.

While the fall of an expert brought a slight chill to the heart of the crowd, they angrily pressed forward.

Boom!!

A terrifying pressure surged from Blacky's body, blocking the crowd of experts' advancement. The herd of shouting came to a stop.

Under the crowd's panic-stricken eyes, the black dog body changed to a humongous size, without a trace of its former naïve appearance.

In a short moment, it became a two-meter-tall black hound enveloped in burning black flame.

Sizzling!

The surrounding air seemed to burn.

Everybody in the crowd had a sense of being suppressed, as they couldn't help but kneel on the floor to the presence of the dog. Battle-Kings, Battle-Emperors and even Battle-Saints all collapsed to the ground.

As the giant hound took a step forward, the ground started to shake. It blinked its eyes as it sighed. Space seemed to rip as it disappeared from its original position.

Zoom!

The giant hound sprinted forward, leaving a path of blood behind it as it stopped at the center of the crowd.

As the giant hound's sight swept across the surroundings, its mouth twitched, revealing razor-sharp shiny teeth. Tilting its head upwards, a heaven scattering howl swept across the city.

Boom!

With a single sound, the entire floor of the alleyway caved in.

The crowd of kneeling people all screamed in agony as blood seeped out of their orifices. Their only desire was to escape out of the alleyway. However, before they could even take a few more steps, they became blood puddles.

While the Battle-Saint held on for a while longer, the final outcome remained the same as they exploded without leaving behind a single intact limb.

As those experts hovering in the sky witnessed the gruesome scene, their hearts felt like it had been seized by a formless dog paw: all it took was a single squeeze and then, squish!

"Ni... Ninth grade... supreme beast!!"

At this point, Mu Lingfeng was certain that the dog before him had reached the realm of ninth grade supreme beast!

Cold sweat could be seen dripping on the foreheads of the people



floating in the sky. They all felt fortunate knowing that they weren't down there right now.

In their eyes, the alleyway had become hell... Blood mist and explosions occurred non-stop, each signifying that an expert had fallen.

Everybody had misjudged the true strength of the restaurant.

The trump card of the restaurant... wasn't the puppet at all, but rather this existence which no one noticed... a terrifying ninth grade supreme beast!

# Chapter 229: The Path-Understanding Blossoming Flower

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Bang Bang Bang!

Miserable howls kept on resounding within the small store. Every miserable howl signified an expert being turned into a blood mist.

That was practically hell. It was frightening to the point of making one feel their heart tightening the moment they saw the scene.

Whitey had already reinstated back to its red-eye mode. The bloodstains on its body had also been automatically purified. Once again, it was turned back into its original white and plump appearance as it stood behind Bu Fang.

Ni Yan and the others were in shock. Their complexion had turned deathly white due to the frightening scene.

They had never even once seen such a gruesome scene before. Even Xiao Meng, who was accustomed to slaughtering, also felt his heart shuddering. His pores had widen up and his back was drenched in cold sweat!

Ye Ziling widened her eyes while her lips turned deathly pale. She was originally an obedient girl who stayed within the Hundred Thousand Mountains. Even though her cultivation was pretty decent, she had never even witnessed any bloody scenes of a battlefield before. Let alone this shocking scene that was in front of her right now.

Looking at the big black hound which was standing in the middle of the alley barking, at that moment, everyone couldn't help but feel some reverence within their hearts.

Bu Fang complexion was also slightly pale. However, he still tried his best to control himself.

The ferocious barking did not resonate throughout the Imperial Capital as it was shrouded by Blacky's true energy, causing the barking to only resonate within this alley. Therefore, outside of this alley, the Imperial Capital was still the same as before, auspicious and peaceful. So much that there was not even any trace of the frightening energy.

The alley floor had finally been shattered and was tainted by the fresh blood.

Some of the people had fled from the alley but their spirit had long been repressed. They did not even dare to turn around to take another glance as they tried to frantically escape from the alley.

Those who had managed to escape are basically those who possessed a cultivation level of Battle-Saint and above. These Battle-Saints all had a set of uniquely life-saving methods. Therefore, they were able to survive from this calamity.

The ferocious howling had finally come to a stop.

The large hound had also lowered its head, which had been perking up. Its eyes apathetically swept around its surrounding once as he looked at the spacious and empty alley. It harrumphed once while its body started shrinking. Ultimately, it returned back to the form of the plump dog, Blacky.

Striding in its graceful cat steps, Blacky returned to the store.

The frightening imposing pressure had also finally dissipated from the valley. They heaved a sigh of relief and loosened up the tension that had been building up in their bodies. It was as if the boulder which had been in their hearts had finally fallen off.

Blacky opened his mouth and yawned. That lazy appearance... it was as if Blacky was asking for a beating.

However Xiao Meng was actually looking at that black dog in reverence and did not even dare to manifest his awe-inspiring prestige at all.

Bu Fang patted Blacky's head. He raised his head and looked at those people who were hovering in the sky above the alley and said indifferently: "Do any of you still want the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit?"

Want? Want your sister!

Everyone was cursing in their heart. Indeed, they wanted it but would they still have the courage to? Such a frightening dog... it was not something they could contend against. Even if a War-God were to face this dog, they believed that War-God would also be powerless against it.

"Er... There is not a need for all of you to be discouraged or disappointed," Bu Fang looked at those people who were hovering in the sky and said seriously.

"The reason why I am not selling the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit is because I needed this fruit and would use it to make dishes. You might not be able to obtain the Path-Understanding Fruit, but you can still choose to buy the dishes made from it. I believe those dishes would certainly not make any of you feel disappointed."

Make dishes with it? Using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit? Everyone hovering at the sky felt somewhat comical as if they were overwhelmed by Bu Fang's decision.

Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was a heavenly treasure. And you are freaking telling us that you want to use it to make dishes?

Zhang Kong and Bian Changkong complexion was also somewhat dumbfounded.

On the contrary, the old drunkard grinned and felt that it was very interesting. He had wanted to use the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit to brew wine, but Bu Fang actually wanted to use it to make dishes... The line of thoughts from both sides were

just using a different method that would lead to the same result.

The Old Drunkard immediately started laughing heartily. He picked up the wine gourd and poured a cup of wine for himself so as to keep his surprise under control.

After that, he pulled the stubborn donkey down to the middle of the alley and started walking toward the small store.

Ultimately, that donkey was forced to stay within the alley by that Old Drunkard, outside the store.

"I am looking forward to Boss Bu's dishes that were made using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit." The Old Drunkard smiled.

Bu Fang looked at that old man in surprise. Bu Fang nodded his head and did not say anything.

In the sky, Zhan Kong and his men frowned. Finally, they also chose to descend, and then entered the small store.

The disturbance had finally come to an end. No one knew how many experts had died in this unremarkable alley in the Imperial Capital. There were Battle-Saint who had managed to escape from this alley. They all had rushed out of the Imperial Capital fanatically and did not even bother to turn their head back. They were all frightened to death by that dog.

Above the streets of the Imperial Capital, Ghost Chef Wang Ding slowly advanced over. In one of his hands, he was carrying a porcelain jar and his appearance was very placid.

"Where did all the fluctuation go? Could it be that I have arrived late... and the battle has already ended?" Ghost Chef was somewhat puzzled. According to what he had understood, it was impossible for this small store to be able to contend against all the onslaught from those experts.

Arriving at the alley entrance, he looked inside. The secluded alley was extremely spacious and empty. There was not a single

person there.

However, there was a heavy reeking of blood assaulting his nostrils. This caused the Ghost Chef to feel as if he had been thrown into an ocean of blood.

Ghost Chef deeply sucked in a breath of air. His complexion carried faint traces of grave as he entered into the alley. The moment his foot touched the ground, he felt that the sole of his foot had submerged down. He was startled. He lowered his head to take a look. The floor of the alley had actually been covered by a layer of chisel powder...

"Inside this alley... what exactly had happened!" Ghost Chef's heart suddenly started thumping as he felt a sense of uneasiness.

"It's so quiet... Could it be that it has really ended? But why hasn't this small store been destroyed?"

Ghost Chef slowly strode over and arrived in front of the small store. Unexpectedly, the store was actually filled with people!

"Could it be that this small store had been invaded and occupied? It seem possible... It's definitely possible!" Ghost Chef's heart was certain about it as he deeply breathed in a mouthful of air.

He no longer hesitated as he opened up the porcelain jar lid.

The dense fishy stench drifted out, causing the Ghost Chef to slightly wrinkle his eyebrows. The smell was really too smelly!

By the entrance of the store, the Ghost Chef drank all the broth from the jar in a shot. In an instant, he felt that his whole body meridians had started to swell.

Crash!

The porcelain jar fell onto the ground and shattered into pieces.

It immediately caught the attention of everyone inside the store. All of them looked out and were surprised to see an old man with dishevelled hair kneeling down on the ground fighting against his

convulsion.

After convulsing for a while, that old man stood up. That supposedly aged facial features had unexpectedly become a lot younger.

The Ghost Chef Wang Ding twisted his neck and felt the insurmountable strength within his body. He endured the urge to laugh heartily. Was this the strength of a War-God? Sure enough, it was able to let one be attracted by it.

"Next, it's time for me to seize the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Ghost Chef smiled sinisterly as he lifted up his head. His gaze fell onto those curious eyes that were staring at him.

...

Bu Fang grabbed onto the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and returned back to the kitchen. He placed the spirit fruits, which were covered in brilliant lights and vibrant colors that emitted rich true energy, onto the cooking bench.

He stared at the three fruit and wrinkled his eyebrows. No one knew what he was thinking about when he touched his chin while contemplating.

The current mission was to use this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit to make a dish. Only by passing through the system's evaluation would the quest be counted as completed. But the problem was what kind of dish should he make? This was the main problem, which still remained unsolved for Bu Fang.

"Use the smash cucumber salad method to handle this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit so as to restore back the original feel of the spirit fruit?" Bu Fang murmured. However, the idea was being dismissed by him very quickly. If he were to really handle it this way, he would definitely not pass the evaluation. After all, according to the craftiness of the system, it would never allow Bu

Fang to complete his mission so easily.

After giving much thought to it, Bu Fang took one of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and a green smoke appeared around his hand, after which a pitch-black, simple and unadorned Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared on his hand.

Bu Fang took out a chopping board. After brandishing the knife, he sliced the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit into two.

Immediately, a rich fruity smell pervaded out and unexpectedly brought along faint heat with it. After slicing it into half, the pulp inside it started to leak out the thick fruity juice, that also carried a mild and humid heat with it.

After sizing up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, Bu Fang muttered to himself for some time before started to cut the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit very quickly. Da Da Da. He chopped the spirit fruit into portions of equal size.

Bu Fang decided to cook a dish to test it out first.

Bu Fang took out an egg from the cupboard. This was a fifth grade spirit beast egg. There was still a disparity if he were to match it with this Path-Understanding Fruit.

After cracking the egg into the bowl and beating it up, Bu Fang ignited the fire and started warming up his pan.

He waited for the pan to reach a suitable temperature before pouring oil into it. After the oil had started boiling, he poured the neatly sliced Path-Understanding Fruit which was pervading the air with its aroma and spirit energy into the pan. Immediately, sizzling sounds resonated.

The oil splattered in all directions.

Bu Fang controlled his true energy and directed it into the pan. He controlled the spirit energy direction so as to prevent destroying the spirit energy in the spirit fruit.



After stir-frying it for a while, Bu Fang poured the egg liquid into the pan. At the same time, he also poured in the neatly sliced Path-Understanding Fruit into it. Both items were mixed together. Immediately, and rich aromas burst out, causing one to feel intoxicated by it.

Bu Fang sniffed the aroma and felt that his brain had become clear and sober. Extremely Refreshing!

"It's so fragrant!" He praised. Subsequently, he started to stir-fry it very quickly.

It was only for a moment and the egg liquid started to solidify. Because of the mixture with the Path-Understanding Fruit juice, the solidification did not look as tender and yellow as it was supposed to be. In contrast, it was somewhat glittering and translucent, as if it was frozen.

Bu Fang covered the pan with a lid so as to steam it for a moment. He controlled his true energy to pull out the spirit energy within the pan, causing the spirit energy of the dish to attain a kind of equilibrium.

Finally, Bu Fang opened the pan lid. The heat burst forth as it brought along the dish aroma and rushed out of the kitchen.

Bu Fang took a white round porcelain bowl and poured the dish into it.

With his professional arranging skills, the plate retained the brilliant glow and vibrant colors, with heat being emitted out of the Path-Understanding Fruit. In the middle of it, it was decorated with the glittering and translucent scrambled egg. The scrambled egg spirit energy bubbled up while the spirit energy of the spirit fruit burst forth. Clouds emerged on top of the dish, forming a moire.

"Path-Understanding Fruit Scrambled Egg... Er, this name is too crude. Let's call it Path-Understanding Blossoming Flower. It is a

lot more classier. It would make it appear to be more decent."

Bu Fang spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife around his hand, and the knife turned into green smoke and vanished.

He looked at the plate with the dish, was shrouded by cloud lines in its magnificent golden color, and the corner of his mouth rose.

"System, is this dish able to pass the evaluation process?" Bu Fang questioned the system.

If this dish was able to pass the evaluation, then it would save Bu Fang a lot of efforts from innovating again. Therefore, he was somewhat looking forward to the answer.

Nevertheless, the solemn and conscientious tone of the system resounded inside Bu Fang's mind very quickly.

"Dish name: Path-Understanding Blossoming Flower. Chef: Host, Bu Fang. Amount of spirit energy contained inside the dish: 70%. Path-Understanding Factor measurement: 70%. The Final usefulness evaluation: After a Battle-Saint had consumed it, it would be hard for him to rely on this to successfully break through to a War-God. Therefore, the dish is a failure."

# Chapter 230: The Ghost Chef Who Failed at Showboating and Ended Up Getting Thrashed Instead

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As expected, Bu Fang failed the evaluation test, and then he confirmed that passing the evaluation would not be as simple as it seemed.

"The main criteria of the evaluation was the amount of spirit energy retained and Path-Understanding factor accumulation..." Bu Fang murmured to himself while touching his chin.

He used the Golden Dragon Bone Knife to slice the fruit, so the spirit energy should have been well preserved in that point. As to why that much of spirit energy was wasted, it was because during the cooking, he did not control the movement of the spirit energy well.

"Then, this dish was wasted..." As Bu Fang looked at that cloud-shaped mist diffusing, he felt a sudden pain in his flesh.

"For the host, who wants to become the top chef in this fantasy world, if his dishes fail the evaluation, they will not be allowed to be put for sale." Words that were strict and conscientious echoed from the system.

If the failed dishes were allowed to be sold, it would mean disrespect to both the customers and one's own culinary skills. When a chef presented a dish, it had to be a successful dish, one that was better than a chef's previous dishes.

Bu Fang let out a sigh. Whitey appeared beside him unnoticed. He touched its fat belly, and its those sharp eyes gleamed as its round and plump stomach opened up, like a bottomless pit.

This was the hole that Whitey used to collect waste... Bu Fang lifted up the dish, frowned, and although he felt it was a waste to

throw it away, he resisted this feeling and threw it into Whitey's belly.

This signified that the first Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was now wasted.

After handling the first failed dish, Bu Fang did not rest but instead went into deep thought for a while, thinking about ways to create the dish in a way that could ensure that the spirit energy and Path-Understanding factor could be preserved.

The system did not provide a recipe, but Bu Fang was already used to such a situation. Many of his dishes were created by himself and this was very important for a chef. This was what was called creativity.

Bu Fang had an idea and took out a few ingredients from the system's storage space. Wandering Dragon Cow meat, Illusory Spirit Swamp Fat Fish, and some spirit fruit and herbs. These were all the ingredients that Bu Fang had, and the system did not provide many ingredients. There were two Path-Understanding Fruits left. If Bu Fang wanted to complete this mission, there was no room for any errors.

He stared at the few ingredients he had and stopped at the Wandering Dragon Cow meat and the fat fish. Which amongst the two ingredients should he choose?

Tap!

He snapped his finger. Bu Fang had an idea. Surprisingly, he did not choose to use the seventh grade Wandering Dragon Cow meat, but instead the mysterious Illusory Spirit Swamp Fat Fish.

These fat fish were collected by Bu Fang from the serpent-men. Its meat was succulent and fleshy, and its taste when grilled was delectable.

This time round, Bu Fang was not planning to grill the fish, because he was sure that grilling was not compatible with the Five

## Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit.

Firstly, he cleaned the fat fish, then cut open the fish stomach. Gripping onto the Dragon Bone Knife, he used the back of the knife to pound the flesh of the fat fish. True energy flowed from the Dragon Bone Knife directly into the flesh, causing the flesh of the fish to glow up. He then carved some patterns on the body of the fish.

Bu Fang then started to handle the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. He cut the fruit into two, ensuring that its juice was kept in a porcelain bowl, before further cutting it apart. The dense spirit energy started to dissipate around the entire kitchen, causing one to feel extremely alert. After extracting the juice, Bu Fang carefully and meticulously spread the juice on the fish meat. He made sure that the entire fish was coated with the juice. The juice quickly seeped into the fish meat.

He took the blue and white porcelain bowl, retrieved two pieces of the Path-Understanding Fruit pulp and insert them into the mouth of the fish, blocking the air passage of the fish. Then, he took the remaining fruit pulp and spread it on the fish, covering it.

He opened the pot, started the fire, and placed a steamer into the pot.

Bu Fang put the fat fish that he prepared into the steamer. Undoubtedly, this time the dish he chose to cook was steamed fish.

However, steaming was not any easier than boiling, Bu Fang had to always ensure the flow of true energy and control the change of spirit energy of the fish.

The higher the grade of the ingredient, the higher the level of true energy control required of the chef. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was of a very high grade, containing a highly concentrated amount of spirit energy and Path-Understanding factor. To not destroy the spirit energy and Path-Understanding factor, Bu Fang must make use of true energy to control it.

This could be considered as a type of true energy cooking, and such method really tested the cultivation level of a chef.

Bu Fang concentrated, and the true energy emerged from his energy core, constantly spreading from his hands and covering the steamer.

....

Ghost Chef had a smug on his face when he entered the premises of the store. In his mind, he was thinking that the people in this store were definitely sharing the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and he had to obtain one of this fruit at this moment.

After drinking the secretly-made meat broth, the Ghost Chef achieved godlike culinary cultivation level. He also regained his youth, strength and confidence.

However, after entering the store, his expression changed.

The people in the shop looked at him suspiciously, not knowing what this authoritative man wanted there.

Ghost Chef raised his eyebrows and turned toward the corner, where the Path-Understanding Tree was, and then he froze.

The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree leaves were thriving. They were greenish, radiant and overflowing with spirit energy. It was growing very healthily, but... the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits had disappeared from view. It was clear that they had completely divided up among the people.

"Dam it... i was indeed too late!" Ghost Chef cursed softly before turning his gaze toward the other people in the shop.

"Did you divide up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit? I will spare the lives of the people who handover the fruit!" Ghost Chef was anxious, as he really needed the fruit. He had even been prepared to use the highly effectively, secretly-made Meat Essence Broth to get the Path-Understanding Fruit.

For the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, he couldn't care less anymore.

There was a large number of people seated in the store, waiting for Bu Fang's Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit dish, but instead, there was one random person who appeared and demanded them to hand over their Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.....

Damned be your sister! We also want to have the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit!

Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong looked toward that Ghost Chef with a hostile look. They planned to pay a fortune, but were unable to buy over Owner Bu's Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, and this weird random guy in front of them actually threatened them to hand over the fruit. Who did he think he was?

Zhan Kong stood up and was in a sulky mood as Owner Bu had vented his emotions on him. At this moment, both parties felt like venting their frustration on each other.

Bian Changkong also stood up. After consuming an elixir previously, he had mostly recovered at this point.

The two of them walked with gloomy faces toward the door, where the exasperated Ghost Chef was at.

The old drunkard laughed heartily and gulped down a mouthful of wine, merrily preparing to watch this show unfold.

"Are the both of you looking for death?!" the Ghost Chef threatened in a gloomy tone as he narrowed his eyes.

He now had the power of a War-God. In his impression, that was the highest level that one could attain. Were the two ants in front of him looking for death?

He feeling very egoistic at the moment.

"Who do you think you are threatening?!"

Bian Changkong coldly opened his mouth and swang a slap toward Ghost Chef as he whistled.

Ghost Chef was visibly stunned and angrily rebuked, "Looking for death!"

Bang!

Ghost Chef was stunned. He blocked Bian Changkong's slap but was unable to defend himself from Zhan Kong's. His face immediately swelled.

"Holy mother! What kind of situation is this? How could I, someone with a cultivation level of a War-God, be hit in the face?"

Ghost Chef raged, and the increased power in his body surget out as true energy.

Bang!!

There was another slap by Zhan Kong. He had not shown any mercy and displayed a stern facial expression. However, beneath the silver mask, Zhan Kong's face hid a mocking expression.

"Who do you think you are to threaten the commander?" Zhan Kong replied coldly. He could not defeat that black dog in a fight, but how would he lose to this random dude.

"Damn it! Go to hell!" Black smoke started to gush out from Ghost Chef's body as he shouted in an angry and anxious tone.

Bang!!

However, without even waiting for the black smoke to completely gush out, Bian Changkong kicked the Ghost Chief out of the shop and into the ruins of the small alley.

"What a retard."

Biang Changkong and Zhan Kong looked at each other and laughed before successively dashing out of the shop.



At this moment, they felt depressed and wanted to vent their frustrations. Where did this retard come from... It was timely, as it allowed them to vent their frustrations.

Blacky, lazily lying in front of the store's doorstep, sleepily gazed at this one-sided domination and then yawned.

Ghost Chef's miserable cries sounded endlessly. He had believed that he was going to demonstrate his lofty skills. However, he did not expect that he would be beaten up by two dudes.

With no ability to retaliate, he knew in his heart that these were truly two War-Gods.

Xiao Meng leaned against the door of the store, looking at the miserable and pathetic Ghost Chef. Xiao Meng felt a flash of happiness.

"Ask your slave to spread the news. You made the whole Imperial City fall into a turmoil, and now you finally got beaten. A person like you definitely deserves a beating."

Xiao Meng gloated at his misfortune.

Suddenly, an aroma came from the kitchen, bringing with it an unusual implication. Everyone was stunned and turned toward the kitchen with expectancy as it looked like Owner Bu's dish was about to be completed.

# Chapter 231: Elixir Cuisine, Dragon Gate Leap

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The flow of true energy in his body was almost depleted. Bu Fang's face became pale as sweat dripped down his forehead.

Buzz...

There was a strange fluctuation from within the steamer. Bu Fang's eyes brightened up and he removed his hands from the lid of the steamer, cutting off the input of true energy. He took a step back and breathed deeply.

"It's finally done. My true energy was almost depleted. The requirement of true energy cultivation is really too high," Bu Fang mumbled. His cultivation was only at the level of Battle-King and this was far too low. When cooking dishes with true energy that had some ingredient of higher grade, he would be fully exhausted.

However, fortunately, Bu Fang predicted that his recent turnover was reaching the breakthrough point to become a Battle-Emperor, and thus his true energy capacity would increase significantly.

When the time came to display his true energy culinary, he would have lesser problems when dealing with ingredients of a higher grade.

Looking at the steamer that was overflowing with warm energy and giving off a strong aroma, Bu Fang could not help but lick his lips. This tempting aroma made people want to start feasting.

As the lid of the steamer was removed, the water vapour gushed out and dispersed, giving off a strong aroma and the same fluctuations as before that had a mind clearing effect.

With a flick of a hand, the water vapour diffused into the air, and Bu Fang fixed his gaze onto the steamer.

A brilliance surfaced from within the steamer. This brilliance was not too overwhelming, but a little obscure instead.

"A dish that can glow." Bu Fang smirked, feeling a sense of accomplishment.

He heaved a sigh of relief as the dish that was taken out from the steamer remained hot. As the dish was displayed on the stove with the lights in the kitchen shining brightly on it, its brilliance was evident.

The blue and white porcelain bowl contained a fat fish that looked as realistic as ever. It almost seemed alive. A strong feeling of vitality along with that strange fluctuation flowed throughout the whole fish. There was a slight movement by the fish within the hot mist, as if it was flying within the clouds.

Cloud-shaped moires gathered on top of the dish. The fish looked as though it was a dragon swimming among the clouds in the air.

This was a spectacular dish, at least to Bu Fang, who was definitely amazed by it.

This was the charm of culinary. Who would have thought that the final product would look like this.

"This dish... is beyond my wildest imagination. It's too beautiful," Bu Fang whispered. He then started to brainstorm on the name of this dish.

"Steamed Path-Understanding Fish? Well... this seems a little too straightforward. How about Dragon Gate Leap? Not bad. It sounds good."

Bu Fang pleasingly and confidently decided on the name of this dish, to call it Dragon Gate Leap. A fish that leaped through the dragon gates after eating the Path-Understanding Fruits sounded pretty symbolic.

"System, how do you find this dish?" A hopeful Bu Fang asked.

This time, the system did not give Bu Fang a quick answer. It took it some time before it said sternly, "Name of dish: Dragon Gate Leap; Chef: Host Bu Fang; Spirit energy level of the dish: ninety percent; Path-Understanding Factor: ninety percent; Final evaluation: After a Battle-Saint consumes this dish, he will definitely break through to become a War-God. Hence, it passes the evaluation."

Bang!

As the system finished its sentence, Bu Fang started to smirk and snapped his finger, expressing his joy.

Indeed he passed the evaluation, while the process of making this Dragon Gate Leap looked easy but every step really tested the skills of the chef, be it how the flesh was treated at the start or the handling of true energy during the steaming process.

The requirement of every step was very strict and there was no margin for error. Once there was a mistake made, the efforts previously would have been wasted.

To control the spirit energy level of the dish, Bu Fang used the steaming method. This method was the easiest to preserve the ingredient's spirit energy. As for retention of the Path-Understanding Factor, Bu Fang firstly spread the juice of the Path-Understanding Fruit onto the flesh of the fish. This allowed the Path-Understanding Factor to be retained well during the steaming process.

Taking a deep breath, Bu Fang controlled the happiness he felt in his heart.

"System, since this dish has already passed the evaluation criteria, does this mean that this temporary mission has been accomplished? Then this dish.... Can i choose to sell it?"

"Congratulations to the host for completing the mission in time: using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit to create a dish

that passed the system's evaluation. The reward for completing the mission will now be released, and the sale of the dish will be allowed. The system is currently determining the price of the dish..."

This time, it did not take too long for the system to come up with a price for the dish.

"Dragon Gate Leap, elixir cuisine, the price will be five thousand, five hundred and fifty crystals."

Bu Fang was stunned. Five thousand, five hundred and fifty crystals for one dish. This was the most expensively priced dish ever by the system.

There was a gurgling sound, and Bu Fang got excited. If this dish went for sale, his business volume would reach the requirements for advancement straight away.

Lifting up the Dragon Gate Leap, Bu Fang slowly moved out of the kitchen.

In the presence of everyone's eyes, and from the shadows of the kitchen, a tall and thin silhouette started to emerge slowly.

With both hands, Bu Fang held a bright and shiny dish that radiated heat and an aroma. The dish was beautiful, looking similar to a cloudy fog, causing people to be bewitched by it uncontrollably.

Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong clenched their fists as they came into the shop, and their facial expressions revealed that they felt comfortable.

In the alley, the Ghost Chef felt extremely miserable, with his head swollen to the point that it looked like a pig head, and he could not stop coughing up blood. He was about to run out of breath.

His eyes were filled with rage, but were even more filled with fear.

Bu Fang placed the dish on the table, and a rich aroma dissipated and slowly filled the entire store, causing people to feel pleasant and comfortable.

"Owner Bu... is this the dish made using the Path-Understanding Fruit?"

The old drunkard asked as he laid down his wine gourd, with his eyes widening as he stared at the dish.

Bu Fang nodded and faced everyone, saying, "This dish was made using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and it can definitely help Battle-Saints break through to the rank of War-God."

Tsk tsk tsk!

The moment Bu Fang said that, everyone gasped coldly. Even the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit could not guarantee that Battle-Saints would attain a promotion to the rank of War-God, but Bu Fang actually dared to say that this single dish could help Battle-Saints achieve that breakthrough... To think he had so much confidence.

"Owner Bu must be joking... How is it possible for such an amazing dish to exist?" The old drunkard could not believe it, and the others were also suspicious.

Bu Fang got a chair and sat on it, taking a deep breath. Creating the Dragon Gate Leap had caused him to use a lot of his energy and experience.

"Well, this dish will only be made once, and even if anyone wants it in future, they might not have the opportunity to eat it, therefore this dish is very precious. As for the effectiveness of this dish, you can eat it first, and if it is not a hundred percent effective, you do not have to pay."

Bu Fang's tone was very calm yet confident. But that calmness was filled with confidence in the dish that he had made.

Everyone turned to the Dragon Gate Leap and looked at it seriously, as their attention was pulled toward the dish.

"May I know how much this dish is selling for?" Zhan Kong asked as he frowned.

This was the question that many others were curious about, and they turned to look at Bu Fang for his reply.

Bu Fang touched the corner of his mouth and raised his fair and long fingers, pointing to the menu behind them.

Everyone was stunned and turned toward the back. After taking a careful look, they let out a sound of surprise.

"Five thousand, five hundred and fifty crystals for one dish?!"

"My God, why is this dish so expensive?!"

"Owner Bu, this is simply extortion!"

.....

Everyone was simply uncomfortable with the high price of Dragon Gate Leap. Five thousand, five hundred and fifty crystals. The price of the dish was comparable to the entire wealth of a Battle-Saint.

However, in the eyes of the strong, like Zhan Kong, this dish was not considered expensive and could be said to be cheap instead. If it could really help a Battle-Saint become a War-God, then it was really cheap.

"There is only one of this dish, whether you choose to buy it or not, you only have one chance to do so, this shop will never make this dish again", Bu Fang said.

"Owner Bu, I am buying this dish", Zhan Kong said unhesitatingly. He had promised Wu Yunbai that he would attain a Path-Understanding Fruit, and since he could not attain the fruit, he had to buy this dish.

"I also want to buy this dish", Bian Changkong said.

Both of them had competed non-stop for the Path-Understanding Fruit, and this time they would compete with the price of the fruit.

"Owner Bu... Xiao Meng would also like to buy the dish!" Xiao Meng said excitedly as he looked at the dish with high emotions.

Bu Fang did not reply him.

There was only one portion, and yet so many people wanted it. The outcome of who would get the dish had to be determined by who was willing to pay the highest price.

They discussed their bids.

The old drunkard gulped a mouthful of wine, laughing heartily as he banged his wine gourd on the table, saying "I will buy this dish for ten thousand crystals!"



## Chapter 232: The Downfall of the Ghost Chef

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The old drunkard's bold words left Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong at a loss for words. He had made a show of not lacking money earlier when they were fighting over the Path-Understanding Fruit, and thus they were long prepared for such a possibility.

But now, they were beginning to hesitate, unsure whether or not they should continue bidding. None of them knew whether the Path-Understanding Fruit, when made into a dish, would have the same effects as the Five Stripes Path-understanding Fruit, even though Bu Fang had said multiple times that it would definitely allow a Battle-Saint to break through and reach the echelon of a War-God.

As eighth grade War-Gods themselves, they were the definite authorities on what it took to reach that level, and how difficult it was to do so. To claim a mere dish had a hundred percent chance of achieving a breakthrough sounded very much like pure fantasy.

Ten thousand crystals might seem like a lot for a seventh grade Battle-Saint, but for a eighth grade War-God it was still within reasonable limits. However, they just couldn't believe that a mere dish could have such an effect.

When a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was cut open, it would mean the dispersion of most of the spiritual energy within. What effect could it still have in such a state?

"Are you going to call a price? If not... this dish here will be mine." The old drunkard placed a hand on his wine gourd, which rested on the table. He looked at Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong, knowing full well that they were the only two people who could actually contest him.

Xiao Meng was greatly conflicted. He really did want to buy that dish, for he was well aware of how effective the Owner Bu's dishes

were, but... he didn't have that many crystals to spend—or rather, he didn't dare to spend that much. That was because he did not only have to account for himself, but also for the Xiao family, and the expenses of the daily cultivation of the Xiao family's few hundred guards. All their livelihoods depended on him.

Bu Fang was unconcerned with how much they were bidding. Considering how the system worked, he would only be able to get the fixed sum of 5550 crystals in the end, regardless of how much those people spent.

"The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit is, more or less, a spirit fruit of the eighth level, so it's quite normal for the price of a dish made from it to cost a bit over five thousand," Bu Fang thought. The Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew was made using three types of seventh grade spirit herbs, in a highly complex process, and yet it still sold for merely five hundred crystals a cup.

The system's pricing would usually not be too much higher than the value of the ingredients used, and that was something Bu Fang knew well. Since the recipes supplied by the system were all made with highly valuable ingredients, it was reasonable for them to be sold at high prices.

Bu Fang sat upon the chair, slowly circulating energy through his energy core, dispersing true energy within throughout his body to recover his physical and spiritual condition. He scanned the crowd, and upon seeing that nobody else seemed to be bidding, he narrowed his eyes.

"Well then... Since you're all not going to name a price, looks like he'll be the one taking this Dragon Gate Leap," Bu Fang spoke those words solemnly, slamming his hands together with a loud sound and quirking his lips slightly as he announced who the valuable elixir cuisine was going to.

The old drunkard stroked his shaggy beard and grinned.

Zhan Kong and the others all sighed, feeling some regret.

At the entrance, a hand suddenly slammed onto the doorframe. The muscles of that hand were twisting strangely and tearing apart, with blood dripping from the skin.

The Ghost Chef jerked his head up, and there was madness in his eyes. The agonizing pain all over his body made him well aware that he didn't have much time left. If he did not eat the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, his body would be completely crippled and wasted away as a result of the Essence Meat Broth's side effects.

He had been taking a gamble all along, just so that he could drink the soup at the very last moment. It was his final trump card, and the basis of his confidence in being able to obtain the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit.

But he had been mistaken. The two fellows who had rushed out from the little shop had beaten him within an inch of his life, and within an inch of despair.

Sizzling!

The Ghost Chef's skin began to wither and break apart all over his body as if it was being burnt, and blood was seeping out and making his entire appearance terrifying and hideous.

There was only madness in his eyes as he stared at the Dragon Gate Leap which sat upon that table, emitting hot steam and spiritual energy. He could detect the scent of Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit from within that dish...

He craved for that dish, for it was his final hope.

Bang!

The Ghost Chef Wang Ding made a desperate attempt and flew toward the Dragon Gate Leap at such a speed that he appeared like a black shadow.

Everyone was still too stunned to react, as the Ghost Chef's appearance had thrown them all for a loop, including Bu Fang.

"What the hell is this..." Bu Fang said, shocked by the Ghost Chef's visage, which was as terrible as a demon from hell. The stench coming from the Ghost Chef's body brought a frown onto his face.

The old drunkard narrowed his eyes, displeased that the hell-knows-what thing wanted to lay its filthy fingers on the dish he had just spent ten thousand crystals on. With a glare and a shake of his white beard, he let out an angry roar.

It was the first time the old drunkard had made a move to attack.

The wine gourd was picked up, and it rapidly expanded in size to become as large as a person.

There was no curbing the madness in the Ghost Chef's eyes, as all that remained in his mind was the Dragon Gate Leap. It was the only thing that could save him, to prevent him from becoming completely crippled.

Boom!

The wine gourd came crashing down on the Ghost Chef's body, with a frightening wave of true energy pouring out from within it. The Ghost Chef gave a shrill screech while clawing at the gourd with wild eyes.

"You think a piece of trash like you, who only reached the eighth grade with the help of drugs, is worthy of fighting with me?"

The old drunkard gave a scornful laugh and grinned, as the wine gourd began spinning. He placed a palm upon the gourd and an unstoppable force exploded outwards, blasting the Ghost Chef right out of the shop.

Boom!

The Ghost Chef's body rolled in the air and landed on the ground in the alleyway... right behind the butt of the old drunkard's donkey.

The Ghost Chef's whole body had basically been smashed to bits, and his skin began to flake off.

The donkey smelt a great stench coming from behind it, felt a chill, and was greatly startled. It brayed, then lifted its hind legs to give a great kick which landed squarely on the Ghost Chef's raised head.

That was a donkey capable of flight, and its kick very nearly burst the Ghost Chef's head open like a watermelon.

The Ghost Chef lay collapsed on the side, spasming uncontrollably, and with his entire body spewing blood.

The crowd came out of the little shop and stood by its entrance, frowning at the pitiful appearance of the Ghost Chef.

Xiao Meng heaved a sigh upon seeing the miserable end that the Ghost Chef had come to, yet at the same time he also felt a great weight lifted off his chest. The unforgivable evil known as the Ghost Chef had finally been punished for his many sins.

Zhan Kong looked at the breaking skin all over the Ghost Chef's body and the face behind his silver mask became rather grave.

"This damned thing must've taken some drugs, but their side effects... are rather bone-chilling."

"Don't you two think that the side effects it suffers are very similar to the methods used by that faction?" Bian Changkong drew in a deep breath and asked while his expression darkened.

The old drunkard and Zhan Kong paused for a moment, then their expressions changed.

"You mean the medicine taken by this fellow... rather, this damned thing, has something to do with the Shura Sect, which plagued the northern territories a few thousand years ago?" the old drunkard asked darkly.

Shura Sect was a terrible faction which had lain buried for many

years.

"I've only read about a type of medicine called the Soul Devouring Pill in the records of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. They state that it was able to temporarily activate one's potential and give them a great but temporary boost in their abilities. The side effects, however, were brutal. This damned thing we see now must've used some special methods to consume the Soul Devouring Pill."

Bian Changkong hunched his back and, watching as the Ghost Chef's broken skin began to rot, became increasingly disgusted.

Zhan Kong drew in a deep breath with a grave expression. Then, cupping his hands to the old drunkard and Bian Chankong, he spoke, "If this person is really connected to the Shura Sect, then I must take him away. There is some history between Shura Sect and my White Cloud Villa, of which you two are likely aware."

Bian Chankong and the old drunkard both nodded. While they might not be the most powerful ones among their respective factions, they were well informed. Since they knew Zhan Kong's words to be truth, neither made any protest.

Zhan Kong thanked the two of them, and looked at the Ghost Chef with eyes that were steadily growing colder. With a flash of light, a pitch black chain appeared in his hand.

He bound the Ghost Chef with the chain, which glowed with seal symbols, and locked it such that he could not move an inch... even though the Ghost Chef had already fallen into a daze after being kicked by the donkey.

Bu Fang drew his legs up and leaned back in his chair to get more comfortable.

He eyed the old drunkard, who was still squeezed in the doorway with the others, and said, "So are you eating this dish or not? Don't blame me for not reminding you that if it gets cold... the effects

might just get weaker.

# Chapter 233: A Stirring State of Breakthrough

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"Lass Ni, go ahead and eat this dish. You have been saying everyday that you would attain the rank of War-God, but I have not seen you actually achieve it", the old drunkard said to Ni Yan as he drank from his wine gourd.

Ni Yan was stunned. She did not expect that the old drunkard would buy the dish for her. Bu Fang stood at the side, eyebrows raised, but did not say anything.

"Aren't you going to eat it? If not, I will go ahead and do it", the old drunkard said as he laughed. If the Path-Understanding Fruit had not been used to create the dish, perhaps he would not have given the dish to Ni Yan, as he would have needed the fruit to brew wine.

However, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was used by Bu Fang to create a dish, therefore the opportunity was lost to use it to brew wine. When the old drunkard bought this dish that could induce a state to attain a breakthrough, he was definitely doing so to give it to Ni Yan.

Ni Yan was touched. Although she and the old drunkard would bicker and squabble daily, and that she would sometimes also steal his Dragon's Breath to drink, their relationship was very good.

Ni Yan did not have to spell out anything unnecessary. She turned and said to Bu Fang, "Owner Bu, please bring a cup of the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew for him".

Although the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew was not as expensive as this dish, to the old drunkard, using wine was a better way of expressing one's gratitude.

Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew? The old drunkard was stunned.



Bu Fang glanced at Ni Yan and nodded. He stood up and went into the kitchen.

When Bu Fang came out of the kitchen, he was holding a pale blue jar of the Path-Understanding Brew. The rich fragrance of the wine filled the entire area, causing some to feel a little intoxicated.

"This... this wine fragrance!" The old drunkard just stared as his heart was filled with an inconceivable possibility.

"Lass, you weren't being genuine with me! To think you did not tell me earlier about such good wine!" The old drunkard was obsessed with wine up to the point of craziness. To him, a cup of good wine was more alluring than a beautiful lady.

Ni Yan smiled without saying a word. Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew was a newly introduced wine, and although she had not told the old drunkard, it shouldn't be too late to tell him now.

The old drunkard received the wine that Bu Fang passed over, closed his eyes, and hid in a corner to taste it.

Ni Yan, however, fixed her eyes on Dragon Gate Leap.

The fins of the fat fish gently flapped about on the porcelain plate, as if it had come to life. The mist surrounding it gave off an even more mysterious feeling.

She picked up her chopsticks and sat opposite to Bu Fang. Her alluring appearance when surrounded by the mist looked absolutely stunning.

Bu Fang looked at her through the mist and was shocked by her beauty. This woman really was a little too beautiful.

The smell of Dragon Gate Leap was actually not too strong. When compared to other dishes in Bu Fang's store, it was considered mild. However, the value of this dish surpassed other dishes by far.

The ingredient alone was already worth much more than the

other dishes.

She gently prodded at the fish skin, pulling it apart to reveal a layer of succulent white flesh beneath. A small amount of water vapour could be seen coming out from the fresh and tender meat, and it looked like a bright and transparent jewel.

The piping hot fish gave off that faintly sweet fragrance found only in the freshest of fish meats, and after going through Bu Fang's own proprietary techniques, the usual fishiness associated with such a dish was completely removed. The dish now gave off a slightly fruity and meaty smell, as rich as milk and just as refreshing.

As she grabbed a piece of the meat, the juicy piece trembled a little as it left the body of the fish. Cloud-shaped moires surrounded the piece of fish meat, and it looked gorgeous.

It drew all the attention of the people around. Many a stomach rumbled as they voiced their craving for that tantalizing piece of meat.

The fair-skinned Ni Yan blushed a little due to the heat, making her look even better. She opened her red lips, revealing her pure white teeth, painting a picture that was simply irresistible.

As the meat entered her mouth, she was overwhelmed by the taste of the fish. It was as if the fish meat melted in her mouth and as she swallowed it, she could feel the warmth of the meat in her stomach.

The taste of the fish was retained in her mouth and every breath she took was filled with the wonderful smell of the fish.

"Um... hmm..." Ni Yan moaned tenderly. Her face showed that she was still totally immersed in it. She stuck out that small tongue of hers and gently caressed her rosy red lips, savoring every last bit of fish juice left on them. That sight... was simply gorgeous.

The people around stared in awe. It was impossible to tell if they

were attracted to the delicious cuisine or the alluring beauty.

Bu Fang could not help but to pinch his own nose. This woman... couldn't she be less charming?

"Delicious!" Ni Yan came back to her senses and gasped. She then placed another piece of fish into her mouth, totally enjoying it.

The taste of Steamed Fish came from its delicate flavor. It did not have the same impact as spicy Boiled Fish, neither did it have that strong alcohol taste of a Lees Fish. It relied on that special taste of the fish fats.

This was also one of the reasons why Bu Fang chose to use this fat fish as ingredient. Although the grade of the Illusory Spirit Swamp Fish was not high, it was still a pretty good ingredient.

Snake-man Yu Feng's jaw dropped as he looked at that delicious fish. He ate that fish for many years and could recognize it straight away. But could it really be so delicious?

Uncontrollably, his throat wavered a little.

Once one started eating Bu Fang's cuisine, he would have a hard time stopping, be it the Egg-Fried Rice or the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and even now the Dragon Gate Leap.

Having grabbed a chopstick full of meat, Ni Yan instinctively reached for a second. Except for the time interval where she was immersed within the fish meat taste, her chopstick was practically always reaching out for the fish meat.

Very soon, the fish meat was almost fully eaten and the target of Ni Yan started to change. She started aiming for the Path-Understanding Fruit inside the fish's mouth.

Everyone's eyes glowed up. They knew it was time for the main act. The reason why they looked forward to this dish was because of the Path-Understanding Fruit. The precious part about this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was that it could help a person to achieve a breakthrough.

However, after making it into a dish, no one knew if it would still have that effect.

Kacha!

Ni Yan grabbed a piece of fruit and took a bite. Amazingly, the fruit didn't turn mushy from being cooked but instead retained its crispy texture. The Path-Understanding Fruit had a slight sour and sweet taste, just like a plum, and was oh so mouth-watering.

After swallowing it, Ni Yan went for yet another piece. Her energy core started revolving at a blistering speed. Like a roaring furnace fire, the energies within churned. The true energy in her body operated so fast that her meridians started to feel hot.

She took a breath and finished the last piece of fish meat. At this moment, Ni Yan's face was already red. Biting her lower lips, her eyes looked a little blurry.

She could not hear a word. The Path-Understanding Notes in her ears were like thunder. This sound was like musical notes revolving around her body, forming an image in her mind.

Every tremor she felt signified that she was getting closer to entering the War-God echelon. At the end, she felt that she was just a step away from it.

Bu Fang looked at the overwhelming true energy around Ni Yan and the unique implication to her body, he knew... this woman was experiencing an epiphany. Once she was at that stage, she was very close to achieving a breakthrough.

She was already immersed in epiphany, so how worthless would she have to be to not breakthrough?

Epiphany... it was a state everyone dreamt about yet some would never meet its requirements even with a lifetime of trying.

Xiao Meng looked at Ni Yan with envy as she sat there cross-legged and immersed in an epiphany. He knew that Owner Bu's dish was working effectively, and if possible, he had really wished

that it was him who ate that Dragon Gate Leap.

The others may still doubt Bu Fang, but Xiao Meng was one who deeply understood Bu Fang's store. It had many more dishes which were more effective than elixirs.

Zhan Kong's eyes narrowed and his face revealed a look of astonishment.

How could this chopped Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit still be so effective in helping people achieve a breakthrough? Additionally, it looked as if it was even easier to break through. Could what Owner Bu said be really true, that eating this dish would definitely allow one to breakthrough?

Inconceivable! How did Bu Fang do it? When the spirit fruit was chopped, the spirit energy would be lost. Its essence would be very volatile, with its effectiveness being reduced to less than ten percent. This was what Zhan Kong was worried about.

But after Ni Yan had eaten the dish, it proved to be even more effective than eating the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. This was clearly a slap on his face.

Zhan Kong now knew that he was wrong. This dish's effectiveness was really outstanding. He let out a long sigh, knowing that it was too late to regret now.

"Fine wine!! This is a really exquisite wine! How is it possible that such fine wine exists, it is even better than my Dragon's Breath! Impossible!"

The old drunkard said in a tone that revealed his surprise and discontent, as everyone's attention was drawn toward Ni Yan, who was focused on achieving her breakthrough.

The old drunkard looked at Bu Fang and said, "One more cup!"

A wine that was even tastier than Dragon's Breath... This made the old drunkard excited to the extent that he was shaking.

Bu Fang calmly looked at the excited old drunkard and said, "We will only sell one cup of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew today".

The old drunkard's facial expression stiffened, and he seemed to be eager to argue with Bu Fang.

However, before he could even say anything, Ni Yan, who was immersed in that state, looked up. Her whole body exuded true energy that rippled outwards in waves.

The facial expression of the old drunkard, as well as everyone else's, changed.

A majestic pressure was gushing out of Ni Yan's body, and this pressure was far greater than the one from a Battle-Saint...

"This girl is about to reach the rank of War-God!"

# Chapter 234: Owner Bu, What Happened to Your Stony Demeanor?

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What did a breakthrough to eighth grade War-God look like?

Many folks were extremely curious since this was unknown territories for them.

Zhan Kong, Bian Changkong, as well as other eighth grade War-Gods were certainly not interested. However, Xiao Meng, Wu Yunbai and the other seventh grade Battle-Saints stretched out their necks eagerly to observe, hoping to gain some revelations themselves through carefully studying Ni Yan's breakthrough.

At the end of the day, a breakthrough was a big matter. Though the old drunkard was intoxicated by the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, he wasn't careless enough to forget about the real deal. His figure flickered as he arrived near Ni Yan's side.

"Everyone, a breakthrough is such an important event in life, so even the slightest mistake is intolerable. One blunder and one may risk slipping into mental and spiritual distortion. Everyone should be clear on this. This old man asks to have the little store to ourselves for a while so as to protect this young lady from potential danger." The old drunkard, with his face fully flushed, burped drunkenly and said with a grave tone.

Bu Fang gazed at the old fellow in surprise. So far, he was the first one who hadn't passed out after drinking the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew.

Everyone present was rather reasonable. Although they wanted to know what a breakthrough to eighth grade War-God looked like, they agreed unanimously that distractions were fatal to the moment of breakthrough. It could easily lead to a disaster of a mental and spiritual distortion.

This was the very reason why many warriors sought a quiet place

to break through a rank.

The crowd began to disperse from the store. Their faces were filled with regret and disappointment as they kept on looking back when they stepped out.

"Everyone, please try to understand my difficult situation." The old drunkard remarked as he looked at them.

Bu Fang rubbed his chin, peered at the crowd afar, and opened his mouth: "There is no need to be too disappointed. If anyone can obtain more Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits, you are welcomed to bring them to the store. I can cook Dragon Gate Leap for you, though it would require extra fees."

Everyone's eyes flickered when they heard Bu Fang's words. Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong both looked at Bu Fang with meaningful glances.

This Dragon Gate Leap could guarantee the seventh grade Battle-Saint's breakthrough to eighth grade War-God, and had much stronger effects than consuming the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits just on their own. The owner of this little store deserved more attention in the future.

Plus, the trump cards of this little store were simply too frightening. An invincible Supreme Dog, a powerful puppet, and a chef with amazing skills—any single one of these should be taken seriously.

With the crowd leaving the store, it immediately cleared up the space inside.

The old drunkard, with his hands behind his back, came to Bu Fang's side. He grabbed a chair and sat down.

He peered at Ni Yan, who was fully concentrating on her breakthrough, then cast a glance at Bu Fang. He narrowed his eyes and took in a deep breath.

"Owner Bu, the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew is



undoubtedly a top-notch fine wine. However, my own wine is not bad at all. This is my very own Dragon's Breath. Owner Bu, you can give it a try."

The old drunkard raised his hand majestically and focused his mind. After a flash of light, a small purple gourd appeared in his hands.

Bu Fang was baffled, then uttered with bewilderment: "Dragon's Breath?"

This old fellow turned out to have Dragon's Breath on him? Could it be that this old fellow was the same elder who brewed the Dragon's Breath, as mentioned by Ni Yan earlier?

Bu Fang was immediately hooked as he gazed the purple gourd all intrigued. The gourd was not big in size and was glazed with a radiating gleam. With just one look, one could easily tell this was nothing ordinary.

"Yes, this is the Dragon's Breath that I created painstakingly all by myself." The old drunkard laughed as he waved his hand casually, summoning the purple gourd to fly toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang easily caught the gourd of wine, but then the expression on his face changed. He had to apply some force with his arms to hold it steady.

This delicate gourd appeared light and insubstantial, but turned out to be rather heavy.

Just as he unplugged the purple gourd, a dense aroma of wine wafted out, much like a small serpent twisting around before Bu Fang's nose.

Sensing the rich aroma of wine, he couldn't help but lick his lips.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth curled with great interest. He raised the gourd toward the old drunkard as a friendly gesture, and then poured the wine into his mouth in a rush.

Gulp gulp!

The wine nectar flooded out of the gourd and filled his mouth. The strong, piquant sensation immediately turned Bu Fang's face red.

One sip down his stomach and he felt like he had burst into flames. Bu Fang felt as if his throat was badly burned by boiling water, opening up every single pore on his body.

As one exhaled, one could practically spew out flames. This prickling, burning sensation could not be easily forgotten.

"Dragon's Breath. One sip and one could practically breathe fire. This strong wine is the finest and most exquisite wine I have ever come across!" A flushed Bu Fang stuck out his tongue as he praised.

After the scorching sensation in his stomach had ebbed, it was as if the spring winds brought everything back to life again. It birthed a faint sweet tint, one that was infinitely intoxicating.

After the numbing sensation on his tongue had faded, Bu Fang couldn't help but lick his lips. He was not yet ready to part with the aftertaste of this wine. The Dragon's Breath was extremely impressive, and it evoked Bu Fang's memory of drinking an exceptionally strong alcohol, the Er-Guo-Tou, in his last lifetime. Only its taste was much more subtle and indescribable than the Er-Guo-Tou.

"Hahaha! This Dragon's Breath is a product of many years of observing other fine wine. What a pity...it is still miles away from Owner Bu's Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew." The old drunkard rubbed the purple gourd as a trace of pride smeared across his face. However, one look at Bu Fang, and that confidence was washed away.

He had been developing this wine for so many years, yet Owner Bu had created a wine as spectacular as Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, and at such a young age... he felt like he was

utterly defeated.

Bu Fang curled his lips as the alcohol rushed to his head. He exhaled a drunken breath, stood up and walked to the kitchen, then came back with a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine. He placed down two more ceramic cups, one before the old drunkard and one before himself. Then, he filled both cups with wine and remarked: "Even though this wine here cannot compare with Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew or Dragon's Breath, it is still of good quality. Having tasted your Dragon's Breath today, I suddenly felt like a thousand cups are not too many when you drink with a soulmate. Come on, cheers."

Huh? Cheers?

The old drunkard subconsciously mimicked Bu Fang's movement and clinked glasses with him. Then, Bu Fang tossed up his head and drained the cup. He exhaled a breath with the utmost satisfaction.

His eyes also sparkled as he drained down the wine just like Bu Fang. In that instant, he couldn't help but burst into laughter.

A thousand cups were not too many when you drink with a soulmate, excellent!

This elder and young lad, drinking one toast after another, somehow befriended each other.

On the other hand, Ni Yan's breakthrough was reaching a critical point. True energy surged through her body and burst out, enveloping her entire figure.

Creak...

It was as if Ni Yan pushed open a great old gate. Her entire body was engulfed in the energy that could enable her to metamorphosize. Her eyes firmly shut as she sensed the gush of energy alongside her quick pulse.

In her energy core, a valiant and heroic armor, around which

mystifying moires were floating, was coming into shape. It beamed radiantly.

On the armor were faint stripes of cloud-shaped moires, both mystifying and beautiful.

Bang!!

Finally, Ni Yan opened her eyes. The spirit energy funnel hovering over her head began to fade away and finally dissipated.

Her breakthrough was completed in this state of tranquility.

Ni Yan's eyes flickered faintly. Her soft mouth slightly opened, letting out a tainted breath that contained all the impurities in her body.

Clang!

The sound of porcelain cups clinking echoed in the air. Ni Yan, who had just finished her breakthrough, raised her head to seek the source of the sound. Absolutely dumbstruck, she witnessed an eye-blinding sight, causing her pupils to shrink.

What she saw was a flush-faced old man wrapping his arms around the neck of a young fellow, with his head pressed against the young lad's face, as he laughed hysterically.

They clinked the glasses in their hands and then tossed up their heads to drain the cups.

"Say, Owner Bu, this old fellow is enraged! I loathe myself for not meeting you earlier. A thousand cups are not too many when you drink with a soulmate. But for us, even ten thousand cups won't ever be enough. Come on, cheers!"

Bu Fang's complexion remained unperturbed, but the corners of his mouths twisted upward. The redness on his face betrayed what he had on his mind.

Ni Yan was completely shocked. Was... Owner Bu smiling?

What the hell!

This was her first time seeing a smile on Owner Bu's face, yet it was freaking directed to another man... Owner Bu, the stony, elegant demeanor you've upheld in my heart had just instantly collapsed!

How could you have so much fun chatting with this old drunkard? Just how bored are you?

"Hey, lassie Ni, you've completed your breakthrough? Come here, let me introduce Owner Bu to you. From this day on he is like a brother to me! When you see Owner Bu in the future, bleugh, don't forget to call him Uncle Bu!" The old drunkard's face flushed red as he informed Ni Yan delightfully.

Bu Fang peeked at Ni Yan and curled the corner of his mouth. His face was also crimson red.

Ni Yan stared at these two fellows blankly. Uncle Bu... what the hell? You old drunkard, your task is to safeguard me, yet you freaking end up getting me a new uncle?

# Chapter 235: The Gourmet Map of Another World

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In the main halls of the Imperial Palace, Ji Chengxue was dressed in golden imperial robes. With hands held behind his back, he paced around the main halls, with his chest puffed and his face clouded by anxiety.

He slowed his steps once in a while, then lifted his head to peer into the distance. His brows were tightly knitted. It was hard to tell what he had on his mind.

Suddenly, the sharp voice of a young eunuch resounded from outside of the main halls.

"Your Majesty, General Xiao Meng seeks your audience."

This shrill voice reverberated within the main halls. A trace of joy suddenly smeared across Ji Chengxue's face, and he quickly responded: "Please let him in."

Xiao Meng was dressed in full body armor. He stepped in from outside of the main halls with a helpless expression and a bitter smile.

Seeing Ji Chengxue taking big strides to receive him, he quickly erased the bitterness from his face, and bowed deferentially to the sovereign. Though Ji Chengxue was many years his junior, he felt it important to uphold the ceremonial protocol. After all, Ji Chengxue had assumed the throne and was his emperor.

"General Xiao, with regards to the little store... has everything been adequately resolved?" Ji Chengxue asked in agitation.

This was a matter that demanded his attention, especially since it had occurred within the Imperial City and now even involved eighth grade War-Gods. God forbid any of these warriors from becoming infuriated by a defeat in vying for the treasure, then vent off anger by stirring up a mess in the Imperial City. That

would truly bring about a disastrous chaos.

"Rest assured, Your Majesty. Owner Bu has the store's affairs under control. Both his solid background and trump card have been simply beyond my expectations." Xiao Meng drew in a deep breath and explained.

When it came to what Bu Fang had up his sleeves, he still couldn't help but shudder inside. That metallic lump puppet which could only break even with him back then now had the capability of seriously wounding an eighth grade War-God with a slice of the blade... that was plainly frightening.

As for that dog... the fat one lying sluggishly by the door all day long, this was the first time Xiao Meng witnessed this dog making a move. His maneuvers were shockingly menacing, nearly invincible.

He had always wondered whether this dog was a supreme dog. Today, his speculations were finally corroborated. This big black dog was indeed a formidable, majestic supreme beast!

Ji Chengxue's eyes instantly lit up. He was confined within the palace and had no idea what happened in the small alleyway. At this point he was finally able to gather some intelligence from Xiao Meng.

Xiao Meng laughed slightly bitterly and recounted to Ji Chengxue every little detail of the occurrences in the alleyway.

Within the main halls, Ji Chengxue listened to Xiao Meng's description with gaping eyes and a dropped jaw, once in a while drawing in a chilled breath.

...

Strong warriors left the Imperial City one after another. The capital, at one point flooded with War-Gods, had finally restored its peace and tranquility.

Wu Yunbai and Master Ah Wu were taken away by Zhan Kong.

Before their departure, Wu Yunbai found serpent-man Ah Ni and reminded him of the promise he made her.

Serpent-man Ah Ni and serpent-man Yu Fu, alongside his daughter, planned to officially bid farewell to Bu Fang before leaving. Because of that, they decided to stay in the Imperial City for a few more days.

Zhao Musheng was badly injured by Zhan Kong's smack and had already fled the Imperial City. His whereabouts nowadays was a mystery. Not getting to participate in the dreadful confrontations within the small alleyway turned out to be a blessing in disguise. If Zhao Musheng was present at the battle of the alleyway, he may have found himself seriously wounded, if not reduced all together to a pond of blood.

After having achieved her breakthrough, Ni Yan dragged the tipsy old drunkard out of Bu Fang's store. Her absolute repugnance at both of them caused even Bu Fang to feel dumbstruck.

The battle at the alleyway of the Imperial City ended in a silent denouement. That clash of forces was incredibly horrendous. Just how many warriors had fallen before the doors of the store? Even the pavement of the small alleyway was stripped an even layer as a consequence of the fierce duels. Now that was simply appalling.

The brothers of the thirteen bandits were lucky survivors of that battle. If they hadn't scurried off fast enough, they would have also been rendered mists of blood by the terrifying black dog's aura.

These thirteen fellows were so traumatized they took flight overnight and returned to their hometown, the Mozhou province.

"The water is too deep in the cities, we'd be better off retreating to the countryside..." these words probably ran through their minds at that moment in time.

The night had fallen. A light breeze brushed by, adding to the chill in the air.



Two crescent moons hang from the sky, radiating magnificently to flaunt their splendiddness.

Surrounding the two full moons was a thick spread of stars twinkling, evoking the image of a vast, boundless sea. Such endless horizons filled one with infinite wonders.

The Imperial City, Fang Fang's Little Store.

Bu Fang shook his head, clearing up the dizziness that had rushed to his head, before pulling together the shutters and closing business for the day.

He directly retired to his room instead of setting foot in the kitchen first. After a hot shower, he had washed off the strong scent of alcohol from his body, and then stepped out of the steaming bathroom with squinted eyes.

Bu Fang draped a robe over his body, with his chest left bare, and walked out of the bathroom. He inhaled deeply and tossed his headful of damp hair, instantly sending splashes of water flying everywhere.

He felt much more clear-headed after the shower. He sat by the window and patted his slightly numb face. As a light breeze brushed past, his moist strands of hair became somewhat chilled as they slapped across his face.

Accompanied by the slightly cool night winds, Bu Fang's eyes became hazy as his mind focused. The solemn voice of the system began ringing within his head.

"Host, the system's reward has been issued, please observe."

The system's temporary tasks were always eccentric and unanticipated, such as using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits to create a dish this time. It was undoubtedly challenging given Bu Fang's current cooking abilities, and in completing the task his cooking improved a great deal. Every temporary task had proved beneficial to advancing Bu Fang's cooking skills.

Alas, the objective of the system was assisting Bu Fang to stand at the top of the food chain and become the God of Cooking in the Fantasy World.

To become a figure standing at the top of the hierarchical ladder, Bu Fang had to undergo numerous trainings. The system provided Bu Fang with a chance to cultivate different skill sets with each task. As Bu Fang's own rank advanced, the difficulty of these temporary tasks would also increase.

Bu Fang smiled knowingly and continued to keep his mind focused.

Host: Bu Fang

Gender: Male

Age: 21

True Energy Cultivation Level: Sixth Grade (Achieved the state of true energy materialization. As a man committed to becoming the God of Cooking in the Fantasy World, the host will face a difficult road ahead, filled with difficult challenges. Work hard, young man!)

Cooking Talent: Two Stars

Skills: Level Two Meteor Knife Technique (60/100), Level Two Big Dipper Carving Technique (0/100)

Instrument: Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking Set)

God of Cooking Cumulative Rating: Primary Level Chef (Cooking abilities have finally begun to shine. Talent has also been stimulated. Gaining mastery of Cutting and Carving Techniques. The path to becoming the God of Cooking has opened for you.)

System Level: Six Stars (Conversion ratio is at ninety percent. Host is allowed to capture ingredients. Host is allowed to take in cooking apprentices.)

System reward: recipe for Dragon Liver Popsicle and a fragment of the God of Cooking Set (2/3)

(System's reminder: The Gourmet Map of Another World has been activated. The host must visit a location on the map every week, study the local gourmet dishes of another world, and further complete the system's temporary tasks. Please expose yourself to the various local customs and practices, grasp the diverse types of gourmet delicacies, and fully experience the culture of fine foods. The doors to becoming the God of Cooking at top of the food chain have opened for you.)

Bu Fang snapped back into reality and instantly wrinkled his eyebrows. Having advanced to sixth level Battle-Emperor, Bu Fang's abilities were truly enhanced. Yet, at the same time, it seemed like the system's demands were also increasing.

"The Gourmet Map of Another World? What is that?" Bu Fang asked in puzzlement.

"The Gourmet Map of Another World is a map the system has created specially for the host outlining the various gourmet delicacies across the realm. On it are also details of the various local customs and practices as well as descriptions of diverse culture of fine foods," the system replied solemnly.

Bu Fang was taken back. A gourmet map. But given the system's account, it sounded like he would need to travel across the entire Hidden Dragon Continent?

"As of now, the host's cultivation level only enables access to the map of the Light Wind Empire. As for that of the larger southern lands, the host must reach another breakthrough to retrieve." The system clarified.

Bu Fang nodded his head. His cultivation level had only reached sixth grade Battle-Emperor. If he were to encounter a fierce warrior, such as an eighth grade War-God, he would have a slim chance at defending himself.

"Alright, system, what did you mean by allowed to take cooking apprentices?" Bu Fang wrinkled his brows again and asked perplexedly.

"After activating the Gourmet Map of Another World, the host will be absent from the Light Wind Empire intermittently for short periods of time. The store will need helpers in the kitchen, and so the host will need to take on cooking apprentices. The host must teach him or her a signature dish of the store within a set amount of time."

Bu Fang tugged the corners of his lips. What the hell, "What is the set amount of time?"

"To be determined by the system's evaluation of the apprentice's talent," the system responded solemnly.

Bu Fang suddenly felt pain shooting up his ass. Take on apprentices... only the system could come up with something like that. But then again, it had its upsides. If he were to take a leave of absence from the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire, the store didn't have to shut down business. The crystals earned from opening business directly affected his cultivation level, and in this sense it was convenient to have an apprentice.

However, the apprentice selection would be the next big problem.

"Temporary Task: The host must find two cooking apprentices and teach them the signature dishes of the store: Egg-Fried Rice, Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and Red Braised Meat. Task Reward: Recipe Journal."

Bu Fang wore a deadpan face. As expected... the system issued yet another temporary task. Couldn't one even catch a breath around here?

# Chapter 236: You Are Outstanding, but You Are Too Young

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Early morning next day, the sun shone beautifully.

Bu Fang got up, washed up, and stepped into the kitchen to begin his daily carving and cutting training. Both his cutting and carving techniques have reached second level capability and he had got quite proficient at this point.

He was able to twirl the knife in hands, and with a dazzling swirl of the blade, chop up ingredients at the speed of light. However, Bu Fang wasn't on top of his game today, his tightly knitted brows indicated that his mind was preoccupied with something else.

After practicing his cutting and carving techniques, Bu Fang began cooking Blacky's favorite dish, Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

Not after long, an intoxicating aroma of the sweet 'n' sour sauce drifted alongside the meaty fragrance, and dissipated from the kitchen into the entire store.

Bu Fang carried the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, opened the shutters to the store, and placed the blue and white ceramic bowl before a snoring Blacky. The doggy nose of this fat dog suddenly twitched. It opened its eyes, stared excitedly at the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and couldn't help but stick out its tongue.

Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, the Lord Dog's favorite.

Watching the tail-wagging Blacky wolf down the contents of the blue and white ceramic bowl, Bu Fang curled his lips. It was hard to imagine how this gluttonous fat dog was a horrific Supreme Beast that scared the wits out of an entire crowd yesterday.

After rubbing Blacky's smooth and immaculate fur, Bu Fang returned to the store. He pulled out a chair, placed it by the entrance, and lay down comfortably. With squinting eyes, he peered toward the sky out of the window.

The small alleyway was already filled with workers Ji Chengxue had sent down to repair the broken walls. The pavement of the alleyway was shattered into pieces, and the walls were also badly tattered.

There weren't too many of these workers, but they speedily fixed up the alleyway.

Fatty Jin and his heavyset troops flooded in with great vigor. They stayed away for the past few days, since Bu Fang's store was too unsafe given the encirclement of strong warriors. It forced Fatty Jin to hold his breath and walk with heavy steps whenever he passed by.

Having heard that the entire affair was officially over, he immediately gathered his friends to head for the store. They were prepared to satisfy their great longing for fine food.

"Morning Owner Bu, long time no see." Fatty Jin greeted Bu Fang warmly. With his eyes squinted, only a thin slit was left.

Bu Fang's body, still resting on the chair, suddenly stirred. He blinked his eyes as he stared at Fatty Jin. He studied him from top to bottom. Such a scrutinizing glance threw Fatty Jin off.

What was up with Owner Bu? Was there something irritating in his eyes? Fatty Jin's face presented an utter bewilderment. Why was Owner Bu behaving in such an odd way.

Bu Fang gaped at Fatty Jin and couldn't help thinking about the system's temporary task.

As for recruiting apprentices, he wondered whether this Fatty Jin might be qualified.

Given Fatty Jin's heavyset physique, he may certainly have great potentials. As a foodie, he might also be interested in cooking? Bu Fang thought to himself, and suddenly an obscure look flashed across his face.

The muscles on Fatty Jin's face trembled. Damn... Owner Bu's

expression was terrifying. What the hell did he want? Why was he staring at this young master with such flirtatious eyes?

"What would you like to eat?" Bu Fang dropped his probing glance, stood up from the chair, and asked calmly.

Fatty Jin finally exhaled with relief. Now this was the Owner Bu he was accustomed to. Whatever happened before must be his hallucination.

Bu Fang took down Fatty Jin and his crew's orders, then turned around to head into the kitchen. As he started cooking, rich aroma quickly drifted out of the kitchen and lingered around the noses of his customers. It was absolutely intoxicating.

Bu Fang carried the dishes out of the kitchen and placed the Red Braised Meat that Fatty Jin had ordered in front of him. Then, he pulled over a chair and sat directly across from Fatty Jin.

Fatty Jin was just about to dig in but suddenly froze as he peered at Bu Fang, utterly confused.

"Owner... Owner Bu, do you want something from me?" Fatty Jin asked with a soft voice.

Bu Fang curled his lips and retained his composure as he gazed at Fatty Jin and asked, "Old Jin, how is the taste of this Red Braised Meat?"

"Excellent! Anything made by Owner Bu's hands is beyond delicious!" Fatty Jin smacked his lips and extended a thumbs up as he praised profusely.

Bu Fang's eyes instantly sparkled: "Say, would you like to eat this Red Braised Meat every day?"

Fatty Jin's eyes widened as they stared at Owner Bu excitedly, "What exactly does that mean?"

"Learn cooking from me, then you get to eat this Red Braised Meat every day," Bu Fang replied seriously.

After hearing Bu Fang's words, the thrill on Fatty's Jin face instantly froze, gradually faded, and was then replaced by a helpless look.

"Owner Bu, this can't do. I am a rough fellow. Cooking requires delicate work and attention to details, not something I can accomplish. It'll suffice for me to come in every day and enjoy the dish at ease."

Bu Fang was taken back. He didn't expect Fatty Jin to turn him down so quickly.

Didn't he like eating the Red Braised Meat? Then why not become a chef?

Just as Bu Fang was caught off guard, Ouyang Xiaoyi merrily skipped into the store. She put away the things in her hands and began preparing for today's work. It was all a familiar routine to her now.

Since Fatty Jin wasn't interested in learning how to cook... Bu Fang began diverting his attention elsewhere. His gaze landed on Ouyang Xiaoyi, who had just arrived at the store.

This lassie also had great potential, since she has basically been exposed to the wonderful atmosphere of the store on a daily basis...

"Xiaoyi, come here."

Bu Fang waved his hand at Ouyang Xiaoyi, who lifted up her head, glanced at Bu Fang with confusion, and walked toward him.

"Smelly boss, what do you want from me?" Ouyang Xiaoyi asked.

"Young lassie, would you like to drink Fish Head Tofu Soup every day?" Bu Fang asked with a solemn voice and a grave face.

Hearing Fish Head Tofu Soup, Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes twinkled. She couldn't help but smack her lips. The delicious fish soup... was her absolute favorite.

"Of course!"



"Then, learn cooking from me, afterwards, you can drink Fish Head Tofu Soup every day," Bu Fang responded seriously.

"Learn cooking?" Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes lit up even more. Owner Bu wanted to teach her cooking? This... was simply unbelievable.

"Yes, are you in or not?" Bu Fang asked coolly.

"Yes of course, why not?" Ouyang Xiaoyi squinted her eyes and stuck out her tongue. As a little foodie, she considered it a huge satisfaction to make gourmet delicacies with her own hand.

"Friendly notification: The system has evaluated Ouyang Xiaoyi's talent. For the host to teach Ouyang Xiaoyi Egg-Fried Rice, it will require a month's time."

The system's solemn voice rang in Bu Fang's head and offered him the alert.

Swoosh... it felt like an invisible arrow shot through Bu Fang's heart. A month... learning Egg-Fried Rice would require an entire month, and under the conditions that he was teaching her himself. How bad exactly was the cooking talent of this young lady?

Looks like this lassie was not fit to becoming a chef's apprentice... If he really selected her, he would end up exhausted.

"Um... lassie, I gave it a second thought. You are still too young right now and not yet suitable to become a chef. Why don't you continue along the path of a pretty little foodie." Bu Fang coughed lightly and blinked his eyes as he told Ouyang Xiaoyi.

"Smelly boss! Are you messing with me?!" Ouyang Xiaoyi was furious. What was the meaning of this smelly boss? Did he look down on this young lady?

Bu Fang stood up, his lips slightly curled, and patted Ouyang Xiaoyi's head, before explaining: "No, you are outstanding, but you are too young."

"I don't care, you said you would teach me..." Ouyang Xiaoyi

pouted her lips angrily. She had high hopes for her cooking down the road and planned on making the Fish Head Tofu Soup herself. For all she cares, she could make two bowls, drink one, and throw the other one away. Since she made it herself, she had all the rights in the world to be unrestrained.

"Um... how about this, why don't you make a portion of Egg-Fried Rice when you go home, then bring it back tomorrow for my examination. If you pass my inspection, I'll take you in as a chef's apprentice, and teach you how to cook."

Ouyang Xiaoyi pinched Ouyang Xiaoyi's nose, causing the latter to humph with discontent.

"Remember what you just said! Don't go back on your promises!" Ouyang Xiaoyi remarked with exhilaration.

"Yes, I'll live up to my words," Bu Fang replied calmly.

He remained unperturbed. Given the system's evaluation of Ouyang Xiaoyi's talent, it would simply be preposterous... for her to present an edible Egg-Fried Rice. With that, his heart was at ease.

A great number of customers began filling the store, so Bu Fang had to return to his kitchen.

The excited Ouyang Xiaoyi could barely contain herself. How she wished badly to go home right now and whip up an Egg-Fried Rice that would shut this smelly boss' mouth and conquer his taste buds.

Bu Fang, on the other end, continued to beat his brains out... Who should he choose as an apprentice?

# Chapter 237: Ouyang Xiaoyi's Egg-Fried Rice

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The winter had gradually passed, leaving behind a spring breeze to embrace the Imperial City.

Spring rain splashed down ceaselessly, like thin strokes of hair fluttering between heaven and earth, reinvigorating the soils that had hibernated throughout the snow season.

In the small alleyway, both father and daughter serpent-man, alongside Ah Ni wagging his serpent tail, headed toward Bu Fang's store amidst the delightful spring rain. They were instantly hit with the rich aroma of food once stepping into the store, leaving them intoxicated.

Bu Fang's store was always filled with such irresistible fragrance and Owner Bu's dishes were so exquisite that they captivated their consumers.

However, the object of their visit today was to bid farewell to Bu Fang. Yu Feng originally had plans to become the guardian of the store, but after having experienced the horrifying events of yesterday, he quickly grasped just how ludicrous was this notion.

Bu Fang didn't need his protection at all. Or, in other words, what he could offer as defense couldn't possibly reach Bu Fang's level.

No matter that mysterious metallic lump of a puppet, or the black Supreme Dog scaring people out of their wits, none could serpent-man Yu Feng consider a possible match.

Therefore, simply put, his proposal of guardianship was delusional and impractical.

Since the store didn't need his protection, they had no reasons to stay any longer in the Imperial City. The Imperial City was foreign lands to them, and what they longed was to return home to the

## Serpent-Men Tribes.

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen and instantly caught sight of the three serpent-men standing in his store. The father and daughter, as well as Ah Ni, expressed their sincere gratitude toward Bu Fang. If it weren't for Bu Fang this time, the serpent-man Yu Feng would probably never wake up.

Yet Bu Fang merely waved his hand. Rescuing the serpent-man Yu Feng was something Bu Fang had promised the Great Elder. A deal was a deal, so he didn't think too much about it.

He squinted his eyes and scanned the three serpent-men. Bu Fang directly skipped past the blockhead serpent Ah Ni, who had well developed limbs, albeit three instead of four, but the head of a moron. His gaze rested on the father and daughter combination, more precisely, serpent-woman Yu Fu.

Bu Fang's scrutiny made all three serpent-men feel restless. Yu Fu, in particular, sank into deep puzzlement. She had no idea why Bu Fang was looking at her this way.

"Owner Bu, is there something stuck to my body?" Yu Fu peered down at herself in bewilderment. Everything seemed normal enough.

Bu Fang twitched his mouth and met Yu Fu's glance with his eyes.

"System, how is the cooking talent of this serpent-woman?" Bu Fang asked the system in his mind.

The system remained silent for a while, and then responded: "Given the system's evaluation, serpent-woman Yu Fu's cooking talent is up to standard. Teaching her Egg-Fried Rice will require the host one and a half days."

One and a half days! Bu Fang's eyes lit up. It seemed like this serpent-woman Yu Fu was rather qualified. She could definitely live up to the role of the store's apprentice.

"Ahem... Yu Fu, I'm wondering if you are interested in learning cooking at all?" Bu Fang asked.

Once Bu Fang uttered these words, all these serpent-men were dumbstruck. What did Owner Bu mean by this?

Bu Fang didn't want to give any further explanations and simply looked at the three in a calm manner. Of course, his gaze mainly focused on Yu Fu.

Yu Fu suddenly became agitated, and her beautiful face turned rather red. She felt very much uneasy under Bu Fang's fixated scrutiny.

"I... could I do that?" Yu Fu felt all jumpy and jittery inside.

Reminded of the gourmet delicacies in Bu Fang's store, each so exquisite in taste and enchanting in smell, the serpent-woman Yu Fu couldn't help but pucker her ruby red lips.

"Um, yes you can. But to become my chef's apprentice you'll need to pass a test. Tomorrow noon, make a portion of Egg-Fried Rice and bring it to me for taste testing. If it reaches the standards in my heart, I will teach you cooking and allow you to become the store's apprentice," Bu Fang replied solemnly.

Yu Fu sensed Bu Fang's seriousness. Her petite face instantly froze, then she shook her serpent tail and gravely nodded her head.

Ah Ni widened his eyes. What was going on, did Yu Fu just become the chef's apprentice of this store? Did this mean that in the future Yu Fu would be able to cook gourmet delicacies as delicious as those offered by the store?

Just thinking about this caused Ah Ni to drool.

"Owner Bu, how about me? Can I learn cooking from you?" Ah Ni patted his muscular chest and shouted.

Bu Fang flicked a glance at him as the system's voice rang in his mind. Ah Ni's talent couldn't even compare with Ouyang Xiaoyi's...

this big bloke should stick with eating gourmet delicacies.

Yu Feng never thought Yu Fu could encounter such good fortunes. He ran this through his mind quickly. There was a Supreme Beast and a mysterious puppet in the store, therefore her safety was definitely guaranteed. Once back to the Serpent-Men Tribes, he had plans to start avenging himself. By then, the Serpent-Men Tribes would fall into chaos, and leaving Yu Fu here instead could serve as a kind of protection for her.

Yu Feng squinted his eyes, but he already had a clear answer in his heart.

The serpent-men left and returned to their inn.

"Father, should I stay?" Yu Feng widened her eyes and looked toward Yu Feng. She understood clearly that if she stayed, she would have to part ways with Yu Feng and Ah Ni.

There weren't too many strong warriors in the Serpent-Men Tribes, and so Yu Feng and Ah Ni couldn't be absent for too long.

"My child, this are your good fortunes. Owner Bu is no ordinary person. To learn cooking from him is truly a blessing for you." Yu Feng smiled and patted Yu Feng's head.

"Yeah, Yu Fu, if it weren't for Owner Bu giving me the cold shoulders, I would follow him till the end of the world. With Owner Bu... there'll always be meat to feast on!" Ah Ni scratched the back of his head and chuckled.

Yu Fu suddenly didn't know whether to cry or laugh.

Yu Feng became more serious as he glanced at Yu Fu and said: "So, my lassie, you should diligently learn cooking from Owner Bu. Perhaps you may become the first grand chef of the serpent-people."

Having gained father's encouragement, Yu Fu instantly nodded her head with a serious expression across her face.

Therefore, under Yu Feng's supervision, they borrowed the kitchen from the inn owner and got ready to make Egg-Fried Rice. Since this was to be tested by Owner Bu, Yu Fu took this task very seriously.

In terms of other selections for the apprentice, Bu Fang had more names in his mind. This included Juan'Er, who loved making egg tarts, Ni Yan, who often made dishes for his evaluation, the gentle and refined Xiao Yanyu, as well as the foodie Xiao Xiaolong. These were all possible choices.

It was a pity that business was about to close for the day, yet none of them had visited the store today.

After bidding farewell to Bu Fang, the loli Ouyang Xiaoyi dashed out of the store like the wind. She blew past the alleyway and rushed toward the Ouyang Quarters.

She couldn't wait to cook up a delicious plate of Egg-Fried Rice and prove Owner Bu wrong.

Bu Fang watched as Ouyang Xiaoyi left in a hurry, and curled his lips with a knowing look. He closed the shutters of the store, returned to his kitchen, and took out some ingredients. It was time to start practicing his cooking.

...

Ouyang Quarters.

Tonight, the Ouyang family shall not sleep.

Outside of the kitchen, everyone from the Ouyang family paced around in anxiety. Grandpa Ouyang brushed his long white beard, with his eyes peering at the well-lit kitchen from time to time. He sighed, shook his head, and continued with his heavy treads.

Great General Ouyang Zongheng also emitted a long breath, imitating Grandpa Ouyang's sigh as he paced on.

The Three Ouyang Barbarians stood by like frozen sculptures as

they stared straight into the kitchen.

"My lord, do you think Xiaoyi will succeed?" Ouyang Xiaoyi's mother asked Ouyang Zongheng as she clutched her handkerchief and peered into the busy shadow within the kitchen worriedly.

"This is Xiaoyi's first time at cooking. But that lassie has inherited this general's cooking talent. She will definitely make an Egg-Fried Rice so incredible that it will startle the universe and move the gods!" Ouyang Zongheng consoled Xiaoyi's mother, and then patted his own chest confidently.

Grandpa Ouyang flicked him a glance and laughed coldly: "What do you mean by inherited your cooking talent. She clearly got it from this old man. I remember the days this old man accompanied Emperor Changfeng on an expedition to the Yellow Celestial Sect. In that battle, we ended up short of food. His Majesty was left empty-stomached all day, causing this old man to worry about his Majesty's health. And so I went into dangerous territories with a spear to butcher a fifth grade spirit beast. I cooked that spirit beast on the spot, that taste... tsk tsk, I still feel intoxicated just thinking about it.

"Not that I talk big, but that grilled meat was simply delicious. It is only... ahem still inches away...from Owner Bu's Red Braised Meat." Grandpa Ouyang sank into contemplation.

The old man rubbed his beard as he recounted. When he got to the best parts of the story, he even waved his hand around in excitement.

Suddenly, a tremendous boom caused everyone standing outside of the kitchen to jump up in surprise.

The lights within the kitchen flickered, after which an odd fragrance drifted outwards.

All members of the Ouyang family felt their eyes darken.

Creak.



The doors to the kitchen finally opened. Ouyang Xiaoyi's pale face was covered with streaks of black marks. She scuttled out of the kitchen like a tiny black cat, carrying a ceramic bowl in her hands and a face full of excitement.

"Grandpa, father, mother... come give it a taste. This is my first time making Egg-Fried Rice!"

# Chapter 238: That Bowl of Egg-Fried Charcoal

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A weird odor drifted out of the kitchen, smelling like something half-burnt and faintly bitter. It was a scent that put a frown on everyone's face.

"Ah, my lassie, why are you in such a sorry state?" Grandpa Ouyang felt his heart ache when he saw Ouyang Xiaoyi charging out of the kitchen covered in ashes.

But Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes were sparkling. They shone brightly as excitement flickered across her eyes.

She wiped off the ashen marks from her face, chuckled, and then raised the porcelain plate in her hands up to Grandpa Ouyang's nose. "Grandpa, come here and have a taste. This is my first time cooking Egg-Fried Rice!" She said excitedly.

"Ah, sure thing, let your grandpa give it a try." Grandpa Ouyang patted Ouyang Xiaoyi's head fondly with loving eyes. He took over the porcelain spoon handed to him by a nearby maid and glanced at the porcelain plate that Ouyang Xiaoyi shoved before his eyes with hesitation.

"This..."

On the porcelain plate sat a lump of steaming... um, oddly colored... rice. The grains of rice gave off a blackish hue, and somewhere amidst that were also traces of red. A huge slab of over-cooked egg was mixed within the rice, coming off as rather eye-catching.

What was this? Grandpa Ouyang was baffled. The hand holding his porcelain spoon quivered slightly.

"A typical Egg-Fried Rice demands that every grain of rice comes with a certain amount of egg. You have chosen a convenient path here, an entire slab of egg with a huge lump of rice. More

importantly...why was the color of this rice so peculiar?"

Gulp.

Grandpa's long beard shook a little as he swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

"Grandpa... have a taste! Go on!" Ouyang Xiaoyi was somehow very much confident in herself as she egged him on.

"Of course. Since this is the first time my little lassie has cooked a dish, then... grandpa shall have a bite. Just one though." Grandpa Ouyang's heart even trembled as he dug up a spoonful of rice. With a stealthy shake of the hand, nearly a third of the content fell out of the spoon. That move, alas, went unnoticed.

He brought the spoon before his nose and gave it a sniff. In that very instant, a burnt, pungent smell gushed forward. Grandpa Ouyang's lips trembled, he felt a dreadful sensation inside. "Lassie...Grandpa is really going to eat it now." Grandpa Ouyang flared his nostril and announced.

"Grandpa! I'm waiting to win Owner Bu over with this Egg-Fried Rice!" Ouyang Xiaoyi wiped her face again and declared with the utmost confidence.

Grandpa Ouyang could only force a smile. Win him over? Murdering Owner Bu was more like it...

How satirical would it be if Owner Bu, having survived an eighth grade War-God, ended up poisoned to death by her bowl of Egg-Fried Rice.

"Eat!" Ouyang Xiaoyi glared.

Grandpa Ouyang immediately poured the entire spoon of Egg-Fried Rice into his mouth.

All of a sudden, the colors from Grandpa Ouyang's face drained. His complexion changed three times in a single breath, turning from white to red, and then from red to purple, and finally from

purple to black.

Creak, creak...

Grandpa Ouyang, with watered eyes, summoned up great courage and chewed the food ferociously. Loud crispy sounds echoed from his mouth, much like the noise of hard rocks colliding into each other.

In this very moment, Grandpa Ouyang's heart was filled with all sorts of mixed feelings. It was much like an assortment of sauces getting knocked over and spilling everywhere. He could taste astringency, bitterness, numbness, and even a reeking stink...

The only one missing was savoriness!

There was simply nobody else who could cook up an Egg-Fried Rice like this! You are the one and only... my lassie!

Grandpa Ouyang's entire body trembled. He took several steps back, took a deep breath, and finally forced himself to swallow the Egg-Fried Rice in his mouth.

"How is it? How is the taste?" Ouyang Xiaoyi asked curiously.

"Oh, a simply electrifying experience. It is like burning flames once down your stomach. After swallowing, I felt as if I have risen from the ashes. You have fully inherited this gift of cooking from your father." Grandpa Ouyang gave his critique with a blank face.

Ouyang Zongheng was dumbstruck, very much puzzled at what his father just said.

"My lassie, grandpa is tired. I'm afraid I'll have to go get some rest. Let your father and brothers have a taste and ask for their feedback." Grandpa Ouyang wrinkled his face and suggested with an almost weeping tone.

Ouyang Xiaoyi felt more excited than ever. It seemed like her Egg-Fried Rice turned out pretty great. Grandpa's review was uplifting! Who would have thought he could feel completely

revived after eating her food.

Grandpa Ouyang was already nowhere to be seen when she looked up again. Xiaoyi was baffled, but instantly turned her attention towards Ouyang Zongheng and the three Ouyang barbarians.

This was meant to be a sleepless night. The Ouyang Quarter stayed brightly lit as people ran back and forth between the bedroom and bathroom all night long...

A couple more small explosions erupted in the kitchen. Smoke lingered about as weird scents drifted out.

...

The morning sun had finally shot across the horizon, exuding warm rays of light. It appeared to have resurrected the entire earth, as green grass sprouted from the fields right outside of the Imperial City. After a long winter's sleep, they had finally grown with great vitality, embracing the cool spring breeze.

The streets of the Imperial City were bustling with pedestrians as street vendors peddled their goods with loud hollers.

In the small alleyway, rested Fang Fang's Little Store.

Bu Fang pulled open his doors and enjoyed the cool, comforting morning air. He couldn't help but draw in a deep breath, and then stretched out his body.

"Blacky, time for breakfast." Bu Fang returned to the kitchen and then came out with a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, placing it in front of Blacky.

He pulled over a chair for himself and sat by the door, gazing at the floating clouds in the sky with great leisure.

Time was seemingly frozen at this moment. Bu Fang could only hear the faint chewing sounds of that lazy Blacky wolfing down its Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

Leisure moments like these were always so short-lived. Once the first customer stepped in, the store began its day of busy business.

An aromatic, steaming hot Golden Shumai was carried out. Sauce trickled down the pieces of shumai, causing one to salivate.

Lees Fish, drenched with the fragrance of brewed wine, was also carried out by Bu Fang and placed on the table. This was a dish that easily stirred everyone's appetite.

The fame of Fang Fang's Little Store had spread throughout the entire Imperial City. Many people knew of this mystical store. Not only did it have tasty gourmet delicacies and spectacular fine wine, it also had impressive strength.

Cheerful footsteps echoed in the alleyway, tap tap tap.

Today, Ouyang Xiaoyi was dressed in a pink silk dress that made her look like she floated in the air while running. Her delicate face was flushing as she blinked her beautiful eyes. One could tell she was brimming with excitement.

In her arms was a red wood food container. Ouyang Xiaoyi treated it like a precious treasure. Her gaze landed on the container from time to time in the most adorable manner.

"Smelly boss, I'm here!" Ouyang Xiaoyi shouted loudly the moment she stepped into the store.

The customers of the store were already familiar with Xiaoyi and all greeted her with friendly smiles. Ouyang Xiaoyi also beamed back at them. When someone asked about her food container out of curiosity, she merely tilted her nose and wagged her fingers mysteriously.

"This is a secret."

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen and cast a puzzled look at Ouyang Xiaoyi. When he caught sight of the food container in her hands, his face instantly froze.

"Surely this lassie didn't actually go back and cook up an Egg-Fried Rice..." Bu Fang had on a poker face. However, reminded of the system's evaluation of Ouyang Xiaoyi's cooking talent, he suddenly had a very bad feeling.

"Smelly boss! You said if my Egg-Fried Rice could conquer your taste buds, you will take me as a chef's apprentice!" Ouyang Xiaoyi squinted her eyes and giggled delightfully.

This was something that needed much more deliberation... Bu Fang wanted to tell her this. However, he tilted his head, gave it another thought, and nodded.

"My Egg-Fried Rice is in this very food container! Smelly boss, don't you want to have a bite?" Ouyang Xiaoyi patted the red wood food container in her hands, then crooked her finger at Bu Fang with a smile.

The customers nearby became instantly intrigued. Was this Ouyang lassie trying to challenge Owner Bu's cooking?

"Owner Bu, our orders can wait. Let's have a taste of Xiaoyi's food first." Someone proposed.

Bu Fang, who was just looking for an excuse to turn her down, rolled his eyes at that customer.

Alas, Bu Fang had to comply with her request.

Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes sparked and as she placed the food container on the table. She uncovered the lid under numerous pairs of curious eyes.

In that very moment, an awful pungent odor drifted out of the box.

The scent was extremely strong, so pervasive that even the fragrance of countless gourmet dishes in the store couldn't overpower this unparalleled smell. Now that was frightening.

The customers' eyes widened. What the hell was this? Why could

there be such an awful smell in the world?

The faces of many customers darkened. They all stepped back and took deep breaths.

Bu Fang's face froze. There was definitely an ugly shade spread across his complexion.

However, Ouyang Xiaoyi didn't seem to notice the bewildered facial expressions of those around her. She carefully took out the plate of Egg-Fried Charcoal from the food container...

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed. His heart shuddered as he gulped down a mouthful of saliva.

Lassie... judging by the looks of this dish, you are already a rising star in the field of dark cuisine—or in other others, terrible food. Can we stop... with this nonsense?



## Chapter 239: A Chef's Confidence

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Serpent-woman Yu Fu wagged her tail as she made her way to Fang Fang's Little Store. She also held a food container in her hands though she wore an uneasy expression on her face.

In the food container was the Egg-Fried Rice she had cooked. Bu Fang had said the Egg-Fried Rice must meet his expectations before he would take her as his apprentice. Although Yu Fu cooked from time to time back in the Serpent-Men Tribes, she had never been officially trained in cooking. Hence, she had no idea whether this Egg-Fried Rice could pass the test.

Upon entering the store, Yu Fu sensed an eerie atmosphere.

The customers of the store were all trying to conceal the snickers on their faces. That miserable expression between a laugh and a cry made them look like they were constipated.

Ouyang Xiaoyi sat on a seat nearby in anger. Her cheek bulged into a pout, clearly displaying her discontent.

Bu Fang, on the other end, calmly walked out of the kitchen, placed a plate of aromatic Egg-Fried Rice before Ouyang Xiaoyi, and lightly patted the latter's head.

Ouyang Xiaoyi couldn't be easily appeased as she continued to ignore Bu Fang out of anger. She simply grabbed a porcelain spoon and wolfed down the Egg-Fried Rice. That wrath made it seem like Bu Fang had just become her archenemy. Such a scene made it all the more difficult for the customers around her to hide their true emotions.

"Owner... Owner Bu," Yu Fu called out to him self-consciously.

Bu Fang turned around. Seeing serpent-woman Yu Fu, his eyes instantly sparkled, "Hey, there you are. Did you bring the Egg-Fried Rice? If so, I can give it a taste."

Yu Fu's cooking talents were yards ahead of Ouyang Xiaoyi's.

That was why Bu Fang actually looked forward to Yu Fu's Egg-Fried Rice.

As for Ouyang Xiaoyi's Egg-Fried Rice... a lingering fear remained in Bu Fang's heart. That incredibly scary appearance and violently atrocious smell plunged one into a kind of ineffable... sorrow.

It had never occurred to Bu Fang that someone could make such a terrible Egg-Fried Rice... In fact one could say it was a rather formidable yet incredible talent. Truly a rising star in the field of dark cuisine.

Bu Fang naturally hoped Yu Fu's Egg-Fried Rice wouldn't be as horrifying as Ouyang Xiaoyi's Egg-Fried Charcoal, a dark cuisine dish that made one lose the will to live.

Hearing Bu Fang's inquiry, Yu Fu nodded her head, found an empty spot, and put down the food container in her hands.

The surrounding customers lit their eyes again. What was going on with Owner Bu? Why was there yet another Egg-Fried Rice in the house...

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and sat down. He peered at Yu Fu, who nervously removed the lid from her food container. Once uncovered, the fragrance of egg mixing with rice instantly burst forth from the container.

The customers immediately broke into a commotion. Simply the scent was much better than that of Ouyang Xiaoyi's masterpiece—at least this one smelled like a normal Egg-Fried Rice.

A typical Egg-Fried Rice was supposed to emit such a strong fragrance once it was done.

To be able to make a dish so bizarre, it could be said that Ouyang Xiaoyi was somewhat "gifted".

On the white porcelain plate was a portion of Egg-Fried Rice. The color itself wasn't that appealing and instead gave off a darken hue. It certainly couldn't compare with Bu Fang's almost radiating Egg-

Fried Rice, but since this was the work of Yu Fu, it could be excusable.

Bu Fang's face didn't change much. He merely nodded lightly, grabbed a porcelain spoon, and dug up some Egg-Fried Rice. He brought the spoon close to his nose for a sniff. Sensing that rich aroma, he approved it quietly in his heart.

Ouyang Xiaoyi, holding the Egg-Fried Rice made by Bu Fang, also turned to the scene, eating the food without being convinced.

Bu Fang ate a spoonful of Egg-Fried Rice. As he chewed it carefully, the wonderful aroma of egg lingered in his mouth. The taste was just right, neither too salty nor too bland. Though the quality of the rice was lacking, it was cooked to perfection. The grains of rice bounced between his teeth once they entered his lips.

"Although the ingredients selected are simply awful, your grasp of flavor and degree of heating are on point. Both the fragrance of egg and rice were fully delivered. Although not every grain of rice was meticulously cloaked by eggs, what you have achieved is still acceptable given your current capabilities..."

Bu Fang always rambled on when it came to food critiquing. He had a lot to say and would become wordy as he went on and on. He also showed no mercy as he ruthlessly pointed out every shortcoming.

Yu Fu nodded along. The expression on her face switched from anxiety to placidity, and finally to disappointment.

Her Egg-Fried Rice had just been destroyed by Bu Fang's words. Seeing it had so many flaws, there was a slim chance she could become Bu Fang's apprentice... She had failed, no big surprise there.

"Be confident. As a chef, you must feel self-assured and have faith in your dishes. Perhaps your food is not the most delicious, but you have given it your all. Your devotion, concentration, and

confidence will influence your dishes and give them an extra touch of flavors."

Hearing Bu Fang's words, Ouyang Xiaoyi immediately became indignant. She stuffed her mouth with Bu Fang's Egg-Fried Rice and widened her eyes before shouting: "I have enough confidence! I think my Egg-Fried Rice tastes..."

"You are blindly overconfident..." Bu Fang flicked a glance at an argumentative Ouyang Xiaoyi and interrupted her.

You turned a dish of Egg-Fried Rice into Egg-Fried Charcoal... Where the hell did you even get your self-assurance?

Ouyang Xiaoyi was taken back. She humphed and went back to chewing the Egg-Fried Rice in her mouth. She had to admit that compared with the smelly boss's Egg-Fried Rice, hers still had some room for improvement... um, a lot of room for improvement.

"Though there are many flaws in this Egg-Fried Rice, it is still satisfactory and just managed to meet my expectations. Come back to the store tomorrow. I will start teaching you how to make Egg-Fried Rice," Bu Fang announced.

Yu Fu lifted up her head in surprise and peered toward Bu Fang. Did this mean she could become Owner Bu's apprentice?

"I feel mistreated!" Ouyang Xiaoyi was furious. She glared at Bu Fang in fury.

Bu Fang merely patted her on the head, then stood up and headed back to the kitchen.

"It doesn't matter whether you find that unacceptable. When it comes to cooking, innate talent plays a big role." Bu Fang left for the kitchen and waved his hands as he replied her.

Ouyang Xiaoyi stamped her feet angrily as she stared at Bu Fang's back. She grunted and stuffed another spoonful of Egg-Fried Rice into her mouth.

Yu Fu, on the other hand, covered her mouth as she couldn't help smiling.

She was suddenly a little curious about Xiaoyi's Egg-Fried Rice. Why did it get such a cold-shoulder from Owner Bu?

...

Imperial Palace, the main halls.

Eunuch Lian Fu stood within the main halls, with his middle finger and thumb pinched together. Beside him stood numerous figures, including Xiao Meng, Yang Mo, Ouyang Zongheng, and many other fierce warriors of the empire.

Ji Chengxue sat upon his throne, chin in his hands and eyebrows firmly knitted.

"You Majesty, King Yu has fled from the imperial mausoleum and is nowhere to be found. Given the intelligence, he has been snatched by forces from the Mahayana Island." Xiao Meng cupped his hands in deference toward Ji Chengxue and reported with a solemn face.

Ji Chengyu's escape from the imperial mausoleum was no trivial matter. Back when the Imperial City was flooded with seventh grade warriors, Ji Chengxue found himself preoccupied with that dangerous situation and had to neglect this incident. Now that it was over, he finally had the energy to take care of Ji Chengyu.

"The sect of Mahayana Island is a real pain in the neck. At the beginning there's that mischievous Zhao Musheng, and now they have also taken King Yu. Are they seeking the aid of King Yu to challenge the Light Wind Empire? That is simply foolish nonsense," Ji Chengxue asserted coldly.

"Your Majesty, your old servant sees it this way. Ji Chengyu was sentenced by the late emperor to confinement at the imperial mausoleum. His escape is equivalent to a prison break, and hence a blatant violation of the royal order. That is a serious felony and so

he must be captured and punished severely."

Numerous court ministers seconded this motion, deepening the frown between Ji Chengxue's brows.

The Mahayana Island belonged to one of the ten oldest sects. Ruling out the Celestial Arcanum Sect, this Mahayana Island was the next most powerful force in town. If the Imperial City wanted to get rid of this Mahayana Island, it would need to pay a price Ji Chengxue wasn't willing to bear.

He had just inaugurated the throne and there were still hundreds of things to do before the empire fully recovered from the devastation. His reputation amongst the people had yet to peak. In fact, he hadn't even obtained half of the support Emperor Changfeng was able to garner.

He dared not mobilize an army carelessly, all for a single Ji Chengyu.

Yet, as long as he was out there somewhere, Ji Chengyu would prove to be an unpredictable and unsettling existence. Once his cultivation was restored, and given his talent as well as reputation, he could easily summon soldiers to form an army. At that time, he would become a huge prick in the flesh.

However, Ji Chengxue wasn't too bothered. No matter how strong Ji Chengyu could become, he remained too inferior to truly threaten the entire Light Wind Empire. Without first-rated power projection, he could not harm the empire.

"Your Majesty, King Yu got away all because of this old servant. I am to be blamed to a certain extent, and so I ask for your permission to go capture King Yu myself." Lian Fu suddenly opened his mouth, shocking everyone nearby.

Ji Chengxue was astonished as well, as he had never expected Lian Fu to step out.

"Your Majesty, please grant me permission to capture King Yu. In

disobeying the late emperor's ruling, he has also insulted and disrespected the late emperor. This old servant must step forward and make him understand that the dignity of the late emperor brooks no offense." Liam Fu's piercing voice resounded in the halls. He pinched his thumb and middle finger together as he declared this gravely.

## Chapter 240: Owner Bu's Kitchen

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In the main halls, everyone held their breath and peered toward Ji Chengxue, who sat on the throne. They all wanted to know how he would respond to Lian Fu's proposal. If he really allowed Lian Fu to go capture Ji Chengyu, this could constitute on some level as fratricide.

Ji Chengxue fell into deep contemplation. He wavered, unable to make a final decision. They were brothers, after all. Making such a choice was tortuous for him.

But if they left Ji Chengyu out there, he would become an evil foe sooner or later. Once he acquired enough strength and accumulated enough power, he would surely make a comeback. He definitely wouldn't allow Ji Chengxue to sit comfortably on the throne and continue his reign.

"I approve."

After a long time, Ji Chengxue finally muttered these words. Then, he closed his eyes and said no more. Everyone else in the halls kept their silence.

The meeting at the main halls had officially ended. As the top ministers of the empire emptied out of the court, Ji Chengxue suddenly stopped Xiao Meng, leaving the general rather confused.

Ji Chengxue's body stirred. He stood up and paced around the halls. A dark trace of gloominess flickered in his eyes.

...

The spring rain washed the earth again, leaving the sky rather dull due to the lack of sunshine.

Outside the walls of the Imperial City, Ji Chengxue and Xiao Meng, both dressed in casual clothing, sending Lian Fu on his way. Watching as Lian Fu's figure faded away, they emitted a long sigh.



Within the imperial household, fratricidal killings were not unusual. Only this was a case where the atrocity would not cease even after Ji Chengxue had assumed the throne.

Ji Chengxue turned around with hands behind his back and walked on the long streets of the Imperial City. The streets were bustling with people, all busy as bees. Now that the Spring Festival was officially over, the residents of the Imperial City resumed their daily lives, working from sunrise to sunset.

Although Ji Chengxue was the emperor, not everybody could recognize him. In fact, he was much like an average pedestrian roaming through the streets, passing by civilians who were swamped with work.

The Carefree Mansion was located in a remote corner of the Imperial City.

Ji Chengxue arrived before the building but stood there motionlessly for a while. Behind him, Xiao Meng traced Ji Chengxue's glance and also peered at the Carefree Mansion. He sighed quietly in his heart.

"General Xiao, let's go take a look inside." After proposing this, Ji Chengxue walked toward the mansion with his hands behind his back.

A piece of royal token was displayed, shooing away the guards who were ready to intercept their entrance. The two of them then stepped into the mansion smoothly.

The mansion was delicately decorated, further embellished by the jingling giggles of young women that drifted out of the courtyard. Amidst this circle of beautiful women was a burly figure enjoying his time.

"My king, there's someone here." Suddenly, a slim beauty glanced at the faraway Ji Chengxue and Xiao Meng in confusion and informed a Ji Chengan still immersed in frolics.

Ji Chengan, taken back, twisted his head around to inspect, only to see Ji Chengxue standing as straight as a longsword. He narrowed his eyes and smiled knowingly.

"Just ignore them, let's continue." Ji Chengan merely smiled lightly. He turned around and pulled a beauty with curvy figures into his arms as he burst out into a cheerful laughter. That cackle continued to reverberate within the entire Carefree Mansion.

You wanted my life to be all about leisure and fun, right? Then I'll do just that.

Xiao Meng sighed softly. Ji Chengxue's eyes darkened, but his face remained deadpan.

"Let's go." Ji Chengxue shot a cold glance at Ji Chengan, who continued to dance among his swarm of ladies, and turned around to leave.

Actually, becoming a carefree king wasn't half bad for a former crown prince all high and mighty... At least, he didn't need to face the cruel bloodshed amongst brothers.

...

The next day, serpent-woman Yu Fu woke up extra early. Her father and Ah Ni had both left the Imperial City for the Serpent-Men Tribes already. She was now alone in the Imperial City, yet instead of fear, she was filled with excitement.

This was because she was about to learn cooking from Owner Bu.

Yu Fu carefully dolled herself up before the mirror, hoping to display her most beautiful self. She was already an outstanding beauty back in the Serpent-Men Tribes. Putting in a bit more effort made her so attractive she could take someone's breath away.

She didn't put on too much make-up since she knew Owner Bu would disapprove it, arguing that it would ruin one's sensitivity to the natural scent of food.

She came out of the inn, unfurled her oil-paper umbrella, and wriggled her green scaled tail all the way to the small alleyway.

The Imperial City was much more prosperous and lively than the Serpent-Men Tribes. However, the human residents here rushed through the streets in a hurry, none offering friendly greetings like warmhearted neighbors as was the case back in the Serpent-Men Tribes. This, in particular, made her feel a little alienated.

Holding on to her oil-paper umbrella, she strolled through the crowded streets of the Imperial City all alone.

Spring showers sent droplets of rain down to the earth and occasionally down one's neck. It brought a refreshing coolness that made one invigorated.

Making her way down the alleyway, Yu Fu finally reached the entrance to the store. The big black dog before the door was stuffing his face with the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in a porcelain bowl. Yu Fu smiled to herself and entered the store with her swaying tail.

Ouyang Xiaoyi, who was taking down the orders of a customer, caught sight of her and immediately twisted her head away with a snort.

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen. He dried his hands and nodded at Yu Fu.

"You'll have to wait for a bit. Once the store is closed for business today, I can teach you cooking. In the meantime, please help Xiaoyi with the customers' orders." Bu Fang informed her.

Yu Fu nodded obediently, wagged her tail, and appeared by Ouyang Xiaoyi's side.

Ouyang Xiaoyi turned her head away in discontent. This was obvious jealousy. She was still fuming about the smelly boss choosing Yu Fu over her.

Yu Fu didn't mind this at all. She had been to the store many times and was familiar with Ouyang Xiaoyi's temper. Knowing this

girl's nature, a smile would reappear on her face in no time.

Bu Fang glanced at them, curling the corners of his mouth, and retreated to the kitchen.

"Owner Bu, Red Braised Meat, Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Fish Head Tofu Soup, an order of each." Yu Fu's soft, comforting voice hit Bu Fang's ears.

Bu Fang was suddenly at loss and couldn't easily adjust to this change. He was used to Ouyang Xiaoyi's reckless shouting all day long. Now this was a change of water.

It was no big matter. After a momentarily relapse, Bu Fang began focusing on his cooking again.

Rich aroma wafted out. It added to the atmosphere of the store.

As the sun set, the busy store was finally closed for business. Bu Fang pulled over a chair, sat by the entrance, and enjoyed a short break. He watched the sunset and sighed comfortably.

Inside the store, Yu Fu and Xiaoyi sat side by side with their heads pressed together, giggling occasionally. Ouyang Xiaoyi's big eyes had narrowed into slits as she laughed merrily.

After resting for a while, Ouyang Xiaoyi waved goodbye to Bu Fang and Yu Fu. She left the store and skipped back to the Ouyang's Quarter.

Only Bu Fang and Yu Fu, who had become anxious and reserved again, were left in the store.

"Don't be nervous, take it easy. Your mood can have tremendous effects on your cooking." Bu Fang glanced at the agitated Yu Fu and uttered calmly.

Yu Fu's body instantly stiffened. She bowed to Bu Fang and answered him solemnly.

Bu Fang curled his lips, this girl...

"I will teach you what you practiced yesterday, Egg-Fried Rice.

Only my Egg-Fried Rice is very different from what you've taught yourself yesterday. Hopefully you'll get the hang of this quickly." Bu Fang stood up, stretched his body, and announced.

Yu Fu's body froze again. She bowed to Bu Fang once more and answered him with a "yes" in a serious voice.

"Chill out, I won't bite you." Bu Fang was a little speechless as he responded calmly. Then, he closed the shutters of the store.

Bu Fang walked to the entrance of the kitchen, stopped, and crooked his finger at Yu Fu, who stood from afar. He instructed: "Follow me to the kitchen.

"This is the first time I've ever let anyone into my kitchen."

# Chapter 241: Bu Fang's Culinary Instructions

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Inside Owner Bu's kitchen, Yu Fu blankly opened her cherry mouth wide and her face was filled with astonishment.

It was rumored that Owner Bu's kitchen had always been a mysterious zone. Up until that day, no one had managed to enter it. She had never expected that today she would unexpectedly be able to have a chance to step into Owner Bu's small store... This was simply too exciting!

Yu Fu swayed her snake tail and quickly followed suit as she walked behind Bu Fang.

Passing through the kitchen entrance, the atmosphere of the place had somewhat changed. Within the small store, it there was a kind of comfortable vibe, making a person feel insipidly intoxicated. However, the kitchen was very eye-catching with a somewhat professional vibe. The moment she entered, she was confronted with the plump machinery puppet. That puppet's red eyes flickered as it swept around her body once, causing her whole body hair to get erected.

This puppet was the intimidating puppet her dad had mentioned? It seemed like it was not as fierce-looking as those people had said. Its tummy was even very pudgy, making it look quite cute.

Bu Fang walked to the front and patted on Whitey tummy as he introduced it to Yu Fu, who was behind him: "This is Whitey. It is my mechanical assistant. You can just see it as my puppet helper. After we finish cooking our dishes, the remaining ingredients will be recycled by Whitey."

Yu Fu immediately stood upright and put her hands together. She bowed to Whitey as she greeted the puppet.

Whitey mechanical eyes flickered. It raised its leaf-like hand and scratched its bald circular head.

Bu Fang led Yu Fu past Whitey and came to the kitchen stove area. This kitchen stove was made using exquisite materials that looked like a kind of ceramic tile but was a lot more glossier than such.

On top of the kitchen stove, there were all sorts of kitchen equipments arranged there. Everything that should be there actually was, making the facilities look very complete. The chopping board was manufactured using an extraordinary log. It was emitting a faint fragrance. Yu Fu widened her eyes as she curiously looked at everything in front of her.

The decoration in the kitchen was totally different from the rest of the small store. The kitchen was very classy. On the walls, there was not a single unnecessary stuff compared to the small store. The kitchen surroundings were all filled with cupboards, all made using wood with a mixture of some material that Yu Fu had no knowledge about.

The material was very cold when she got in contact with it. Furthermore, the interior would flicker with radiance.

"This is a refrigerator. It can store food inside and is used to maintain the freshness of the ingredients." Bu Fang introduced it nonchalantly. He opened up the refrigerator door. Immediately, a breath of cold air soared out from within, causing Yu Fu to shiver.

"This is an oven. A lot of ingredients can be baked or roasted. With this we are able to produce lots of delicacies."

Bu Fang opened up the oven. Its interior was untainted by even a speck of dust and a breath of cold-air spread out from within.

Lampblack machine, grindstone, microwave oven and etc... All these apparatus were things Yu Fu had never heard or seen before. Although she was not able to understand them, she felt that all of

this was very professional.

This was her first time realizing that to master culinary skills was not as simple as she had imagined. It turned out that there were actually so many things that she needed to research on.

"This is a kitchen knife stand. On it, there are all sorts of different vegetable knives. Find one that you feel the most comfortable with when you hold it." Bu Fang pointed at the kitchen knife stand that was on top of the kitchen stove.

Yu Fu brought forth her curiosity and measured the stand. She saw a pitch-black and incomparably thick huge kitchen knife. She was immediately amazed by it.

"This.. Is this also a kitchen knife? Why is it so big, so heavy?"

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up, and he held onto that kitchen knife as he lifted it up effortlessly.

This kitchen knife was the uniquely heavy knife he had used everyday to train his knife work. It was impossible for an ordinary person to brandish it as they wished.

Yu Fu tried to lift it. After great effort, her wrist started to ache, but even then she was still unable to lift the kitchen knife up.

"This is the kitchen knife I use to train my knife work and for carving purposes. You should change to another one," Bu Fang said.

Yu Fu glimpsed at Bu Fang curiously, "Is there even a need for practise for someone as skilled as Owner Bu?"

"There is no end to one's culinary skills. If you wish to become an outstanding chef, daily practise is essential. Only by doing so would your heart be immersed into your culinary skill so as to experience all the changes in the dishes you make. Since you want to become my cooking apprentice, you must also do the same knife work and carving training I do everyday," Bu Fang said seriously.



His culinary skills were indeed very good, but he was very clear in his heart that without his daily practice, they would not have improved so quickly.

Yu Fu sighed. Afterwards, she held onto all the different kind of kitchen knives. Ultimately, she chose a kitchen knife that was around the size of Bu Fang's palm. Its weight was reasonable and it was very suitable for Yu Fu.

Bu Fang nodded his head and took out a few Thunderstorm Pigeon eggs from the cupboard. This was supplied by the system and was specially used to make the Egg-Fried Rice.

"I will first teach you how to recognize the ingredients. This is a third grade spirit beast's egg, the Thunderstorm Pigeon's egg. There are lots of true energy hidden inside it," Bu Fang said. He took out a porcelain bowl and gently knocked the egg against it, then dropped the egg yolk and egg white into the porcelain bowl. Within the egg yolk, there were faint thunder arcs zittering.

"If you wish to cook a proper Egg-Fried Rice, it is very important to be able to control your true energy well. You must be able to control the true energy in the ingredients and not let it leak out. This is the crux of guaranteeing the dishes' taste."

Bu Fang congealed true energy and changed it into a pair of chopsticks as he stirred the egg gently.

"Are you aware of how to control the true energy of the ingredient?" Bu Fang looked at Yu Fu seriously.

Yu Fu shook her head blankly. How could she possibly know of such profound stuff?

"Rhythm, and also use your heart to feel it. True energy is a kind of fluctuation. Once you feel the fluctuation within, try to maintain the stability of the fluctuation when you are cooking it. This way, you would not damage the composition of the true energy and allow it to leak out," Bu Fang explained. Thereafter, his

hands started to tremble very quickly as he seasoned out the Thunderstorm Pigeon egg.

Bu Fang took out his true energy chopsticks once again as he turned the egg liquid into a single thread by pulling it.

"Bang!" Bu Fang's true energy vaporized. Thereafter, he squatted down and took out the pearl rice filled with true energy from the bottom cupboard. After washing it, he placed it into the steamer basket and waited for it to be cooked.

Yu Fu stood behind Bu Fang obediently and looked at Bu Fang's movements meticulously.

"You have to remember the location I took out the ingredients from. In the future, all the ingredients are to be taken from there. You must remember them well," Bu Fang ignited the stove and said to Yu Fu.

Yu Fu heart shivered as she nodded her head seriously. Her face was filled with a lovable child-like expression.

Sizzle~!

The moment the oil grease spread out, Bu Fang extracted out the moist and plump pearl rice from the steamer basket and then threw it into the pan. He lifted the pan and stir-fried it, causing the flames to soar up. Yu Fu, who was standing behind him, was frightened to the point of having her snake tail sway about.

Clang clang clang!

Rich rice fragrance was emitted out while stir-frying a pan of pearl rice. It twined on the tip of Yu Fu's nose almost causing her to lose control as she breathed in a mouthful of air.

"The most important thing you have to pay attention to when cooking the Egg-Fried Rice is the heat intensity. If you are able to grasp the heat intensity well, your Egg-Fried Rice can only be counted as half-complete." Bu Fang continued to provide guidance. His words were not plenty, but during crucial moments he would

open his mouth to remind Yu Fu of something.

Yu Fu was constantly nodding her head behind him. She tried to remember all the details diligently.

The moment the egg liquid was poured into the pan, the egg fragrance soared out. It was uncomparably rich, making one feel that their body had been wrapped up by the dense egg fragrance, as if they had fallen into an ocean of Egg-Fried Rice.

The rice fragrance blended together with the egg aroma as it seduced one's desire for good food. This would cause one to subconsciously swallow a mouthful of saliva.

Bu Fang was standing perfectly straight as he held onto the pan handle. He stir-fried it very quickly and his actions were very skilled. It appeared very natural, as if he was drawing a beautiful drawing and was extraordinarily pleasing.

Yu Fu could not help but to be somewhat infatuated by it.

From bowl to pan to fire, it merely took him a few breaths of time before he poured the finished Egg-Fried Rice into the blue and white porcelain bowl. The slightly sticky egg liquid wrapped around the pearl rice, giving it a glossy coating and as the hot steam rose up, the delicious mixture emitted a rich eggy fragrance.

Yu Fu stuck out her small and exquisite tongue as she licked her soft and delicate red lips. Deep in her heart, she was extremely astonished.

Maybe she was the first person who had seen how Bu Fang cooked a bowl of Egg-Fried Rice. It turned out that the Egg-Fried Rice which seemed to emit rays of brilliant light was cooked this way.

"Have you memorized the steps? As my apprentice, the requirement for you is very high. You can finish this bowl of Egg-Fried Rice first. Only by finishing it will you have the energy to work," Bu Fang used a towel to wipe the water droplets on his hand

and said to Yu Fu.

"After your meal, I will prepare for you three portions of the ingredients for the dish. You will be using that for practice. After using the three portions, I hope that your comprehension toward the Egg-Fried Rice would advance a step. In the future, you must remember that when you cook the Egg-Fried Rice, it will be brought to the store to be sold at one crystal. Each time, I want you to ask yourself if your dish is truly worth that crystal."

Bu Fang poured a glass of warm water and drank a mouthful. He looked at Yu Fu unenthusiastically. Subsequently, he turned around and left the kitchen. Walking to the doorway of the kitchen, he turned around and said: "Your room is the guest room on the second floor. After you have finished practicing, you can go to the guest room to have a rest."

After he finished speaking, he went up and returned back to his own room. He started preparing for his rest. His teaching... was just so simple and rough. As for how much she had comprehended, it would have to depend on Yu Fu herself.

Yu Fu stood blankly inside the kitchen and looked at the steaming hot Egg-Fried Rice which was still giving off that a decadent fragrance. Her eyes immediately showed hints of unswerving determination.

She took the blue and white porcelain spoon and scooped up a spoon of Egg-Fried Rice and placed it into her mouth. With each bite, Yu Fu made sure to savor every grain of rice in order to learn about Owner Bu's Egg-Fried Rice.

## Chapter 242: And the Disciple Is...?

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Bu Fang opened his eyes. All of a sudden, he sat up from his original position. He rubbed his drowsy-eyes and yawned.

After washing his face and rinsing his mouth, Bu Fang walked out of his room. The guest room was as usual, shut tightly.

Going downstairs, Bu Fang arrived in the kitchen. It looked the same as usual, without a single speck of dust. It was clean to the point of making one feel extremely comfortable just by looking at it. Bu Fang patted on Whitey's plump tummy and curled the corners of his mouth. His mood was entirely free from worry.

Bu Fang picked up the uniquely heavy kitchen knife and started his daily practice of knife work and carving skills. That heavy kitchen knife looked very light-weighted when in his hands, making it look rather inconceivable.

Following the aroma of the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs pervading the air, Yu Fu swayed her snake tail and descended unhurriedly from the second floor. With just a quick glance, she saw Bu Fang practicing his culinary skills inside the kitchen. Immediately, her face was filled with admiration toward him.

"Good morning, Owner Bu." Yu Fu smiled and greeted.

Bu Fang shot a glance at her and nodded his head faintly. His concentration had all been used on cooking the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs while Yu Fu looked at Bu Fang's technique curiously. She was extremely curious toward the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs which was suffusing an exquisite fragrance all around.

Bu Fang skillfully cooked the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs while Yu Fu studied it earnestly. The scene of them looked rather harmonious momentarily.

The Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was taken out from the pan and was given a generous splash of the drunken juice. Bu Fang took the

porcelain bowl and walked out of the kitchen.

"Continue practicing your knife work and carving skills. Later, I will evaluate your Egg-Fried Rice," Bu Fang passed by Yu Fu and said nonchalantly. Thereafter, he walked into the small store and opened up the door boards.

"Blacky, time to eat," Bu Fang said.

He placed the fragrant Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of Blacky and rubbed against its back fur gently. After that, Bu Fang stood up, pulled a chair over and curled up on it at the entrance.

The Spring wind blew as it brought along the slight chill from the early morning. It was very slow and gentle, making one feel the urge to go back to sleep.

Inside the kitchen, Yu Fu picked the kitchen knife she chose yesterday and started to cut the ingredients Bu Fang had prepared for her. There were a lot of them, as it was filled to the brim of the large basin.

Yu Fu practiced her knife work conscientiously. Even someone as skilled as Owner Bu had to practice every day as well. What excuse did she have to not practice conscientiously?

Not long after, the small store seemed to be bustling with noise and excitement. There were people who called out to Owner Bu. Afterwards, it was the call for ordering dishes.

Yu Fu looked at the half completed basin and her wrist was already feeling numb. She was somewhat flustered immediately.

Bu Fang stepped into the kitchen and saw the somewhat panicking Yu Fu. He was slightly puzzled, "What's wrong? Didn't I say before that, as a chef, you must have confidence in the skills you possess?"

"I... I did not manage to finish cutting all the ingredients." Yu Fu's face reddened and she said with some shame.

Bu Fang was taken aback. He took a quick look at the half-completed ingredients and the corner of his mouth curled up. He patted on Yu Fu head and said: "I did not stipulate that you had to finish cutting all of these ingredients, they are only meant to be used for practice. Alright, let's call it a day for your knife work practice. Cook a portion of Egg-Fried Rice for me to taste."

Yu Fu heaved a sigh of relief in her heart. She thought that Bu Fang would have scolded her severely because of that.

A small cooking bench appeared beside the large kitchen table. Bu Fang looked at the small cooking bench while rubbing his nose. Since when did this table appear? Without a doubt, this cooking bench must have been prepared by the system.

"Go to that cooking bench to cook your Egg-Fried Rice. In the future, that cooking bench shall belong to you." Bu Fang pointed at the small cooking bench that had just appeared out of nowhere as he said to Yu Fu.

Yu Fu was incessantly flabbergasted. She glanced at the cooking bench while her heart was amazed. There was no such cooking bench there yesterday... How did it suddenly appear today? It's so magical...

However, Yu Fu knew that some things are better left unanswered. Therefore, she picked out the ingredients she needed and started to cook her Egg-Fried Rice.

As usual, Bu Fang started working on the diner's dishes. His knife flickered and the ingredients were sliced very quickly. The speed was so fast that it was like a blurred image in someone else's eyes! On the other side, Yu Fu was somewhat in a daze. Owner Bu's knife work... was simply too frightening!

All kinds of fragrant dishes were placed at the window by Bu Fang. Ouyang Xiaoyi walked over with her face full of smiles as she carried the dishes away.

"Owner Bu, the Egg-Fried Rice is ready." When Yu Fu saw Bu Fang finally had some spare time to rest, she said charmingly.

Bu Fang nodded his head and walked out of the kitchen. The customers greeted out to him passionately and Bu Fang nodded at them in return. He pulled out a chair and sat down as he got Yu Fu to place the Egg-Fried Rice onto the table.

Yu Fu's Egg-Fried Rice was emitting a rich fragrance. It was a lot better compared to the previous Egg-Fried Rice she had prepared as a test. Maybe, it was because of the ingredients used.

Bu Fang scooped out a spoonful and placed it into his mouth. The fragrance immediately burst forth within his mouth. The egg fragrance and the sweet scent of the rice blended together as it stirred up Bu Fang's taste buds. His eyebrows pricked up, and he was a little flabbergasted.

"The heat intensity is still not good, and the control of the true energy frequency is too far off. The taste was still tolerable, but that was because of the ingredients used. You have to use your heart to cook and also to experience every change the ingredients go through." Bu Fang evaluation was the same as before. Straight to the point and ruthless.

Yu Fu nodded her head constantly as she listened to Bu Fang's evaluation earnestly.

...

Time flies, and Yu Fu had been learning from Bu Fang for a very long time. From her unceasing practices, a lot of dishes were finally able to taste almost the same as Bu Fang's.

Among the dishes, her forte was still the Egg-Fried Rice. After all, this was the first dish she had learned.

And in those days, Bu Fang had also taught her other two dishes. The Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Red Braised Meat. The Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs difficulty was extremely high. Yu Fu had practiced for a long



time and was never able to meet Bu Fang's expectations. Every time, she would be severely criticised by Bu Fang for that.

Bu Fang's evaluation was the most cruel and strict she had ever seen before. He would always look for the flaws in her dishes. Afterwards, he would analyze it in detail to her, making her feel as if her dish had become something worthless.

At the entrance, Bu Fang lay down on his chair drowsily and looked at the drifting clouds in the sky.

Yu Fu carried a plate of dish and walked out. She placed it in front of one of the customers and smiled.

"This is your Egg-Fried Rice. Please enjoy it," Yu Fu said.

That diner was a regular. Previously, when Bu Fang had gotten Yu Fu to carry out her dishes to let the diners have a taste, this person was one of them. Bu Fang said that after the diner had tasted it, they could take out any amount of crystal they deemed fit for this place of Egg-Fried Rice.

After this customer had tasted Yu Fu's Egg-Fried Rice, even though it was still somewhat lacking compared to Bu Fang's, he still took out a crystal satisfyingly.

At that time, Yu Fu was extremely touched. This was the first crystal she had earned after those stringent practices!

"It's been half a month... Still lacking an additional apprentice," Bu Fang continued lying down on his chair while the spring wind blew. He immediately got clear-headed and frowned.

Who should he choose to be the remaining apprentice?

Juan'Er, who loved to eat egg tart? Bu Fang was somewhat at a loss of what to do. During half a month, Bu Fang had inquired with Luo Sanniang. Luo Sanniang told Bu Fang in a carefree manner that in Juan'Er's heart, there was only egg tart. She loved egg tarts. She would definitely not spend a lot of time learning Bu Fang's other dishes.

This caused Bu Fang to be dumbfounded at that point of time.

Ni Yan had also come to bid farewell to Bu Fang a few days ago. He had also tried to tell Ni Yan about accepting her as an apprentice because, no matter how he looked at it, Ni Yan was the most suitable person for it.

Unfortunately... when Ni Yan came, she was in a rush. Bu Fang was able to tell that Ni Yan was also somewhat excited about his proposal, but apparently she seemed to have something more important to do. Grudgingly, she followed the old drunkard and left.

Therefore, the candidates left for Bu Fang to pick from got even fewer. And as the deadline given by the system grew nearer, he also got a little panicky.

Bu Fang yawned. He stood up from his chair and stretched.

Sharp and clear footsteps resounded within the small alley. Thereafter, two familiar figures stepped into Bu Fang's small store.

"Owner Bu... I can finally eat your dishes again!"

The moment Bu Fang entered, a silhouette pulled open his mouth and complained. This person was the pretty boy, Xiao Xiaolong.

This young fellow seemed to have grown a lot taller recently and his appearance have become even prettier. Became... even more sissy.

Xiao Yanyu wore her veil in a cultured and refined manner and found a place to sit down effortlessly.

Ouyang Xiaoyi looked at Xiao Yanyu. Immediately, she ran over joyfully.

Bu Fang's eyes brightened up when he saw the two people. Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Xiaolong? That's right, how could he forget about this two siblings?

"Owner Bu, for these past few months, we had been thrown to

the Southern City by our father. To be unable to eat Owner Bu's dishes... was simply a painful suffering! Today, we are finally here. We must definitely gorge ourselves with food!" Xiao Xiaolong licked his lips and said excitedly.

Southern City. It was a big city which was located at the southern part of the Light Wind Empire. Even though it was as luxurious as the Imperial Capital, it was still a rather majestic big city.

Bu Fang did not pay any attention to the intolerable Xiao Xiaolong but looked at Xiao Yanyu first as he asked her if she was interested in becoming his apprentice to learn how to cook from him.

Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Xiaolong stared at Bu Fang blankly. What exactly had happened while they were out of the Imperial Capital?

Owner Bu actually started accepting apprentices?

"Even though this proposal is very enticing, it's a pity... In a few days' time, we will need to set off to Southern City again. I don't think it's possible for me to have the opportunity to learn cooking from Owner Bu." Xiao Yanyu was regretting so much that she even had the urge of not going to the Southern City to stay there and learn how to cook. However, the matters in the Southern City were too important. She had no choice but to go over.

Bu Fang frowned. Xiao Yanyu was not free...

Xiao Xiaolong widened his eyes and stared at Bu Fang. His face immediately changed to become somewhat indignant!

"Owner Bu, why did you ask my sister and not me? Could it be that you do not wish to know if I am willing to learn how to cook from you?" Xiao Xiaolong said indignantly.

He felt that he had been ignored by Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was taken aback and his gaze fell onto Xiao Xiaolong.

"System! How is Xiao Xiaolong's culinary talent?"

"After the system's evaluation, Xiao Xiaolong's culinary talent meets the requirement. If the host were to teach him how to cook Egg-Fried Rice, it would most likely take him one and a half days to learn it."

Bu Fang's mouth dropped.... What the heck? This glutton actually possessed this kind of culinary talent?!

"System, is it possible that you have mistaken him for someone else? He is Xiao Xiaolong... not Xiao Yanyu."

## Chapter 243: The Xiao Family Has A Beginner Chef

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The atmosphere inside the small store immediately became somewhat weird.

Xiao Xiaolong widened his eyes and glared at Bu Fang while panting with rage with his fair skin turning red, which looked almost the same as a ripe honey peach, incomparably captivating... This little sissy looked even more attractive than a woman.

Bu Fang had also widened his eyes and was speechless momentarily. He have not imagined that Xiao Xiaolong's talent would unexpectedly be so gifted and was not any inferior to the bustling Yu Fu in the kitchen.

Xiao Yanyu's talent was also pretty good, but compared to Xiao Xiaolong, she was still somewhat inferior. This was simply too overwhelming.

"Owner Bu... What are you trying to say? Are you looking down on me, Xiao Xiaolong?" Xiaolong said in grievance.

Xiao Yanyu, who was at the side, helplessly watched everything unfold. She felt that the situation was very comical and could no longer hold in her laughter. She covered her mouth and started giggling.

Ouyang Xiaoyi also started giggling incessantly.

Bu Fang became a little awkward as he coughed lightly and said: "No... I did not have any intention of looking down on you. Aren't you a gifted talent from the Imperial Capital? I assumed you would be a lot busier..."

"My sister is also a great talent within the Imperial Capital...why weren't you concerned whether or not she would be busy?" Xiao Xiaolong curled his lip. The excuse Owner Bu used was really too lousy.

"Isn't your sister going to the Southern City? Why aren't you following her?" Asked a puzzled Bu Fang.

"The Xiao Family ancestor grounds is in the Southern City. At that time, our father had followed Emperor Changfeng for his expedition. Ultimately, he decided to start afresh here. However, the Xiao Family in Southern City is still very reputable to the locals. We also aren't sure what have happened, but for the past few days, the elders in the Xiao Family had asked one of us to return back and my dad had asked my sister to do so," Xiao Xiaolong said truthfully.

Xiao Yanyu nodded her head in acknowledgement. Within her beautiful pupils were traces of regret as she gazed at Bu Fang. Xiao Yanyu would loved to learn from Bu Fang if circumstances allowed it.

"Alright, then... Later on, when you return home, cook a serving of Egg-Fried Rice and bring it over for me to taste tomorrow. If you are able to meet my expectations, the second apprentice position will be yours." Bu Fang said nonchalantly to Xiao Xiaolong.

"Second?"

"Oh... Let me introduce you to another person. The first apprentice I had accepted is a serpent-woman, Yu Fu." Bu Fang introduced. Subsequently, he turned around to face the kitchen and shouted Yu Fu's name.

Yu Fu was taken aback. She stopped whatever she was doing as she swayed her tail and came out of the kitchen. She stood behind Bu Fang charmingly.

Yu Fu was a little bashful as she placed her hands in front of her waist. She slightly bowed at Xiao Xiaolong and Xiao Yanyu.

Yu Fu was not as pretty as Xiao Yanyu and Ni Yan, but when compared to a ordinary female, she was still very charming.

Xiao Xiaolong was someone who was very sociable and soon

became familiar with Yu Fu. He ordered a few dishes and after finishing his meal, he returned back to his Xiao Mansion hurriedly.

Bu Fang looked at Xiao Xiaolong's leaving silhouette and the corner of his mouth was raised slightly. "I have finally managed to find my second apprentice."

This kind of words could only be said when Bu Fang have finally managed to complete the assignment given to him by the system. However, he might perhaps still have to wait till the system approved Xiao Xiaolong. Only when Xiao Xiaolong possessed a kitchen table like Yu Fu's would the mission be counted as accomplished.

Bu Fang stood up from his chair and stretched. Thereafter, he walked into the kitchen, "Yu Fu, I am going to teach you the recipe of Red Braised Meat today. For our Red Braised Meat, you will have to pay extra attention to the control of the true energy within the meat."

The kitchen was buzzing with activity the moment Bu Fang started cooking. Xiaoyi was at the little store recording all the diners' order enthusiastically.

...

Imperial Capital, Xiao Mansion.

Ji Ru'Er and Xiao Meng strolled in the Xiao Mansion garden with the flower fragrance accompanying them. There were jokes and laughter within their conversation, pervading the atmosphere with their slight happiness.

"Madam, you should keep Yanyu and Xiaolong company. Tomorrow, Yanyu is going to leave for Southern City. It might be very hard for you to see her again for the next 6 months." Xiao Meng pulled Ji Ru'Er fragrant shoulder toward him and said gently. The strongest person in the Imperial Capital would usually possess a sonorous voice. It was hard to see him speaking in such a

gentle voice.

"Would anything happen to Yanyu after returning to the Southern City? How about asking little Yue to tag along?" Ji Ru'Er said.

"It's fine. It's just that something trifling had happen in the Xiao Family. Yanyu is very intelligent and she knows how to act appropriately. She should be able to solve it very easily." Xiao Meng smiled faintly. He had extreme faith in Xiao Yanyu's capability.

Recently, Xiao Yue had been busy with trying to break through and it would not be appropriate to disturb him. If Xiao Yue were to successfully break through, he would become a Battle-Saint. By then, there would be two Battle-Saints overseeing his Xiao family and their position would become as steady as a boulder.

Ji Ru'Er smiled gently. She was originally an extremely gentle woman.

"Just now when little Xiaolong returned home, he went straight into the kitchen. Since when was he so fond of the kitchen?"

Xiao Meng was taken aback and his face immediately stopped smiling, "Atrocious! Is he so bored now that he has to start creating trouble in the kitchen? This ignorant and incompetent scoundrel! If only he was half as good as Yanyu, there would be no longer a need for me to worry about him."

Ji Ru'Er covered her mouth and giggled. The two of them immediately left the garden and advanced toward the kitchen.

The moment they stepped into the kitchen, they could smell the egg fragrance that was drifting out from the kitchen.

The both of them glanced at each other with amazement in their eyes.

"Dad, Mom! You have come at the right time. Try out the Egg-Fried Rice that I cooked. It turns out that my culinary skill is



actually quite good! Why did I not discover this in the past!" Xiao Xiaolong was very excited as his face was flushed red due to his excitement.

Xiao Meng frowned and swept at Xiao Xiaolong a strict glance. He harrumphed, causing the complacent Xiao Xiaolong to shrink his neck.

Xiao Meng's gaze fell onto the Egg-Fried Rice which was placed on the table. The steam and aroma from the Egg-Fried Rice drifted out of its white porcelain home. The grains within mixed ever so perfectly with the yellow yolk of the eggs and even began to take on their golden hue. Despite that, the flower-like scrambled eggs maintained a distinct separation from the fluffy white rice within.

Just looking at its appearance...it looked pretty decent.

Xiao Meng was slightly flabbergasted. This scoundrel actually possessed such gifted culinary skills?

Xiao Meng's face reddened as he opened his mouth and ate the Egg-Fried Rice. His eyebrow pricked up. The taste of the dish was unexpectedly decent! Even though the disparity of it was very huge when compared to Owner Bu's Egg-Fried Rice, with his understanding of Xiao Xiaolong, he would have never expected this no-good son of his to ever possess such skills. It was simply too inconceivable. Could it be that Owned Bu had possessed him?

"How is it? The taste is quite decent, isn't it? I am going to become Owner Bu's apprentice tomorrow. He asked me to cook a portion of Egg-Fried Rice for him to taste. Dad, Mom. You have tasted it... Do you think I would meet his expectation?" Xiao Xiaolong said complacently.

"Owner Bu is accepting disciples?" Xiao Meng looked at Xiao Xiaolong suspiciously. He felt that this was the crucial point of the matter.

"Not disciples... Chef Apprentices!" Xiao Xiaolong corrected.

Xiao Meng nodded his head. He rubbed his chin and started to contemplate. Bu Fang and his Fang Fang's little store status in the Imperial Capital had long differed from when he just started. In the Imperial Capital, countless eyes were observing and watching attentively this small store because it was truly too intimidating.

"Owner Bu accepting disciples... This is indeed quite a good opportunity for you. You must definitely cherish it." Xiao Meng raised his head and said to Xiao Xiaolong seriously.

Xiao Xiaolong rolled his eyes. I have already said that he is accepting apprentices... not disciples.

"Sure. Then Dad and Mom are not going to disturb you any longer. You have to practice diligently and grasp that rare opportunity to be taken in by Owner Bu as his new chef apprentice. If you are able to learn some culinary skills from Owner Bu, then all the food in our Xiao family would be prepared by you in the future!"

Xiao Meng and Ji Ru'Er smiled jovially and left the kitchen, leaving behind the stupefied Xiao Xiaolong...

The next day, Xiao Xiaolong sent Xiao Yanyu off before turning around and returning back to the Xiao Mansion. He cooked a portion of Egg-Fried Rice and placed it into a lunchbox before heading out to look for Bu Fang.

After Bu Fang had tasted his Egg-Fried Rice, without exception, he entered his criticizing mode and criticized Xiao Xiaolong's Egg-Fried Rice to the point of making one feel that everything about it was wrong, so much so that Xiao Xiaolong started to wonder about the meaning of his life.

Ultimately however, Bu Fang still accepted him. After all, this was the first time Xiao Xiaolong had cooked Egg-Fried Rice. It was already not easy for him to be able to reach this kind of standard. And Bu Fang could not possibly expect too much from him.

This caused Xiao Xiaolong's heart to suffer another blow. Truly, he must have a strong heart to talk to Owner Bu regarding any matter.

Once the opening hours ended, Bu Fang got Xiao Xiaolong to stay behind.

"Come, follow me into the kitchen," Bu Fang said.

Xiao Xiaolong was taken aback. He followed Bu Fang into the kitchen curiously. Inside the kitchen, Yu Fu was concentrating all her attention in cooking a portion of fragrant Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. This caused Xiao Xiaolong to be amazed by her actions.

Or perhaps, it might just be that everything in the kitchen filled Xiao Xiaolong with amazement. This kitchen was totally different from the kitchen he had at his Xiao Mansion; it was as if he had entered a unfamiliar world.

Everything here was all unheard of to Xiao Xiaolong.

Bu Fang cooked a served of Egg-Fried Rice with practised ease. Subsequently, he took out three portions of ingredients and placed them on the cooking bench. Bu Fang got Xiao Xiaolong to start practicing in the exact same way he taught Yu Fu. Just like then, it was simple and rough.

After the guidance, Bu Fang returned to his room to sleep.

The kitchen was still brightly lit with Xiao Xiaolong staring at everything that was prepared in front of him. Under the enthusiastic Yu Fu's assistance, Xiao Xiaolong haphazardly started working on the first portion of Egg-Fried Rice.

...

The next day, Bu Fang opened up his eyes and got off his bed. After he had finished washing up, he went to the kitchen. There he found another cooking bench resting quietly in the corner of his kitchen. Bu Fang leaned against the kitchen door frame and patted on Whitey's big belly with a smile on his lips.

The system voice reverberated in his ears in a strict and timely manner, "My host, congratulations on completing the adhoc mission: Within a month's time, find two Chef Apprentices. The mission reward has been released."

## Chapter 244: Go Forth! The First Stop on the Delicacy Map

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The two chef apprentices were finally found and they were talented. Although the dishes that Yu Fu cooked could not be compared to Bu Fang's, it was enough to make customers want to pay for it, which was already a big improvement.

Xiao Xiaolong had just become an apprentice so he would require more practice and experience before he could reach Yu Fu's level.

All these required time to train. After all, culinary skills were not something that could be achieved overnight. Real chefs underwent countless practices to attain that level of ability.

In the following half a month or so, Bu Fang remained in the store to teach Yu Fu and Xiao Xiaolong culinary techniques and ways to cook dishes, mainly the signature dishes, Egg-Fried Rice, Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Red Braised Meat. These were the store's best-selling dishes.

Every morning, a rhythmic sound could be heard from the shop. This was the sound produced when the knife and the cutting board collided.

Bu Fang, Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu were meticulous when holding and using the knife to cut the ingredients. This was to train their cutting skills.

Xiao Xiaolong originally intended to stay in the store itself, but Bu Fang rejected him as there was only one guest room in the store, which was already taken by Yu Fu. Although Xiao Xiaolong's appearance was average, he was still a male. Bu Fang knew clearly that he had to separate the two of opposite genders.

The operation of the store was now on the right track and with the help of Xiaolong and Yu Fu, Bu Fang's stress has been reduced significantly. Bu Fang taught them daily and after training for half

a month, they could now cook pretty well.

"Host, may I have your attention please. The first Delicacy Map Transmission will begin in two hours..."

Bu Fang was barely awake from his sleep and the solemn and strict sound of the system was lingering in his mind. He blanked out for a moment, feeling a little confused.

"It will start in two hours?" Bu Fang yawned and got out of bed. There were still two hours, it is still early.

After washing up in the bathroom, Bu Fang casually waved his hand and took out a notebook wrapped in cow skin from the system's storage space. The notebook was titled Recipe Notebook.

This was Bu Fang's reward for completing the abrupt mission. This was an ancient notebook, and it even had an ancient formation carved on it.

Flipping open the cow skin cover, there was only a piece of stainless, pure white paper.

"This recipe notebook, how do I use it..." Bu Fang did not have a clue. However, since it was the reward for the temporary mission, it should not be such a simple notebook.

After reading through it once, Bu Fang felt a little bored. There was only blank paper with no content at all.

Bu Fang stored the notebook and placed some casual clothing into the system's storage space, then walked out of the room, entering the kitchen.

Xiao Xiaolong came very early in the morning, cutting the ingredients with two knives in the kitchen.

"Good morning, boss!" Xiao Xiaolong raised his neck in his free time and greeted Bu Fang as he saw him.

Ever since he got in touch with culinary, Xiao Xiaolong was simply addicted to it. This genius now held a knife instead of a pen

and really enjoyed himself.

Bu Fang nodded his head, pleasingly looking at the two hardworking people while smiling.

Yu Fu was now closer to Bu Fang, hence she was no longer as shy as before. She also smiled brightly when she saw Bu Fang.

"I would be out for a few days, so the two of you share be responsible for running the store. In this period, the operation and the dishes of the store will rest on you both. Please do not tarnish our reputation," Bu Fang stood between the both of them and gently said.

"Eh?" Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu were stunned and raised their heads. Owner Bu was leaving the store?

"Owner Bu, where are you going? The shop cannot live without you... We are so confused." Xiao Xiaolong put down the knives in his hands and looked at Bu Fang anxiously.

What Bu Fang actually tried to do was to tell them that it was time to showcase their skills... But the two of them were still lacking confidence. After all, Bu Fang was there guiding them how to cook daily. With Bu Fang around, they would feel more secure.

Bu Fang glanced at him, saying, "Do not panic, with Whitey around, no one will create trouble in the store."

Xiao Xiaolong didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He did not mean it that way.

"As my apprentice, the two of you cannot be always living in my shadow. I hope that you all would follow your own path and have your own direction in life. The first thing that the two of you have to develop is your confidence." Bu Fang righteously voiced out, "My temporary absence is to allow the two of you to train. I hope you will not let me down."

Ehhh.... Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu felt touched, but it seemed as if the words Bu Fang said were a little weird.

"No, the two of you shall practise your cutting and carving skill. I will start packing as i need to leave in less than two hours," exclaimed Bu Fang as he took some condiments and ingredients and put them into the system's storage.

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu exchanged glances but all they could see was the nervousness in each other's eyes. They were finally officially starting their own business, so it was no wonder they were nervous.

"Relax, don't panic, boss trusts you," Bu Fang said as he took out many bottles from the cupboard.

After preparing the ingredients, Bu Fang started cooking. He made a set of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs for Blacky. After stroking its black fur, he returned to his room.

The two hours deadline was about to end, and Bu Fang heard the sound of the system in his mind.

"The Delicacy Map started, all cameras ready..."

As the sound of the system stopped, Bu Fang's vision became blurry. The originally bright room instantly became dark, just as if he was wandering through the galaxy.

As the stars disappeared, small dots of white lights appeared in front of Bu Fang, creating a large light map. Every dot of light seemed to possess an unceasing amount of attraction.

"System transmission starts... Di Di Di."

There was a sudden sound from the robot and a transmission formation appeared at Bu Fang's side. The light from the formation were unceasing and a fat body appeared from within the light.

Bu Fang's jaw dropped. Wasn't that Whitey? However, compared to the huge Whitey, the robot in front of him was much smaller, only the size of a normal human.



"It is still as fat as ever." Bu Fang patted the stomach of this robot that resembled Whitey.

"This is the bodyguard to accompany the host in his journey through the Delicacy Map. It is one with Whitey and the host can still address it as Whitey. Its mission is to protect the host. If the host is in any danger, it will activate its automatic protective mode.

Amazing! Bu Fang's eyes glowed up and he patted on Whitey's head. Whitey's robotic eyes glowed up in red and gave Bu Fang a familiar feeling. Although it was smaller in size, the smell was still the same as Whitey's.

"Host, please take note, map transmission starts now...."

Bu Fang expression froze and became serious, as he felt a little excited.

"Delicacy Map, initial range, first location of transmission, Light Wind Empire, Hang Yang region, Southern City."

The system voice rang out, serious and cold, before becoming silent. Bu Fang realised that there were lines made of light appearing above his head. That thin lines started combining, forming a sophisticated formation.

Bu Fang's vision became blurry and he felt himself being pulled by a force. Next moment, he vanished from the room.

...

The pavillion ten miles away from the Southern City within Hang Yang region, Light Wind Empire.

The light appeared in the void and as the lights developed, a raging storm brew. A man came out from that storm. This was a shadow of a man, who was tall and skinny. His long hair were messed up as the raging storm brew.

Bu Fang heaved a sigh of relief. His hair was messed up by the

strong winds and, behind him, Whitey's mechanical eyes lit up with red lights. He tied up his hair with a velvet rope and looked toward the big city not far away from him. It was a city that was surrounded by a river stream. The perimeter of the city walls were the river streams and surrounding the river was a thick forest.

This was the first destination of the Delicacy Map, Hang Yang region, Southern city.

## Chapter 245: Go On Then, Live

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Southern City, in the Hang Yang Province, was situated at the southern part of Light Wind Empire. The empire's land area was not small, containing seven large provinces with many large cities within each of them.

"Seven provinces, three cities, one large island." This saying summarised the layout of how Light Wind Empire would look like on a map. Hang Yang Province was one of those seven. The three cities referred to were the three great ancient cities, one of which was the capital.

The capital, Western Mystery City, and Border City, all had extensive histories. Western Mystery City existed even before Light Wind Empire was established, and its history could be traced back to many previous dynasties.

As for the large island, it could be said to be the nearest island to Light Wind Empire. The empire was very far away from any sea. The large island was the first island that Emperor Changfeng conquered and had previously been the Moon God Palace sect's monastic grounds. After Moon God Palace was conquered by Light Wind Empire, this island then became the land of the empire.

There were many other large islands close to Moon God Island, with the most famous one being the Mahayana Islands. Even the ten big sects were in fear of the power that resided in Mahayana Islands.

Southern City was located within Hang Yang Province. Even though the province's strength was not the greatest among the seven provinces, everyone knew that its proximity to the coast allowed it to be rich materially. It was the richest province in the empire, and Southern City was an extremely important city in Hang Yang Province.

After Bu Fang had tidied his messy hair, he turned toward the

towering city walls of Southern City, which were still less majestic and sturdy than the capital's.

Shi Li Pavilion was a place for rest, and few people came to this place. After resting for a moment, Bu Fang walked toward Southern City.

The reason for his trip was to find excellent food. Every location had its special local cuisine for sure, and because the culture of every area differed, the flavors in its local cuisine would also not be the same.

Beyond Southern City's walls was a large river with surging currents, and the water flow was rapid. The crashing sounds of the waves were deafening.

There was a fishing boat swaying in the river, with fishermen throwing out their net to catch large fish.

At both ends of the river, there were many fishing enthusiasts who closed their eyes as they fished. They held their fishing rods, pulling on the long fishing line and waiting for the fishes to be hooked.

A loud crash sounded, and the water splashed in all directions.

A large and fleshy fish was hooked out, and its scales glistened under the sun.

Bu Fang looked at the scene and nodded his head. Southern City's livelihood depended on this large river, and with such natural resources, it was not hard to figure out why the city was so rich. There would also surely be a large variety of seafood in the city.

A slender silhouette moved through the official road, with Whitey following behind slowly in an inanimate manner.

Occasionally, there would be fast moving horse carriages on the official horses. The horses were not ordinary horses and were likely to be a type of spirit beast, as their bodies were covered by scales similar to fish scales. Their limbs were filled with strength

and moved rapidly like the wind.

Southern City had large city walls, and there were four large gates around it. The river spanned through the city gates, and it ended at a large bridge for people to pass through.

As it got closer to Southern City, there was an increase in the number of people on foot. These people were carrying heavy travel bags containing different types of fruits and vegetables. Some of these people were also fishing enthusiasts who had caught some fish.

At the city gate, there were armored guards who did throughout checks on people, their belongings and products as they entered the city.

After the checks, the fishing enthusiasts had to pay an amount depending on the mass of the fishes they caught before they were allowed to enter the city. The people that carried fruits and vegetables also had to pay a fee.

In Southern City, fruits and vegetables were rarer products compared to products from the sea.

Of course, apart from these traders who came and went, there were also travellers like Bu Fang who came to the city.

Bu Fang was very cooperative when the guards checked him. However, the guards had certain suspicions about Whitey.

"This is my puppet," Bu Fang calmly replied the guard's question.

"Comrade Liu, I know, I think this gentleman is what legends describes as a puppet master. I read it from some books. These puppets are similar to servants," a guard said excitedly.

"Oh my, Er Gou, I really didn't expect you to know about puppet masters, you must share more about puppeteer stories with us."

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up. Seeing the guards speaking amongst themselves in a local accent, he did not talk any

further to them. He tapped Whitey's huge belly and stepped into Southern City.

The city was not any less prosperous than the capital. The floor was laid out with bricks that were extremely even and comfortable to walk on. Row after row of buildings filled the city, although these buildings were not tall. They had white tiles and black walls, and the tall buildings looked a little weird. Although the colors were very plain, one did not get tired of looking at them.

Bu Fang seemed distant in thought, and felt as if he had been transported back to the memories of the Water Villages of Jiangnan.

The current inside the city was not as rapid, being slower and gentler instead. On the river, there were flowery lanterns and boats. There were even idle gentlemen who were at the bows of ships reciting poetry to each other as they held to their paper fans.

The culture in Southern City was more gentle when compared to the capital. This could be said to be the difference between the two regions.

Bu Fang walked to a street that was more crowded. The people around the street were visibly more active. On both sides of the streets, there were many traders peddling their goods, and the fragrance of aromatic food filled the air in a captivating sense.

"Hey handsome, it's a great day, welcome to Spring Fragrance Brothel."

Bu Fang was looking around when his ears heard an alluring tune. This was quickly followed up with a rich smell of rouge powder which unsettled him, causing him to twitch his eyebrows.

As Bu Fang turned, he saw a scantily clad lady, with rouge powder as makeup on her face, swaying her body as she moved toward him.

When Bu Fang saw the lady, he hurriedly took a few steps back,

what the hell was this?!

The lady had decent looks which were above average, but she looked at Bu Fang with the predatory gaze of a wolf, or even a tiger.

When Bu Fang took a few steps back, the lady followed closely, and immediately held his arm tightly to her body. Bu Fang's face froze, and he could feel his arm pressing against something voluptuous.

"Sir, you must have just arrived in Southern City. How about coming to Spring Fragrance Brothel as well? Come, please enter," the lady said charmingly in a flirtatious tone as she covered her smile with a handkerchief.

The rich smell of the rouge powder made Bu Fang's nose itchy, and he could not help but let out a sneeze.

Covering his nose, Bu Fang's eyebrows twitched as he extracted his arm from the embrace of the lady, saying, "Do not come near me, let's talk things out."

The lady was stunned, and thereafter let out a smile as she waved her handkerchief.

Bu Fang looked around and noticed many other ladies who were similarly scantily clad. They were smiling and laughing as they brought men into this gorgeous and exquisite-looking brothel.

"Sir, why are you still hesitating? Spring Fragrance Brothel is famous in the entire Hang Yang Province. This place... Can help you to regain your confidence," the lady said with a sweet smile, waving her handkerchief. The smell of the rouge powder once again entered into Bu Fang's nose.

Bu Fang retreated a few steps back in disgust, shaking his head and covering his nose. He wanted to turn around and leave. The smell of the rouge was too strong, and to someone like Bu Fang, whose senses were very sensitive, this was simply torture.

"Please excuse me, I am only interested in tasty food, does spring-whatever brothel serve any good food?" Bu Fang asked in a muffled tone as he covered his nose.

The lady was stunned, and at the same time felt that the handsome man in front of her was an interesting person. She winked and said, "Good food... of course there is good food, many types of good food. Whatever taste you desire.... We have it here. But stop asking so much, you will know once you come in, Spring Fragrance Brothel will definitely not disappoint you. Those who enter it enjoy themselves so much that they even forget to return home." The lady once again moved and grazed Bu Fang's body, holding onto his arm and bringing him into the brothel.

Although Bu Fang was a chef, this lady's tone was seductive and charming, which made him wonder... Was this brothel the one that legends were talking about?

Bu Fang was deep in thought, and when he snapped out of it, he had unknowingly been brought into the brothel. His eyes widened.

Red flashing lights illuminated Whitey's mechanical eyes, and it raised its fan-like palms to scratch its rounded head. It then stepped out to follow Bu Fang in.

Upon entering the brothel, Bu Fang was amazed. The interior of the brothel was as splendid as its exterior, with many activities going on and an endless stream of people.

"Sisters, welcome the customer."

The lady pulled Bu Fang in and waved her handkerchiefs as she shouted. As Bu Fang was still stunned, a group of ladies giggled and came to him. An uncomfortable feeling started to emerge within him... Did he enter the wrong place?

Was this the place that legend described as.... Heaven for men?



## Chapter 246: This Dish... Is Bad

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At the heart of the wildlands, there was a city with many buildings. It was surrounded by thick walls that were built to protect it. Within the city, there were rows after rows of houses.

At the center of this city, there was a black tower that seemed to be made of alloy, and every floor of the tower looked incredible. The black color on the tower gave off the feeling of a very simple and unadorned architecture style.

Sheng Mu stood in front of the tower. The two elderly people who sat on the high above the first level of the tower scanned him before allowing him through. He thanked them and entered the tower. He walked up the winding stairs and did not stop until he reached the top of the tower.

There, there was only one room. Sheng Mu mumbled some words and that steel door that was sealed tight started opening, making a loud noise in the process. He respectfully entered the room and found himself staring into pitch blackness.

"Great Elder Xia Yu... I, Sheng Mu, humbly requests your presence." Sheng Mu lowered his head and paid respect while entering this pitch black yet spacious room.

Buzz!

The air buzzed. A muscular figure appeared from the darkness and slowly walked out. The figure looked humongous, even when compared to Xia Da. Looking at the muscles, one could not help but to feel pressured and threatened.

A fervent glint crossed Sheng Mu's eyes before swiftly passing as he respectfully cupped his hands.

"Young Temple Master Sheng, why have you come here?" Xia Yu's body was as huge as a ferocious beast, and yet his footsteps barely made a sound, as if he was hovering along rather than

walking.

"Great Elder Xia Da... is dead," Sheng Mu answered in a voice full of grief.

All of a sudden, the beast was filled with rage and anger. He stared and coldly uttered, "What did you just say? While Xia Da may be my younger brother, he is still at the level of a War-God. How could he die so easily? It's not like he is brainless. I even warned him not to provoke those few old monsters. Why would he die?"

Sheng Mu trembled and cold sweat ran down his back. Xia Yu was a Great Elder of the Three Godly Temple of the Wildlands... Needless to say, his cultivation level was unfathomable. He achieved the echelon of a War-God years ago and was even close to becoming a Supreme-Being. It had been many years since then, and no one knew what was his cultivation level now.

Sheng Mu fearfully explained to the raging Xia Yu what happened in Light Wind Empire, after which he kept his lips sealed tight. His fear was caused by the icy cold killing intent the hulking man before him radiated, and even the air around him seemed to freeze up in fear as well.

"He dares to kill my brother... Even if he were a Supreme-Being, he would have to pay the price!" Xia Yu gritted his teeth, eyes turning red with killing intent.

He then looked at Sheng Mu and coldly yelled, "Get lost!"

Sheng Mu turned pale. He looked up at the fearsome Xia Yu and despite his aggrieved state, left without saying a word. Leaving the tower, his face was as dark as night itself. At the end, however, he laughed. He laughed so uproariously, that the air around him seemed to reverberate from the laughter.

...

Bu Fang could definitely attest that, right now, he had indeed

entered the so-called "Man's Paradise". It was said that Jiangnan in China was a place for philanderers. This Southern City could be considered a southern region of the Light Wind Empire as well—in that sense, the two places seemed to overlap onto each other, not only in terms of location but in terms of their philandering ways as well.

In the capital, places like brothels had to be more discreet as that was where the Son of Heaven lived.

Bu Fang was an aspiring young chef back in his previous world, one that was laden with responsibilities. Naturally, he had no time for such places.

Now, however, he found himself in just such a shady place that was so nicely renovated, it was even comparable to the compound of the palace. No wonder the Southern City was considered the land of wealth in the Light Wind Empire. There was truly a lot of rich people there.

Bu Fang expression did not change although he felt perturbed. A place of debauchery huh... It sounded amazing, but how was its food? Would there be any local delicacies there?

If the Aunt Liu dragging him along right now knew of his actual thoughts... she would have probably given him a tight one across his face with her shoes.

"A grown man like you visits the Spring Fragrance Brothel just to taste some food? How about showing some aspiration?" Was what she would have probably said if she knew.

Admittedly, his heart skipped a beat for the briefest of moments, but for the most part his expression remained calm despite being surrounded by a bevy of girls. Soon, hee was brought to a resplendent room by Aunt Liu.

Sitting by the table, Aunt Liu smiled and gestured for two young beautiful ladies to come over.

"Serve this young master. This young master has a special fetish, so remember to give him a few extra flavors, got it?"

"Don't worry, Aunt Liu. This young master is so good-looking, this servant's heart is giddy just thinking about it."

Aunt Liu covered her mouth with a handkerchief and laughed, "Youngsters, remember to restrain yourselves, Aunt Liu will leave first. Chun Hua, Qiu Yue, it's up to you now."

Aunt Liu worked in this industry for years and developed sharp eyes for identifying rich men just by looking at their clothing and temperament.

Bu Fang was neatly dressed and his facial appearance was clean as well. The clothes on him were clearly made of expensive material. Based on her astute judgement, she identified that it was made in a silk villa in the capital. The silk made there was very expensive and a normal person would usually be unable to afford it.

Based on all that, this young man was surely a rich person. He might just be a playboy from the capital who came here to have fun.

If not for his perceived status, she would not have grabbed Bu Fang in, no matter how good-looking he was.

The crowd dispersed and the place seemed to quieten down. Bu Fang felt more relaxed and finally manage to catch a breath.

"Young master, I heard from Aunt Liu you have unique tastes?" Chun Hua was a very young girl. Her skin was as fair as snow and she looked at Bu Fang with her puppy dog eyes.

A handsome young master that was so adored by Aunt Liu, how would she not be moved.

"The two of us might not be the most popular girls, but our beauty isn't too low either. Besides..." Qiu Yue changed her sight and sauntered beside Bu Fang in small steps. She laid her tender hands on Bu Fang's shoulder, and gently whispered, "Us sisters

have all kinds of tastes as well. Whatever you want, we'll provide for you."

Bu Fang frowned as the rouge smell on Qiu Yue almost made him sneeze.

However, after rubbing his nose, he held it in. He then calmly scanned the gorgeous room and poured himself a piping hot cup of tea. A concentrated tea smell came out from the cup.

The slight bitterness of the tea somewhat cleared his mind and brightened his eyes. "The tea, it's not bad."

Chun Hua and Qiu Yue were shocked, neither understanding the situation at all.

"I'm feeling a little hungry. Do you have anything nice to eat here?" Bu Fang glanced at Qiu Yue.

He had seen many pretty girls and Chun Hua and Qiu Yue were also very beautiful. However, when compared to sources of calamity like Xiao Yanyu and Ni Yan... Haha.

"Ah? Young master is hungry? This servant will have some food prepared right away." The stunned Chun Hua chuckled and left the room.

"Oh... Remember to bring one of every dish, especially if it is a specialty in the Southern city." Bu Fang added as he looked at Chun Hua's swaying figure.

Chun Hua, who just stepped out of the room, staggered, "Young master, you are so humorous."

This was the first time she had seen a customer come to the Spring Fragrance Brothel and specially ask for their local delicacies... Did he think this was a restaurant?

"This Spring Fragrance Brothel's environment is really good. If only the rouge smell was a little lighter, it would be a lot better. All that pink is really disrupting the mood." Bu Fang thought to

himself.

Qiu Yue looked at Bu Fang, who just took a sip of tea, and walked behind him. She used her tender palms to give Bu Fang a shoulder massage.

"Young Master, you haven't told your servant what flavor you prefer. Aunt Liu instructed us to take good care of you."

The moment he had his shoulders massaged, Bu Fang felt that something was weird. Immediately, his face revealed his confusion and he gave a dry cough. "Hey... stop the massage, it's freaky. Open up the door, my puppet is still outside, bring it in."

Qiu Yue was stunned. Puppet?

Opening up the door, Qiu Yue nearly jumped back in fright as she saw the fat lump of iron with red eyes standing at the doorway.

"That's it. Bring it in and please serve the dishes soon," exclaimed Bu Fang.

After Qiu Yue lead Whitey into the room, the atmosphere in the room became a lot less bewitching. Qiu Yue truly found the sight unusual...

"Are these people really here to tour the brothel? Why does this situation feel a little off?" She thought to herself.

After a while, Chun Hua returned and behind her were a few maids. These maids were all young and their face still looked innocent.

Each came in with a fragrant dish that would bring a sparkle to most.

Bu Fang looked at these dishes and took a deep breath. Looking at these dishes made him feel more comfortable.

"Young Master, these are the famous dishes of the Southern City. Lotus Flower Soup, it tastes really good. This is Drunken Sweet Fish. This one is Reminiscent Lotus Root..." Chun Hua pointed at

every dish and introduced them to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded his head, picked up the chopsticks and took a piece of the so called Reminiscent Lotus Root.

He put the Lotus root into his mouth and it tasted crispy and sour. Bu Fang instantly frowned.

"Bad! The lotus roots are too old, and the texture is terrible. Besides, you added too much vinegar..."

Chun Hua and Qiu Yue shockingly looked at Bu Fang, who talked incessantly, and could not stop nagging. The jaw of the maids who served the dishes dropped, not knowing how to react.

Brother... are you messing with us? Did you really come to a brothel to critique its food?

# Chapter 247: A Mere Chef Dares to Cause Trouble in a Brothel?

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"Aunt Liu!"

Spring Fragrance Brothel, first floor. Aunt Liu, who was sitting on the chair massaging her thigh, heard someone calling out for her. Subconsciously, she raised her head. She saw Chun Hua whose face was of one who didn't know whether to laugh or cry as she ran over.

"What's wrong? What are you doing here and not serving that young master?" Aunt Liu's face was filled with puzzlement. She had wasted a long time hoodwinking that stupefied young master before managing to pull him in. No matter how she saw it, that young master was a cash cow. She must not neglect him at all!

"No... Aunt Liu, this young master... is a little weird." Chun Hua's pretty face was showing a very weird expression. It was as if she wished to laugh but could not.

This was her first time meeting such a weird man. He had actually come over to a brothel filled with woman to sample food and for...'fun'.

Furthermore, he could have just focused on eating his dishes and then had 'fun' after that, but the scoundrel just kept on prattling while eating his dishes.

Aunt Liu listened to Chun Hua's narration with a look of marvel on her face. Previously, she had also heard Bu Fang asking her if Spring Fragrance Brothel had anything to eat. Aunt Liu thought that was Bu Fang just asking her in a very vague manner... Never had she expected it was just her misconception.

"That scoundrel was really here to eat food!"

Thus, the two hastily went back to that room. Before she even stepped near the room however, she heard his unceasing criticism



resonating out from it.

"Is this Drunken Sweet Fish or is it Vinegar Fish? Why did they pour so much vinegar in it? Are they trying to sour the diner to death? Furthermore, why is the fish flesh so tough? Was the temperature managed by a newbie chef?"

"This is Lotus Flower Soup? It should be Rice Paste instead! It's so starchy and does not even have any taste. Do you think that just because you had arranged it in a lotus flower shape, it would become a Lotus Flower Soup?"

"This Floral Barbecue Duck, did you even defeather it properly? Do you expect me to eat the duck or its feathers?"

...

Bu Fang frowned. Each time he tasted a dish, he would ridicule it coldly with a loathing expression. Furthermore, with the way he heaped on dislike and criticism for all their dishes, even the maids themselves were stunned. Were all those dishes truly garbage?

Even though their Spring Fragrance Brothel head chef was not as good as those head chefs in the genuine big restaurants in Southern City, his culinary skills weren't bad either. The taste of every dish he cooked was still pretty decent, but when those dishes were placed in front of this young man, why did it seem like they had all turned to garbage?

The moment Aunt Liu entered the room, she took a look at Bu Fang, who was criticising unceasingly. Immediately, her face become a little awkward while Qiu Yue stood at the side, feeling extremely wrong.

"Aiya! Young Master, what's going on? Could it be that Chun Hua and Qiu Yue did not serve you well?" Aunt Liu sat beside Bu Fang and said with a beautiful smile.

Bu Fang did not reply to her question but instead, he picked up a piece of pork rib and took a bite. After that, he placed the pork rib

back onto his bowl.

"The heat used to fry this pork ribs is completely wrong! Did the chef who made this dish just started learning how to cook? It is very obvious that the heat of a pan is very important when it comes to cooking a dish. However, almost all the dishes he had cooked were done with a bare satisfactory heat intensity."

Aunt Liu coughed once and her complexion was quite ugly. This kid... If it was not because you looked like a wealthy man, I would have long fallen out with you.

"Young Master, our Spring Fragrance Brothel is not a restaurant. Aren't your demands a little too stringent?" The smiling expression on Aunt Liu's face gradually disappeared. Chun Hua and Qiu Yue stood behind her, pouting and nodding their heads.

Bu Fang's chopstick reached out to the last dish. It was a plate of buns and was still emitting hot steam. The aroma of it was pretty good.

This dish was called Pan-Fried Pork Bun. It was placed into a pan filled with a layer of oil and was pan fried till it had become golden yellow. While pan-frying it, the chef would have to add pressure to the top of the bun. The skin of the dish was crispy while the meat was tender. It was incomparably fragrant.

Bu Fang's eyebrow pricked up after taking a bite off the Pan-Fried Pork Bun. The taste was quite good. It was a lot better compared to the other dishes. However, the flaws in it were truly too many.

"The dough used was too hard so the skin ended up too hard and chewy as well. Such a bun skin would easily get stuck in between the diner's teeth. The fragrance of it is not dense enough. The grease inside hasn't been fully rendered out. The heat used to cook the Pan-Fried Pork Bun wasn't controlled well..."

"Young Master!"

Aunt Liu looked at Bu Fang, who had started to talk non-stop

again. She was taken aback by it and quickly interrupted Bu Fang.

Bu Fang complexion was very indifferent. He put down the chopsticks on his hand and said: "Regardless of where you are, since you endeavor to provide dishes for your customers, you will have to be responsible for your dishes. After all, food is one of the ways to make your customers stay. As a chef, one has to attach importance to every dish one makes. Strictly speaking... It would be beneficial to you people."

Aunt Liu's face got even colder when she heard Bu Fang's words. Food was meant to be eaten, and as long as it could fill one's stomach, it was fine. Coming over to Spring Fragrance Brothel to eat was just so they could fill their stomach and would have the energy to do the thing everyone knew of.

Why was it that when it came to Bu Fang, there was just so much obstacles hindering her way? This scoundrel must be here to cause trouble. Or could it be that this scoundrel in front of her is a professional chef?

"Young Master, my Spring Fragrance Brothel might be just a romantic location in Southern City, but we will not allow anyone to bully or humiliate us. When your servant here saw Young Master's majestic appearance, I thought that you might be one of those elegant and graceful wealthy Young Masters. But it seems like this is the first time that I, Aunt Liu, has made an error of judgement. Since you are so focused on the dishes, and are so fussy about the taste, going so far as to criticise it with such clarity, could it be that sire is a chef?"

The more Aunt Liu spoke, the more impolite she got. Ultimately, the address she used changed from Young Master to sire. This was the tempo of wanting to thoroughly shed all pretense of cordiality.

However, Aunt Lie was indeed not afraid of shedding all pretense of cordiality. The amount of influence her Spring Fragrance Brothel had in Southern City was not something that could be

imagined by a commoner. When it came to those troublemakers, basically none of them had a good ending after offending them.

"That's right. I am a chef." Bu Fang nodded his head seriously.

Puchi! Chun Hua and Qiu Yue who were standing behind Aunt Liu covered their mouths and started laughing. Chef? This guy in front of them was actually a chef? Previously, all of them thought that this guy was some rich Young Master and became immeasurably self-satisfied when they were chosen to serve him. Never had they expected that the other party was a poor chef!

Chun Hua and Qiu Yue tried to imagine the youth in front of them, who looked rather handsome and elegant, wearing on a white gown covered in grease and a towel which was dangling around their neck, with their face covered with oil and was sweating non-stop like the chef they had in their brothel... Immediately, both of them could not help but shudder.

When Aunt Liu heard Bu Fang's words, her red phoenix eyes widened up in shock. The slight smiling expression that had been on her face had also disappeared as she stared at Bu Fang coldly.

Chef? This guy in front of her eyes was actually just a chef?! How much money could a chef possibly have?!

Bang!

The more Aunt Liu thought of it, the angrier she got. She slapped on the table ferociously and the dishes on the table immediately produced crashing sounds. All the maid inside the room looked at Aunt Liu and cringed.

Chun Hua and Qiu Yue were frightened by it as they backed a step away. They knew that Aunt Liu was angry and an angry Aunt Liu was a scary one.

The two ladies glimpsed at Bu Fang while gloating at his misfortune. However, when they saw the calm and indifferent expression on Bu Fang's face, they felt eccentric about it.

Bu Fang astonishingly took a glance at the fierce lady who slapped the table. What did she mean? What's wrong with being a chef? For what reason did she have to look down on a chef?

"Merely a poor and destitute chef and you actually dare to come to my Spring Fragrance Brothel to act as a big shot? It seems that if don't teach you a lesson today, you would really think that my Spring Fragrance Brothel is a place you can muck around in." Aunt Liu stood up. Her twin peaks kept on moving up and down while she said coldly.

Bu Fang frowned for a moment. His complexion had also turned chilly. This woman was too unreasonable! Wasn't she the one who dragged him in? When did it become him coming in to act as a big shot?

"Chun Hua, go and call the guards over! Today, I must teach this kid a small lesson. It's a pity that I have to waste a table worth of expensive ingredients to do so." Aunt Liu said.

Chun Hua nodded her head without delay. She felt that at this moment, Aunt Liu was in a fit of anger. It's better for her to obediently listen to what Aunt Liu said.

"Chef. Humph... Poor and destitute chef." Aunt Liu glared at Bu Fang while she shook her head continuously and sneered. There were actually times when she had made an error in judgement.

As a metter of fact, Aunt Liu was clear in her heart that being a chef did not mean being poor. But, since the start, she had already thought Bu Fang was a rich young master. After all, he possessed the temperaments and appearance that a rich young master should have.

However, the moment she realized he was actually just a chef and the discrepancy between what she had expected was too big, she couldn't help but to fly into rage out of humiliation.

Comparing a chef to a young master, it was practically comparing

the difference between a pheasant and a phoenix, the disparity between heaven and earth.

Chun Hua returned very quickly. Behind her, a group of muscular men who exposed their muscles and were wearing mandarin jackets flocked in. All these muscular men's faces were very fierce-looking and tyrannical.

The moment these men came in, it caused the maids in the room to be intimidated as they flinched and retreated.

"Aiyo! Aunt Liu, what's wrong? Which lowly person dares to cause trouble again? Oh? The person who is causing trouble this time is a pretty boy?"

The leading muscular man looked at Aunt Liu lustfully and said with a big smile.

"Guard Chen, this kid did not have any money but still tried to pose as a big shot. Merely a poor and destitute chef and he actually dares to come over to our Spring Fragrance Brothel to act so ostentatiously to swindle us. He had even criticised our food. He's up to your disposal." Aunt Liu's complexion had eased up a little. She pointed at Bu Fang and said coldly.

"Oh? Kid, you are quite courageous to actually come over to Spring Fragrance Brothel to create trouble. Are you tired of living?" Guard Chen's eyes widened up while holding onto the burning fire stick on his hand. His leg stepped onto the chair beside Bu Fang as he slanted his eyes and looked at Bu Fang.

Those guards behind him also eyed Bu Fang with a taunting and predatory gaze. Coming over to Spring Fragrance Brothel to create trouble... Was he looking for death?

"Hualala."

The teapot was lifted up slightly with the piping hot tea flowing out from the teapot mouth as it was poured into a teacup.

Bu Fang held onto the teacup and drank a sip of tea calmly while

savoring its taste. The only thing that was barely enough to make him felt pleased about in the Spring Fragrance Brothel would be this tea in front of him.

After drinking the tea, Bu Fang looked at the surrounding people unhurriedly. He looked at those guards who were eyeing him covetously and Aunt Liu who was loathing him incessantly. Suddenly, the corner of Bu Fang's mouth opened slightly.

## Chapter 248: I Never Thought You Were Like This, Owner Bu

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Bu Fang's calm composure surprised the surrounding crowd. Guard Chen narrowed his eyes, with the muscles on his face quivering.

He was utterly irritated by this fellow's unperturbed nature. What was the meaning of this? Was he looking down on the guard of Spring Fragrance Brothel? Everybody who sought to make a scene at the Spring Fragrance Brothel trembled with fear when they came across him, Guard Chen. This was the first time he had encountered someone so undaunted.

Bu Fang finished his cup of tea and exhaled a soft breath. He eyed the glowering Guard Chen coolly, then scanned the taunting crowd of people around him before standing up slowly.

"Who told you to stand up? Sit down!" Seeing that Bu Fang dared to stand up, Guard Chen's face darkened even more. He twirled the fire iron in his hands and aimed it at Bu Fang's shoulder, trying to keep him in his seat.

Bu Fang lifted his hands up gently and grasped the fire iron that Guard Chen launched his way. His expression remained calm.

By now, Bu Fang's cultivation level had reached sixth grade Battle-Emperor. In reality, he did not have strong combat abilities, and was only comparable to the worst of fifth grade warriors when facing an average sixth grade one. Yet, this Guard Chen, despite his ferocious appearance, merely had a cultivation of fourth grade Battle-Spirit.

A fourth-grade Battle-Spirit... Bu Fang was not the least bit intimidated.

Bu Fang stood bold upright, unrestrained by the fire iron. He managed to pull it toward him, sending Guard Chen down on his



knees. The chair beneath the latter's feet crashed onto the floor.

"You brat!" Guard Chen was enraged.

He didn't expect this fellow to make a move when he was so outnumbered. Was he trying to get killed?

Bu Fang fiddled with the fire iron. Suddenly bored with it, he tossed the fire iron carelessly on the side, which clanked as it landed on the floor.

"Reckless! When it comes to being so foolish and imprudent at the Spring Fragrance Brothel, you're a first!" Guard Chen's fury burned like flames. True energy surged out of his body, sending violent winds thrashing through the entire room.

Bu Fang wrinkled his brows. This fellow didn't know when to stop huh?

Bang!!

Forces of energy burst out of Guard Chen's body, accompanying his smug laughter. Amongst the bodyguards in the Spring Fragrance Brothel, he had the highest cultivation level, because of which he was appointed the head of the guards. His cultivation level was something he deemed his greatest asset.

A fourth grade Battle-Spirit was already considered a top-tier warrior around there. Since the Southern City was one big on trades and commerce, few strong warriors resided in it.

Bu Fang glimpsed at him calmly. He didn't understand where this burly fellow got his confidence. Never mind a fourth grade Battle-Spirit... Bu Fang was someone who had already encountered eighth grade War-Gods. It was natural he didn't think that highly of fourth grade Battle-Spirits.

"Stop bothering me."

He was not in the mood to get involved with these people.

Bu Fang uttered this coolly as the energy within his energy core

began to circulate. True energy gushed out of his body, releasing a formidable pressure.

Guard Chen was hit with this force of pressure before getting a chance to unleash his own true energy. In that instant, he almost jumped up in fright. This gigolo-like young man, with such fair and clear skin, had suddenly become a towering mountain, nearly crushing him out of breath.

What a terrifying level of true energy...

Bang... the layer of true energy enveloping Guard Chen's body immediately shattered. His entire figure staggered several steps backwards as he slumped onto the floor butt-first. The muscles on his face trembled as his lips quivered.

Crap, this pale-faced man turned out to be a sixth grade Battle-Emperor! This level of power... was one he had only felt before on the chief general of the Southern City!

At this point, he wanted badly to slap that damned Aunt Liu out of her nonsense. What did she mean by "making a scene", or "merely a shabby chef"? This guy before their eyes was a sixth grade Battle-Emperor!

This fellow could squash him with the lift of a single finger. Make a scene? How ridiculous. Even the big bosses behind the Spring Fragrance Brothel dared not offend a sixth grade Battle-Saint. In the Southern City, sixth grade Battle-Saints were the big dogs.

Bu Fang's pressure wasn't one of absolute domination. Instead, it was more serene and calm, much like his own personality. Nonetheless, it was still that of a sixth grade Battle-Saint. Hence, everyone present felt somewhat stifled by that force of pressure.

Bu Fang looked around and noticed the frightened crowds. He suddenly raised his eyebrows, feeling a little bored.

He took out a piece of crystal from the system's storage space and tossed it casually onto the table.

The sparking crystal made a crispy sound as it hit the table. That very sound echoed in the ears of Aunt Liu and her crew, turning their legs to jelly.

Aunt Liu felt like a brainless dummy... She made the wrong call, yet again. This young man was no chef at all, and was instead a strong Battle-Emperor.

Aunt Liu wanted desperately to weep. Why did he have to torture her this way.

Bu Fang held his hands behind his back and scanned his surrounding coolly. At last, his gaze landed on Aunt Liu. With his lips curled, he asked: "Is one crystal... enough to pay for the food?"

Aunt Liu's legs trembled. She wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. Nodding hurriedly, she replied: "Enough, enough, definitely enough."

A piece of crystal was enough to purchase this entire room, let alone these dishes. These food were all made with ordinary ingredients and wasn't worth much.

"Good. Then I have another question for you. Be honest," Bu Fang stated calmly.

Aunt Liu felt her heart tighten, but still nodded quickly.

"Tell me about the speciality cuisine of the Southern City. Where can I find gourmet delicacies around here?" Bu Fang asked in a serious tone.

Um... huh?

Aunt Liu was at loss, and so were the others around them. He was asking about food?

None of them expected Bu Fang to end with a question like this. In fact, this was rather... amusing.

Aunt Liu breathed a sigh of relief. As long as Bu Fang didn't demolish the Spring Fragrance Brothel out of anger, she was happy

enough.

"Sir, haven't you just tasted the speciality cuisine of the Southern City? It is that Pan-Fried Pork Bun, which counts as one of the top dishes of the Southern City. The buns you had were cooked by the chef of our Spring Fragrance Brothel. It is not surprising that you don't find them to your liking, since they aren't technically authentic," Aunt Liu replied.

Bu Fang was taken back. It turned out that Pan-Fried Pork Bun was a speciality cuisine of the Southern City? No wonder it tasted much better than the other dishes he had tried.

"Then where can I get the authentic Pan-Fried Pork Bun?"

"You can't anymore. The only person who could make the most authentic Pan-Fried Pork Bun is Miss Lin of the Lin's Steamed Bun House. Not only did she inherit her grandfather's cooking skills, she is also incredibly beautiful. In fact, she was named the "Beauty of Bun" in the Southern City. It's a pity that she has married into the Xiao family and no longer cooks Pan-Fried Pork Buns anymore. To get a taste of Pan-Fried Pork Buns made by her hands is difficult nowadays." Aunt Liu sighed.

She recalled the days when Lin's Steamed Bun House was so popular it had queues that went on for several blocks. It was a shame she could no longer relive these moments anymore. And that she could never eat her delicious Pan-Fried Pork Buns anymore.

"Why did she stop making Pan-Fried Pork Buns? How could she let such good cooking go to waste?" Bu Fang frowned as he asked in confusion.

Aunt Liu peered at Bu Fang cautiously and responded: "It's all because of the second master of the Xiao family. He doesn't want Miss Lin to expose herself in public all day long, and so stopped her from making the Pan-Fried Pork Buns. This is also why Lin's Steamed Bun House eventually shut down."

The wealthy and influential Xiao family of the Southern City?

Since it was such an authentic gourmet delicacy, how could they allow it to simply disappear?

Bu Fang was pretty upset. He had specifically visited the Southern City in search of authentic speciality dishes. How could he return home empty-handed?

"Got it, thank you for informing me." Bu Fang took in a deep breath, glanced at the nervous crowd again, and withdrew his force of pressure. Then, he turned around and stepped out of the store without another word. Whitey's mechanic eyes flashed red as it followed Bu Fang's steps.

The two soon left the Spring Fragrance Brothel.

Everyone in the room breathed a sigh of relief and sank onto the floor. The force of pressure of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor nearly squeezed the life out of them, making it hard for them to breathe evenly. It was fortunate that this young master did not seek to make things worse.

Bu Fang had no intentions of making a scene. He merely came for the gourmet delicacies, yet the dishes of the Spring Fragrance Brothel were plainly unsatisfying.

Back onto the bustling streets of the Southern City, Bu Fang did a little stretch. He felt much more clearheaded and relaxed without the irritating scent of makeup surrounding him.

"Owner Bu?"

Just as Bu Fang was stretching himself, a gentle and pleasant female voice rang behind his back.

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed as his face froze. His stretch was also paused mid-way.

What the hell? How could there be somebody calling him Owner Bu... in the Southern City?! Bu Fang's heart trembled. He slowly

twisted his head around only to see an elegant, eye-catching beauty. The lady wore a veil over her face, yet her eyes were as mesmerizing as an autumn lake.

There was a trace of surprise in Xiao Yanyu's water-like eyes. She peered at the Spring Fragrance Brothel on the side and then back at a dumbfounded Bu Fang. She looked like she had just made a new discovery.

"I never... thought you were like this, Owner Bu!" Xiao Yanyu remained dumbstruck as she muttered.

## Chapter 249: Ginger Sauce Tofu Pudding of The Small Alleyway

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"Ummm... It's not what it looks like." Bu Fang looked at Xiao Yanyu. The corners of his mouth twitched upwards, forcing a smile that looked more like a weep.

He truly came to the Spring Fragrance Brothel for the food, just for the food.

Xiao Yanyu lifted her delicate brows, her eyes flickering playfully. She was utterly bewildered to bump into Owner Bu in the Southern City, a place so far away from the Imperial City, let alone catch him coming out of the Spring Fragrance Brothel.

No matter how cold and aloof Owner Bu came across normally, he was a man after all. What would a man do in a brothel? Oh my god!

She never expected Owner Bu to be like this!

"I get it, I get it. Owner Bu, you don't need to explain it to me." Xiao Yanyu nodded suggestively. Her eyes winked in a way that assured him she's got his back. "After all, the Imperial City is right under the nose of the emperor. It is relatively strict there. By comparison, the Southern City is much better. It is known for its romantic atmosphere."

What the hell do you know... Bu Fang couldn't decide whether to cry to laugh. His face began reflecting odd shades of color. In fact, this was probably the first time Xiao Yanyu witnessed so many expressions on Bu Fang's face.

"You know, men... all have certain needs." Xiao Yanyu was surprised to see Bu Fang's embarrassment. She found it rather amusing, and burst into a gentle laughter as she covered her mouth.

Although she could tell at this point that Owner Bu didn't fool

around in the Spring Fragrance Brothel, she found his state of agitation to be simply hilarious.

Bu Fang quickly regained his composure and put on his poker face, completing ignoring Xiao Yanyu, who was laughing her head off on the side.

"Fine, Owner Bu. This is a secret I'll remember. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone." Xiao Yanyu tried her best to hold in her laugh.

Behind Xiao Yanyu was a young maid, who also gazed at Bu Fang in amazement. She found it simply bewildering that someone as elegant and refined as her Miss Xiao could laugh this heartily. Did her lady know this young man standing before them?

"By the way, Owner Bu, why did you come to the Southern City? And when did you arrive?" Xiao Yanyu asked out of curiosity.

"Well, I'm just here for a short trip. I heard there are many gourmet delicacies in the Southern City, and came here to check it out." Bu Fang gave her a rather ambiguous answer. Xiao Yanyu was smart enough to see through that, and merely nodded.

"Here for gourmet delicacies? Though I am not extremely familiar with the Southern City, surely I still know it better than Owner Bu. Perhaps I could take you on a tour, since I know the delicious foods of the Southern City pretty well."

Xiao Yanyu's eyes sparkled as she suggested this with a smile.

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback but then quickly nodded. Having someone lead the way had to beat wandering around all alone. Otherwise, he could easily be dragged into another Spring Fragrance Brothel unwittingly.

"Xiao Ya, go home and inform the master that I will be back late today." A cool expression returned to Xiao Yanyu's face as she instructed the young maid behind her.

"What? My lady, the master said I must be with you at all times." The maid became somewhat flustered.



Xiao Yanyu replied her gently: "Just tell tell him I bumped into an old acquaintance, whom I intend to show around the Southern City. It is not convenient to be accompanied by a maid."

Bu Fang knitted his brows into a frown and shot a knowing glance at Xiao Yanyu. The maid was torn. But after Xiao Yanyu muttered a few more sentences, she turned around and walked away.

"Are you in some kind of trouble?" Bu Fang peered toward Xiao Yanyu and asked calmly.

"Not exactly what you call trouble. I'm just annoyed with the extra tail behind my back." Xiao Yanyu gave him a tender smile and proceeded to walk ahead.

As she strolled on, she looked back at Bu Fang and asked: "Did Owner Bu do his research before coming to the Southern City?"

"Nope." Bu Fang answered her honestly. He was randomly placed in the Southern City and had no time to learn about it beforehand.

"This is a water city located in the southern region. It is, of course, also south of the Light Wind Empire. The local customs are very much romantic in flavor, and the cuisine is also milder in taste. Spicy food is seldom seen around here. Instead, dishes like Dragon River Vinegar Fish, Pan-Fried Pork Bun, Foie Gras in Sauce... are famous specialty cuisines of the Southern City. Among them, the Dragon River Vinegar Fish and Pan-Fried Pork Bun are better known." Xiao Yanyu continued.

"However, due to certain reasons, the most authentic version of the Pan-Fried Pork Bun is long lost. The other Pan-Fried Pork Buns of the Southern City are not that impressive, which is quite a pity. As for the Dragon River Vinegar Fish, another signature local dish, one can get it at the Drunken Fragrance Restaurant."

Xiao Yanyu evidently knew much more about the Southern City than did Bu Fang. Every word she said hit the nail on the head,

prompting Bu Fang to nod along as he learned about the local customs, cultures, and manners.

But of course, Bu Fang's attention was focused on the part about food.

The sound of Dragon River Vinegar Fish, Pan-Fried Pork Bun, and the other dishes all stimulated his appetite, causing his eyes to brighten.

Suddenly, Xiao Yanyu stopped Bu Fang and pointed to a street vendor's stand at the distant corner of a small alleyway. The stand was not big at all, but on it there were a pottery vat, a wooden lid, and several porcelain bowls. As a whole, it looked quite shabby.

"Owner Bu, don't look down on this small stand. This is actually another gourmet delicacy of the Southern City, called Ginger Sauce Tofu Pudding. It actually tastes really good." Xiao Yanyu grinned and began walking toward it.

Bu Fang's face froze. He cast a look at that stand and followed suit.

The stand was very modest in size and belonged to an old lady in her fifties to sixties. Wrinkles covered her entire face, but her eyes brimmed with a loving kindness.

"Auntie, can I have two orders of the Tofu Pudding." Xiao Yanyu smiled gently at the old woman at the stand.

"Uh-huh." The old woman took her hands out of her sleeves, responded warmly, and got to work.

Bu Fang watched her movements closely as all sorts of feelings welled up in his heart.

Once the old lady uncovered the wooden lid on the pottery vat, a delicate fragrance of tofu instantly wafted through the air. A moist steam rose up, arousing one's appetite.

"Young man, my tofu pudding is definitely the most authentic in

the Southern City. Everything was carefully processed by myself." The old woman, noticing Bu Fang staring at the pottery vat, immediately smiled kindly and reassured him.

She grabbed a flat, round shaped steel spatula. This instrument was made in a particular fashion. Its handheld was bent at ninety degrees against the round shaped steel blade. The spatula itself was very flat, unlike the shape of a typical spoon.

The old woman grabbed a somewhat worn-out, but very well cleaned porcelain bowl. She held the steel spatula in one hand and extended it into the pottery vat. Shaking her hand, she pushed away the layer of liquid resting on top of the tofu and sliced it down skillfully.

She cut out a thin layer of tofu pudding and poured it into the bowl, repeating the same movements until she had filled the entire bowl with fragrant tofu pudding.

The old woman didn't hand them the porcelain bowl immediately and instead uncovered a small wooden bucket next to the pottery vat. Then, she scooped up a spoon of red-colored ginger sauce with a bamboo tube and poured it over the tofu pudding. This ginger sauce had a hint of sweetness, and gave the naturally smooth and white tofu a red sheen. It sparkled like a piece of red ruby, incredibly beautiful.

The pungent taste of the ginger sauce, mixed with the mild scent of the tofu pudding, created a unique combination.

"Here, young lady. Be careful, it's hot." The old woman handed Xiao Yanyu the Ginger Sauce Tofu Pudding warmly.

Xiao Yanyu received it carefully.

"Owner Bu, could you please help me take off my veil?" Xiao Yanyu's water-like eyes peered toward Bu Fang as she asked in a charming voice.

Bu Fang's eyes were fixated on the Ginger Sauce Tofu Pudding in

the porcelain bowl, and his tongue was licking his lips. Xiao Yanyu's words caught him by surprise. He answered her, all distracted. "Sure."

When the thin veil was removed, Xiao Yanyu's smooth, delicate skin immediately came into sight. Her fair face was so supple that water could practically be squeezed out of it and her ruby red lips shone like delicately carved gems. She looked incredibly alluring and attractive.

"Thanks, Owner Bu." The corners of Xiao Yanyu's mouth curled at a beautiful angle. A trace of smile appeared across her breathtaking, lovely face.

Bu Fang suddenly felt a little awkward, took a step back, and responded calmly: "Not a problem."

Xiao Yanyu simpered, and then pouted her lips to blow at the spoon of steaming Ginger Sauce Tofu Pudding. After a small sip, her exquisite face flushed slightly red. A blush smeared across her pale skin, making her look ever so captivating.

"Young man, stop staring. This is yours." The old woman's teasing voice rang in Bu Fang's ears. He instantly snapped back, nodded at the old lady, and took over the bowl she handed him with both hands.

The porcelain bowl was slightly warm. Inside, the mix of red ginger sauce and white tofu pudding spread a scent that teased one's taste buds. The beautiful color stimulated one's appetite even more.

Bu Fang's eyes flickered. He felt as if he had returned to his previous lifetime. In his fuzzy memory, there was always an old woman or old man, found in small alleyways, selling tofu puddings that could warm one's heart.

On his side, Xiao Yanyu squinted her eyes. She exhaled a hot breath after every bite of tofu pudding. Satisfaction was written all

over her face.

Bu Fang puckered his lips and laid his gaze upon the Ginger Sauce Tofu Pudding once more.

## Chapter 250: Foie Gras in Sauce

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Bu Fang scooped up a spoonful of tender, silky smooth tofu pudding. The somewhat thick red ginger sauce trickled down the porcelain spoon. Steam rose from the tofu pudding, emitting with it a delicate fragrance alongside the unique pungency of the ginger sauce.

He sent this spoon of tofu pudding into his mouth. The smooth and tender texture instantly filled his entire mouth, swimming at the tip of his tongue and playing with his taste buds. It added a sparkle to Bu Fang's eyes. There was also a shred of sweetness in the spicy ginger sauce. When it streamed through his teeth and tongue, it gave him a delightful sensation.

The soft, tender tofu pudding slipped into his mouth. Barely any chewing was needed for it to glide down his throat and into his stomach, warming up his body at the same time.

The moment Bu Fang took a bite, his eyes also squinted just like Xiao Yanyu's. He had to admit that there was always a special taste in foods sold by small street vendors like this old auntie. Its flavors were always so authentic and gave one a great sense of comfort.

Digging into the tofu pudding, Bu Fang emptied his bowl in a short while. The old lady gave very generous servings of the tofu pudding. Xiao Yanyu, for one, had only eaten up half of hers.

However, Bu Fang licked his bowl clean. This didn't mean the tofu pudding was such an exquisite dish. In comparison to the Fish Head Tofu Soup served in Bu Fang's own store, this tofu pudding was still yards behind. At the end of the day, the ingredients of this tofu pudding weren't anything precious or rare. But then again, the secret to this tofu pudding was the nostalgia it evoked.

It was a restful state of mind that made one drift amidst the sea of time, as if caressed by gentle waves of water.

Bu Fang licked his lips while still immersed in his thoughts. This subconscious action mirrored exactly how he ate tofu pudding as a child, making him look quite adorable.

The old woman gazed at Bu Fang kindly, a smile hanging by the corners of her mouth.

"Young man, do you want some more? I've got enough here."

"I'm good. Thank you, auntie. Your tofu pudding is delicious." The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled into a warm, albeit somewhat stiff, smile...

Oh my god! Owner Bu actually smiled!

Xiao Yanyu almost coughed up the spoonful of tofu pudding she poured into her mouth. Owner Bu, who normally looked as if he has a paralyzed face, actually... smiled!

Xiao Yanyu stared at Bu Fang, making the latter feel somewhat unsettled.

"What are you looking at?" Bu Fang glanced at Xiao Yanyu with a blank face and asked calmly.

Noticing that Bu Fang had returned to his aloof self, Xiao Yanyu instantly broke into a smile. Her entire body shivered as she laughed uncontrollably.

She hurriedly finished her serving of tofu pudding and handed the porcelain bowl back to the old woman.

Bu Fang took out a golden coin and passed it to the old woman.

"Young man, this is too much. Just pay me a copper coin." Upon seeing this golden coin, the old lady waved her hands swiftly. Merely two bowls of tofu-pudding did not worth this much money.

Bu Fang was taken aback, but then shook his head and pressed the gold coin on her, insisting: "Auntie, I think it's worth this much."

This tofu pudding provided Bu Fang with a unique sensation. He

didn't think one gold coin was an extravagant price to pay. If it were some genuinely bad dish, Bu Fang wouldn't let one get away without a lengthy lecture... let alone pay a golden coin.

Both Xiao Yanyu and Bu Fang's firm attitude made it impossible for the old woman to resist. At the end, she gave in, holding the coin carefully in her hands. She blew at it softly, wiped it a bit, and then slipped it into her pocket.

A gold coin was already a colossal sum of money to her. And so, she was naturally extra cautious with it.

The old woman wanted to give both of them refills of tofu pudding, but Bu Fang and Xiao Yanyu turned her offer down with a smile. Then, the two left in search of other gourmet delicacies.

The old woman watched as their figures faded. A kind smile appeared across her lips.

On the lively streets of the Southern City, the fragrance of tasty foods filled the air, stimulating one's appetite.

"Owner Bu, next, I'll take you to taste Dragon River Vinegar Fish, the most authentic speciality food in the Southern City." Xiao Yanyu put on her veil again, concealing her breathtakingly beautiful face.

The two kept on walking and quickly arrived at a building with rather unremarkable decors.

The restaurant was two stories tall and appeared somewhat aged inside. The board hanging by the door read the words Drunken Fragrance Restaurant.

These words were written in a lively fashion and contained a touch of faint ambiguity. The writing itself had a pacifying affect on its readers. It was evident that whoever wrote these words was no ordinary person.

"These three words—Drunken Fragrance Restaurant—were written by late Emperor Changfeng after he tasted this Dragon



River Vinegar Fish when traversing the Southern City. His offer to grant the store this writing was turned down at first since he travelled incognito and nobody knew his actual identity. That was an interesting incident." Xiao Yanyue recounted this background story as they stepped into the store.

The store was crowded, bustling with customers who came and went. The rich aromas of dishes pervaded the air within the restaurant.

"Waiter, a table on the second floor please." Xiao Yanyu summoned a waiter who had a white towel draped over his shoulder.

The waiter was taken aback at first but then smiled ever so warmly. Anyone who could afford meals on the second floor was never short of money. This was because the dishes on the second floor were much more expensive than those on the first.

Bu Fang and Xiao Yanyu evidently didn't care about the difference in price. There were simply too many people on the first floor, making it was impossible to find a seat anytime soon. They would much rather go directly to the second floor.

Following the waiter's steps, they walked up the wooden stairs, which creaked between the boards, and ended up on the second floor.

On second floor, the walls were a little bit narrower, but the entire area was more spacious. There were numerous seats up here and many were also occupied.

The two found a spot next to the railings and sat opposite to each other. Bu Fang turned his head to inspect the view downstairs. From there, he could see the flourishing streets of the Southern City in all its glamor—decorated lanterns, visitors, the talented, the beauties, and everything one could wish for.

"Waiter, I'd like an order each of Dragon River Vinegar Fish and

Foie Gras in Sauce. As for the other appetizers, just decide for us." Xiao Yanyu winked her eyes gently as she instructed. The waiter was stupefied by her mesmerizing glance.

The waiter snapped out of it quickly, feeling quite awkward. He nodded his head and turned around to leave.

"The Dragon River Vinegar Fish is made with plump fishes found in the streaming river right outside the Southern City. This fish is merely a second grade ingredient, but it is extremely fleshy and emits a delicate fragrance. Once cooked, the flesh of the meat spreads open into thin pieces. It tastes extremely delicious." Xiao Yanyu propped her chin up with her beautiful wrists, holding her elbow against the table. She blinked her lovely eyes and gazed at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded. He recalled seeing plenty of fishermen fishing outside of the city on his way in. The enormous, plump fish swimming in the waters looked very appealing.

They chatted for a while. Then, the waiter returned with a dish. In the porcelain plate was Foie Gras in Sauce.

"The Drunken Fragrance Restaurant doesn't make the best Foie Gras in Sauce, but it is very similar to the most authentic version. Owner Bu can give it a try. It is a perfect choice for an appetizer." Xiao Yanyu took off her veil once more, revealing her stunning beauty, and beamed at Bu Fang.

The waiter who brought the dish was simply beguiled by this scene. He had never seen such an attractive woman.

But he regained his composure soon and left uneasily to bring more dishes.

Bu Fang grabbed the bamboo chopsticks from the table and picked up a small piece of foie gras dipped in a crimson shade sauce. That sauce was made of various spices and ingredients, giving off a pungent and slightly acidic scent.

The foie gras itself was not hard in texture and instead appeared rather viscous. Once in the mouth, it tasted somewhat astringent in itself. This sharp flavor, mixed with the slightly pungent and acidic sauce, lit up Bu Fang's eyes.

This was a cold dish and did justice to the original taste of the foie gras. None of its unique aroma was lost.

"Not bad, heh." Xiao Yanyu smiled as she also picked up her chopsticks and delivered a piece of foie gras into her mouth. Though this foie gras was not as famous as the Dragon River Vinegar Fish served here, it was still a splendid dish. Almost everyone who came to dine at the Drunken Fragrance Restaurant would order the Foie Gras in Sauce.

"The taste is pretty good. But then again, it is a cold dish so no control of the fire and temperature is tested. It demands for skillfulness in making the sauce and slicing the foie gras. You can tell there's a secret recipe behind the sauce, which is respectable. As for the slicing technique, I would deem it barely satisfactory." Bu Fang gave his honest opinion.

The Foie Gras in Sauce suddenly reminded him of another dish, the Dragon Liver Popsicle. This dish was a reward by the System for his last breakthrough, yet he hasn't had the chance to make it. At this point, it seemed he should really find time to study it.

As a whole, this Foie Gras in Sauce had triggered his interest in cold dishes.

After a few more pieces of the Foie Gras in Sauce, Bu Fang put down his chopsticks upon smelling a rich fragrance that drifted by. He twisted his head to look at the huge plate the waiter was bringing their way.

The waiter placed the giant plate at the center of the table, stepped back, and announced: "This is the Dragon River Vinegar Fish you have ordered. Please enjoy. There are other appetizers still being prepared. In the meantime, would you like a jar of wine

pecially brewed by our store?"

"You mean the 'Dragon River's Spring'? Sure, bring us a jar." Xiao Yanyu hesitated for a bit but still nodded her head. Even though she was no longer interested in other wines after having tasted those made by Fang Fang's Little Store, the Dragon River's Spring was still quite famous in the Southern City and it would be a pity to leave without drinking a cup.

Bu Fang himself was obviously not intrigued by the aforementioned wine. At this moment, his eyes were fixated on the steaming hot Dragon River Vinegar Fish.

A notebook suddenly appeared in his hands as his mind flickered. Bu Fang subconsciously lowered his head and gave it a look. Flipping open the notebook, he discovered a first page filled with words.

"The first recorded recipe, Dragon River Vinegar Fish."

# Chapter 251: Monster of the Dragon River

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Outside the Southern City, spring showers drizzled down.

The sun that hung in the sky radiated like a big ball of fire, emanating an irritating amount of heat. On the banks of the Dragon River, there remained many people fishing quietly. They held their breaths as they sat there, waiting for a plump fish swimming in the stream to bite the bait.

Upon the Dragon River sat fishing boats afloat. Some folks sat cross-legged on the boats, completely at ease. Others cast their fishing nets into the water to capture the fleshy fishes of the Dragon River.

At the Ten-Mile Pavilion of the Southern City.

A row of men in black sauntered in. They wore veils and bamboo hats that fully concealed their faces, so nobody could easily recognize them. But the energy their bodies emitted was both sinister and frightening.

Many folks resting in the Ten-Mile Pavilion knitted their brows and kept their distance when they saw these men. Indeed, these men in black gave others quite an unpleasant feeling.

"The Southern City is right ahead of us. The river that envelops the city is the Dragon River." A hoarse voice rang in the air, stopping the steps of this squad of men.

"The Dragon River? Haha... it's time to make it a genuine river of dragon." Another raspy voice echoed in everyone's ears, prompting squeals of laughter with his remark.

This crew of men continued walking along the road until they hit the Dragon River. Sensing the surging flow of water, these men felt a trace of excitement smear across their concealed faces.

"Xiao Meng's daughter is currently in the city, right? I wonder whether Xiao Meng would rush to the Southern City if he knew his

daughter was in danger?"

"Xiao Meng is the great general who guards the Imperial City. He would not leave there easily for the Southern City... but no matter what, our plan must go on." The scratchy voice chuckled.

They said no more and proceeded to summoning the true energy within their bodies. Dark mystifying magic arrays appeared in their hands, within which peculiar energies fluctuated.

"Into the water."

One of the five men burst out a shout. Then, all five marched forward and miraculously stepped onto the water without sinking in. In other words, they were floating on the surface of the river.

They ferociously dipped their palms, which were wrapped by dark magic arrays, into the river stream.

Buzz...

Strange waves of fluctuation spread outwards, until the entire surface of the river was covered by such ripples.

Those fishing fluttered open their eyelids, revealing a trace of confusion in their gazes.

The fishing boats also shook ever so slightly, prompting the fishermen to raise their heads up in alarm. Yet, after a look around, they found nothing unusual.

The five-men squad took their hands out of the river, sniggered with low voices, and backed onto the shore. The magic arrays in their hands had already disappeared. Then, the five merely stared blankly at the Dragon River.

Rays of sunlight pierced through the sky. Watching from a higher plain, one could notice that below the Dragon River... a gigantic shadow was vaguely emerging.

...

Bu Fang stared at the steaming hot Dragon River Vinegar Fish

before him, his eyes sparkling slightly.

A dark-colored sauce was poured over the plump fish. Its white, aromatic flesh was emitting a rich fragrance. One couldn't help but take in a deep breath.

The fish was big in size and cut by the chef into two halves along its stomach. The left half was processed with unique carving techniques—sliced vertically five times with the third cut horizontal. On the right half, a deep slit could be traced along the spine, without any damage done to the outer skin.

The chef evidently handled this Dragon River Vinegar Fish with the utmost proficiency. Both the carving and cutting exhibited rich experience and skillful technique, much better than the processing of the foie gras.

An addition suddenly appeared in the recipe journal provided by the system, causing Bu Fang to narrow his eyes. He had his fair share of dishes ever since entering the Southern City, yet none had been recorded into this recipe journal. So far, only this Dragon River Vinegar Fish made it into the journal. It seemed like the dish must be deemed authentic and delicious enough to be bookmarked by the recipe journal.

Once the dish had been recorded, Bu Fang could easily discern every step of its making, which meant he could easily learn how to cook it. This was definitely a wonderful and convenient function for Bu Fang.

"Owner Bu, have a taste. This Dragon River Vinegar Fish is very fine." Xiao Yanyu peered at Bu Fang and smiled.

Bu Fang nodded, picked up the bamboo chopsticks again, and went for it.

His chopsticks flicked, removing a piece of skin, thus allowing the rich, aromatic sauce to seep into the white, soft fish's flesh. Afterwards, Bu Fang exerted some force and picked up a huge piece

of juicy, tender fish. The flesh, held between the chopsticks, quivered slightly as it emanated warm steams and a dense fragrance.

Bu Fang cast a glance at this piece of fish and lightly nodded. This plump fish of the Dragon River was a little better than those found in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. After all, the fishes differed given varying kinds of living environments. The conditions of the Dragon River were excellent, and so naturally its fishes were fresh and fleshy.

Once entering the mouth, the fish's flesh softened, as if melting into a river of sauce that trickled down one's throat. The faint acidic flavor also burst forth, mixed with a hint of sweetness.

This taste lingered in his mouth, causing Bu Fang to squint his eyes. It left a sense of delight in his heart.

"How is it?" Xiao Yanyu, chin in her hands and exquisite wrist exposed, smiled at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded his head. After all, this was the authentic Dragon River Vinegar Fish. Its taste was naturally good. But then again, there were also plenty of flaws and more room for improvement. Bu Fang picked up another piece of fish and puckered his lips.

Xiao Yanyu also picked up a piece of fish and sent it into her mouth. Her red lips parted slightly as she chewed softly, trying to feel that fragrance spread through her teeth and tongue.

The other side dishes were also served. Each, steaming hot, looked rather delicate. The aroma of these dishes pervaded in the air, stimulating one's appetite.

Bu Fang took another bite of the fish as he fell into a deep contemplation. The recipe journal didn't merely record the procedures of this Dragon River Vinegar Fish but also marked a bunch of improvements, which were more suitable for oceanic spirit beasts.



Although the cooking of this Dragon River Vinegar Fish preserved its tastiness, it had lost the original spirit energy. The plump fish of the Dragon River was a second grade spirit beast that contained a degree of spirit energy in its flesh. Yet, no spirit energy could be found in this cooked fish, which was quite a waste.

The recommended improvements recorded in the journal even underlined how to circulate spirit energy during cooking so that none of the ingredients' spirit energy would vanish.

This was the dream of many chefs. However, circulating the spirit energy during cooking was really too difficult to grasp. It usually required thousands of times of practices before someone could master it and truly preserve the spirit energy of the ingredients. This was why Elixir Cuisines were so hard to cook.

"Ah! Somebody got hurt!"

A commotion broke out right beneath the Drunken Fragrance Restaurant, disrupting Bu Fang's chain of thought. Xiao Yanyu cast a glance at Bu Fang and both peered downwards.

The streets near the city gates had burst into chaos, as flurried crowds jammed the roads so badly that not even a flood could get through.

"Go get a doctor! Don't just stand here!"

At the entrance to the city, a young man drenched in water looked around the crowd with bloodshot eyes and shouted in fury. His eyes were filled with desperation and fear.

Laying before him was a fragile middle-aged man with both legs broken. Blood gushed out nonstop, forming a pool of gory redness.

His legs were injured by horizontal gashes, as if bitten by something savage. Even his bones could be easily discerned.

Waves after waves of wounded people were carried through the city gates. They all seemed to have the same injury—their bodies suffering serious bites. Crimson blood was dying the entire

entrance to the Southern City red. A repulsive smell of blood dissipated in the air.

"What's going on? Why are there suddenly so many injuries? It looks like they are all fishermen of the Dragon River." Xiao Yanyu was dumbstruck as she opened her mouth in astonishment.

As the moat of the Southern City, the Dragon River naturally contained plenty of spirit beasts, the levels of which were not high though. The cultivation of these fishermen were also at first or second grade tops. Their source of true energy was weak but enough to fish and provide for their families.

In the past years, only someone coming across a strong spirit beast that had accidentally entered the Dragon River would be bitten and wounded. However, the situation this time was way worse and simply too horrifying.

"That wound... must have been caused by some kind of large predatory fish." Bu Fang observed.

Huh? Xiao Yanyu was dumbfounded, unable to understand what Bu Fang was talking about.

"Let's go down to take a look." Bu Fang didn't offer any further explanations. He had already tasted this Dragon River Vinegar Fish and recorded the dish into his recipe journal. As for this imperfect plate of Dragon River Vinegar Fish, Bu Fang no longer had any yearnings for it. Besides, the spreading smell of blood had also badly affected his appetite.

The environment in which one dined could have tremendous influences on one's appetite.

Xiao Yanyu nodded along and put on her veil again. Bu Fang called for the waiter and paid him two golden coins.

They didn't ask for the change and directly walked down the stairs, heading for the miserable sights by the city gates.

Armored guards rushed through the streets. They quickly sealed

off the scene and dissolved the crowds to restore order.

Wounded fishermen continued to be carried in through the entrance. The residents of the Southern City felt their hearts sink. It looked like the spirit beast that had accidentally entered the Dragon River this time was a tough one.

"Ouch!! There's a monster!"

Suddenly, the fishermen burst into an uproar outside of the city's entrance. Their hollers caused everyone gathering by the southern city gate to panic.

A deafening roar spread from outside the city.

# Chapter 252: Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish Hit the Southern City

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An ear-splitting growl, both ferocious and monstrous, rolled alongside the waves that slapped against the river bank. A tempestuous flood of vapor surged through the city gates and into the hearts of the Southern City residents, bringing with it a pungent smell.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The warriors guarding Southern City put on their armors and rushed through the gates one after another. They were headed for the outskirts of the city, wearing grave expressions on their faces.

"There's a monster! Run for your lives!"

"A gigantic monster fish that feasts on human flesh!"

"Dragon! Is this the furious dragon of the Dragon River?!"

...

The crowds, ruffled and unnerved, began shrieking dreadfully. With looks of terrors stamped across their faces, people ran wildly toward all directions. This made it impossible for the guards to keep order, and alas, complete mayhem had broken out in the city.

As Bu Fang and Xiao Yanyu walked along the streets, both guards and horrified residents of the city continued to rush past them.

Growl!!

An ear-piercing howl pierced through the air, followed by incessant explosions of true energy. The steel gates to the city were gradually lifted upwards. These gates, originally linked to a bridge, were now heaved up to block the entire entrance. This served to prevent the gigantic monster from entering the city.

Bang Bang!

Towering waves surged to the skies, nearly flooding through the city walls. Drops of ice-cold water had already seeped through the cracks of the city gates.

Despite Bu Fang and Xiao Yanyu's wish to continue forth, they were abruptly stopped by the guards. Bu Fang wrinkled his brows as Xiao Yanyu opened her mouth, about to say something, when a huge pack of people rushed toward them.

"Yanyu, there you are! It's very dangerous outside, come back to Xiao's Quarter with us immediately."

The leader of this group was a middle-aged man dressed in magnificent silken robes. He had a long beard and stood with his hands behind his back. Upon seeing Xiao Yanyu, he finally broke into a relieved smile and shouted out these words.

There were more people standing behind this middle-aged man and they all seemed to belong to the Xiao family. They wore luxurious clothing and waves of true energy faintly circulated around their bodies.

The maid who Xiao Yanyu had sent back earlier was also standing amongst the crowd with sunken shoulders.

"Xiao Kecheng, do you know what's going on outside?" Instead of answering to the middle-aged man, she sent another question his way.

Xiao Kecheng, the middle-aged man himself, was instantly taken aback. He peered beyond the city gates and twitched his mouth. "A spirit beast from the Boundless Ocean must have accidentally slipped in through the rivers of its channel. This is not a rare phenomenon in the Southern City, only this time the beast is much more terrorizing."

No sooner had he uttered these words than a booming blast erupted by the steel gates.

Bang!!

It was as if some enormous creature was trashing against the other side of the city gates. The gates creaked, intolerable to such forceful blows. Then, icy streams of water gushed into the city.

Xiao Kecheng's heart instantly skipped a beat as his face darkened.

"Judging by its degree of power, might it be a seventh grade spirit beast? But if it is a seventh grade beast, how could the guards at the seaport let it slip by? Even a blind man could notice something this huge in size!" Xiao Yanyu muttered in a rather cold voice.

The tragic scene at the entrance earlier had her heart trembling already. If this accident was caused by guards' gross oversight... then it was definitely something unforgivable.

"Please relax, Miss Xiao. There must be something else behind this matter. Those patrolling the seaport are all soldiers under my supervision. They cannot make such a huge mistake. I, Chang, can guarantee that with my life."

A troop of guards strode towards them from afar. The one in the lead was a strong, burly man with a somewhat domineering aura.

This man was Chang Shan, the Great General of the Southern City, and also a sixth grade Battle-Emperor.

That such a gigantic seventh grade spirit beast would suddenly appear in the Dragon River was simply inconceivable. Even if the guards slacked off for a bit, they would still never allow such a huge monster to sneak into the river.

Bu Fang stood by the side in complete silence. He peered at a group of people that suddenly converged together calmly, with his heart as serene as a pond of still water.

...

Outside the walls of the Southern City.

A gigantic monster fish continued to crash into the lofty city

walls. This fish was tremendous in size, with a body of scales that glistened under the sunshine, practically piercing through one's eyes.

The monster fish opened its jaws, revealing a mouthful of teeth that were as sharp as blades. The rows of teeth were tightly packed and very dense, adding more goosebumps to its beholder's skins.

This monster fish had two long, soft whiskers that floated in the air, swinging back and forth fiercely.

Bang!!

The monster fish rammed into the gates once again, causing them to rattle heavily.

From a distance, the five mysterious men wrapped in black robes and bamboo hats stood erect, watching as the humungous fish smack at the Southern City walls.

"A seventh grade Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish could be considered a forbidding and domineering spirit beast even in the Boundless Ocean. If we can follow the High Priests's instructions and successfully use this monster, the Southern City will be faced with some serious trouble." A scratchy voice stated.

"As long as this beast is here, the Southern City cannot overcome the lockdown in a short time. Since Xiao Meng's daughter is also trapped in this city, I'm afraid that the news will reach the Imperial City soon. One cannot tell whether Xiao Meng will come here to save his precious daughter."

"Tsk, tsk tsk. The Light Wind Empire itself will sink into pandemonium soon enough. The High Priest has already promised to assist Ji Chengyu, and so he will definitely live up to his words. We are only given chances in times of chaos. Besides... our Shura Sect has been on the down-low for quite a while now. I'm afraid these barbarians in the southern region have forgotten about the fear they had once encountered!" A raspy voice continued to go on.

Within it one could detect a trace of smug satisfaction.

Pitch black waves of true energy circulated above their bodies, fluctuating softly.

"Exactly, The Light Wind Empire is merely a small piece of land. It is only a stepping stone for the resurgence of our Shura Sect!"

...

Swoosh!!

Chang Shan, dressed in his armor, arrived beside the city walls. With an exertion of force, he leaped into the sky and landed safely on the walls. He peered beyond the city gates in a majestic manner, yet his eyes were filled with gravity.

Roar!

An awful stench shot up his nostrils. Both scenes of bloodshed and the dense rows of teeth entered Chang Shan's eyes. His body instantly froze. With a bellow, true energy burst out of his body and a long spear appeared in his hand. As his true energy spread, the powerful spear was violently hurled out.

The weapon penetrated the ferocious jaws. However, Chang Shan's body stiffened as a frightening force of power shot back at the hand that held the long spear. His entire figure was shaken by this force and thrown off the walls.

With a flip of his body, Chang Shan managed to land on his feet.

The crowd burst into a clamor. At first, they felt hopeful when Chang Shan stepped out to make a move. Yet upon seeing the strongest warrior of the Southern City get easily knocked down with one counterstrike, their hearts sank to the bottom.

"Yanyu, this place is dangerous. Let's go!" Xiao Kecheng turned around to warn Xiao Yanyu, with his eyes glimmering with anxiety.

Xiao Yanyu shot a glance at him, and knitted her beautiful brows.



Completely ignoring him, she refocused her gaze back onto the city walls. If even Chang Shan couldn't defeat the monster fish, then the Southern City was in real crisis.

"Yanyu! Don't be obstinate. Come back to Xiao's Quarter with us!" Xiao Kecheng's face darkened as he said coldly.

Bu Fang, still deep in his thoughts, cast a meaningful look at Xiao Kecheng.

"Let's go forward and take a look." Bu Fang calmly proposed to Xiao Yanyu.

Hearing this, Xiao Yanyu's eyes instantly brightened. Was Owner Bu going to step out? After all, he has got that powerful puppet trailing behind him!

"What the crap is there to look at? And who the hell are you anyway, go alone if you're seeking death. Don't drag Yanyu down with you!" Xiao Kecheng was already in a fit of rage as he was unable to deal with Xiao Yanyu. With Bu Fang sticking in, he suddenly located someone to take it out on.

Xiao Kecheng's cultivation level was not high at all. He ranked third in the Xiao family and was mainly charged with handling the family business. He never devoted too much energy to training his cultivation and thus couldn't detect Bu Fang's capabilities. Plus, judging by Bu Fang's young age, it was rather unlikely that he had a formidable cultivation level. Therefore, he scolded Bu Fang without any reservations.

Bu Fang scrunched his brows into a frown. He peered at Xiao Kecheng, who was eyeing him with disdain. Then, he suddenly twisted the corners of his mouth, brought his hands behind his back, and walked on.

"All right, you make a good point."

Bu Fang turned around to walk back into the city. Whitey flickered its mechanic eyes, scanned Xiao Kecheng, and then

followed Bu Fang's steps.

Xiao Yanyu was shocked. Fury crept up her eyes.

Xiao Kecheng, ah Xiao Kecheng. You are such an idiot!

Perhaps Owner Bu's capabilities weren't a match to the monster fish itself. But do you know how scary is that puppet following behind him? This is a puppet that could subdue an eighth grade War-God. With it on our side, that monster fish outside means nothing!

Xiao Yanyu glared at Xiao Kecheng with seething anger, then turned around to chase after Bu Fang.

Given Owner Bu's personality, it was really rare for him to offer a helping hand!

"This young lady doesn't know when to stop!" Xiao Kecheng's face turned sour as he watched Xiao Yanyu walk away. She dared to embarrass him for a strange young man. After all, he was the third master of the Xiao family in the Southern City!

"Go after them. We must take Xiao Yanyu home." Taking in a deep breath to calm himself down, Xiao Kecheng commanded the circle of people around him.

# Chapter 253: This Puppet, I Shall Purchase It

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Along the beach of the Mahayana Island.

Sploosh Sploosh Splash!

Ferocious waves hit the rocks by the shore, leaving behind white foam. It immediately generated a dense layer of water vapor as the salty sea winds blew by.

A muscular figure stood upon a huge rock nearby. This man had dashing brows and glimmering eyes, as well as a dignified sense of domination.

Gazing at the endless ocean, Ji Chengyu drew in a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

A rustling noise could be detected behind him. It was Zhao Ruge, dressed in white, coming his way. The sea winds blew fiercely, ruffling his long robe. Even his hair was tousled into a mess by the breeze.

Zhao Ruge disliked islands by the sea. The wind here was too strong, practically slapping people across the face when they gusted around. Plus, there was that unbearable smell of the ocean. He missed the Imperial Capital, which was always lively and prosperous.

"Congratulations on your recovery and further advancement, King Yu!" Zhao Ruge cupped his hands and bowed to King Yu, as a graceful smile flashed across his face.

Ji Chengyu slowly turned around to peer at Zhao Ruge. His gaze was as sharp as lightening.

"Why is it that both you and your father are racking your brains to help me out. What on earth are you two after?" Ji Chengyu was never able to get rid of that skepticism within his heart. Zhao

Musheng was the elder of the Mahayana Island. Though this sect was powerful in his recollections, it seemed rather inadequate... when facing the Light Wind Empire.

Yet, when he actually set foot on the Mahayana Island, he finally learned how terrifying this force of influence was.

"I have no idea. I am simply following my father's order. Besides... if we help you become the ruler of the Light Wind Empire, and King Yu then pays us back somehow, wouldn't that be a win-win situation? We're merely helping ourselves by helping each other." Zhao Ruge faced the ocean and smiled faintly.

The Mahayana Island was not small at all and contained an abundant amount of spirit energy. It also had both majestic mountains and beautiful lakes, making for a gorgeous view.

"King Yu, since your cultivation has recovered, it's about time to return to the continent... We have already settled everything for you there. The rest is on you. But of course... if you ever need any help, feel free to reach out to the Mahayana Island. We will utilize all of our resources to assist you."

Back to the continent? A dark trace of gloominess flashed across Ji Chengyu's eyes as the corners of his mouth curled up. Yes... it was time to go back!

"By the way, there's a piece of news for you, King Yu. The eunuch watching over the imperial mausoleum was furious at your escape. He is already on the move to capture you... You might bump into him soon once you re-enter the continent. And so, allow me to give you this heads-up."

Lian Fu... Right, that was a seventh grade Battle-Saint after all. However... He was suddenly intrigued to see what a Battle-Saint could do.

Ji Chengyu's face froze as he stared at the boundless ocean.

...

It finally quieted down outside the Southern City.

This sudden tranquility allowed many to breathe easily once again. The residents within the city walls patted their chests as smiles of relief appeared on their faces.

Chang Shan, still on the city walls, was lying flat on his stomach. Different from the cheering crowds down there, he still had a heavy heart.

Peering down from the walls, he could see a giant shadow within the Dragon River. That shadow was emitting such a domineering pressure that he could barely breathe... A seventh grade spirit beast was truly daunting!

"Damn it... How did such a gigantic beast get in?" Chang Shan punched the bricks on the wall. He did not utilize any true energy but immediately sensed waves of pain.

He recognized this spiritual beast, the seventh grade Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish. It was a fearsome spirit beast living in the Boundless Ocean, both awfully destructive and ferocious. This kind of spirit beast should have never appeared in the Dragon River.

Walking against the walls slowly, Chang Shan finally got down. Then, he headed toward the City Court with his guards. He must inform the Lord of the Southern City.

Though the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish had finally quieted down, nobody knew when this beast might strike again. Since the Dragon River effectively encircled the Southern City, if all city gates were locked up, it meant the city itself would be completely isolated from the rest of the world.

Now that was certainly no good news.

Xiao's Quarter, located in the most prosperous district of the Southern City, was not far from the Southern City Lord's Court. Xiao's Quarter was one of the biggest financial oligarchs of the

Southern City and held a high reputation. Perhaps its concrete powers were weaker when compared to the others, but with Xiao Meng's stature, all the other wealthy households had to honor the Xiao Family one way or another.

"Yanyu, are you really going to bring this fellow into Xiao's Quarter? The master won't be pleased." A trace of despise flickered across Xiao Kecheng's eye as he glimpsed at Bu Fang, who was walking behind him leisurely. In his mind, this lad with a puppet must have approached Xiao Yanyu due to the power and fortune of the Xiao Family.

"Third Uncle, I owe you respect as you are a senior figure of the family, and so I hear you, Third Uncle. However, Owner Bu is a friend of mine. Can't I even invite him in as a guest? Don't blame me for being unpleasant if you continue asking me these meaningless questions." Xiao Yanyu cast a serious look at Xiao Kecheng and announced coldly.

Xiao Kecheng's heart shuddered. He was very much flustered, and simply couldn't understand why Xiao Yanyu was defending this fellow.

"Fine! I'll ask someone to arrange a room for him. The master is waiting for you in the loft, please hurry." Xiao Kecheng's face softened a little bit as he replied her.

As they entered Xiao's Quarter, one could immediately detect the differences between the Xiao residence in the Southern City and its counterpart in the Imperial City. The roots of the Xiao Family could be traced back to the Southern City. Though what it has managed to accumulate couldn't seriously compare with older forces of influence here, it still reflected the management of several generations. This in itself could not be neglected.

The overall style of the architecture was simple and pleasant. With such a vast space and twisted paths, one could easily get lost in here.

Xiao Yanyu asked for Bu Fang's pardon and went up the loft along with the others. She had already ordered someone to arrange living accommodations for Bu Fang.

Xiao Kecheng, on the other hand, eyed Bu Fang coldly, waved his hand, and also turned around to leave.

By then, everyone had left. Only the maid who had accompanied Xiao Yanyu earlier remained by Bu Fang's side.

"Young Master Bu, this way please," Xiao Ya said coolly. She glimpsed at Bu Fang and led the way.

Bu Fang wasn't bothered by the unfriendly attitudes of the other Xiao Family members. He peered at the aged gardens and nodded lightly. Waterside pavilions, ponds of fish, and bushes of flower. The scenic beauty was worthy of admiration.

Ordinarily, Bu Fang would never be that interested in the Xiao Family. However, Xiao Yanyu had divulged to him that in order to taste the most authentic Pan-Fried Pork Bun, he must visit the Xiao residence.

Bu Fang also recalled Aunt Liu of the Spring Fragrance Brothel mentioning a "Beauty of Bun", the famous Miss Lin, who married into the Xiao Family and became the wife of the second master. It seemed he had to pay a visit to Xiao's Quarter if he wanted to taste this Pan-Fried Pork Bun.

That was precisely why Bu Fang didn't turn down Xiao Yanyu's invitation. He came to the Southern City in search of gourmet delicacies. Since authentic Pan-Fried Pork Buns could be found in the Xiao residence, he couldn't just simply let it go.

Maid Xiao Ya's figure was rather tall and slender, but her complexion betrayed her young, inexperienced nature. She led the way without paying close attention to Bu Fang, who was behind her.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, strolled along in a leisurely manner

as he enjoyed the gorgeous view of the Xiao Family garden.

There were many people in the Xiao Family. As they walked through the residence, they came across numerous occupied servants, playful children, and refined ladies with paper fans in their hands.

This was what a grand household should look like. Compared to this place, the Xiao residence in the Imperial City lacked this kind of lively, homely characteristics.

Bu Fang relished in the wonderful view around him, rather amused. People passing by kept on eyeing him, or more accurately, the puppet behind him, curiously. Again, Bu Fang did not mind any of this.

He was never one to care about what others thought of him.

"Young Master Bu... This way, please hurry."

Xiao Ya's somewhat impatient cry echoed in his ears. Bu Fang was caught by surprise but continued to stride down the path slowly.

Xiao Fa felt honestly frustrated. Anyone with eyes could easily notice Xiao Kecheng's distaste for Bu Fang. As a maid of the Xiao Family, she had to act accordingly and did not treat Bu Fang with the usual cordiality. With Bu Fang taking his time, all of this vexed her even more.

Bu Fang gave this maid a surprised look, but his face remained blank.

Xiao Ya flicked at glance at Bu Fang, led him through several small paths, and finally reached a row of rooms.

"The second room to the left is yours. The bedding has already been prepared and food will be sent to you during meal times. You should not wander around. If you happen to offend certain junior masters of the Xiao Family, you'll suffer unimaginable miseries." Xiao Ya warned him.



After these words, she turned around and hurried off without waiting for Bu Fang's response.

Bu Fang watched as the maid's shadow disappeared. He curled the corners of his lips and scanned his surrounding. Given his inspection of the residence on his way here, this had to be the worst location yet. The room was dark and gloomy, effectively untouched by sunlight, and even had damp floors.

It looked like he was indeed not welcomed by the Xiao Family.

Bu Fang thought to himself quietly. But then again, he wasn't too bothered, and headed for the room Xiao Ya assigned him.

He pushed open the doors to see a very dark room. But at least it smelled fine and didn't have the kind of moldy odor that made one frown.

He lit up the oil-lamp in the room and surveyed the modest accommodations around him. His eyebrows arched as he found the beddings somewhat damp. In fact, they felt somewhat cold to the touch.

Putting down the oil lamp, Bu Fang left the room with hands behind his back. Even though he couldn't care less what others thought of him, living in a room like this... was beyond his level of tolerance.

As for Xiao Ya's "no wandering around" advice, Bu Fang scoffed and directly stepped out of the courtyard.

Whitey followed Bu Fang closely, with its robotic eyes flashing.

After a few steps, Bu Fang suddenly detected a gush of wind whistling through his ears. His eyebrows immediately knitted into a frown.

He lifted a hand and easily smashed away a rock flying toward him.

"Oh my! He has got some techniques. It seems like this country

bumpkin is somewhat trained!"

The sound of teasing laughter rang up from a distance. A huge crowd followed a smaller crew of people and came their way, fencing in Bu Fang and Whitey.

Bu Fang frowned. He felt very much displeased.

The one in the lead was a young man, dressed in silky robes and with a jade crown on his head. The young lad's face was full of arrogance as he stared at Bu Fang with contemptuous eyes.

He had seen many yokels like Bu Fang in the Xiao residence before. Every single one of them showed just as much interest as Bu Fang did in their gardens.

He was, however, fascinated in the puppet behind Bu Fang. He had never seen something like this before and was very much intrigued.

"You... name a price. This iron puppet, I shall purchase it!" The young man waved around the paper fan with his hands and declared to Bu Fang with airs of extravagance.

Bu Fang was at a loss. What a rich kid... Oh my god, this brat wanted to buy Whitey?

## Chapter 254: I Am the Worst at Bluffing

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In the face of such an imperious juvenile and his ridiculous proposal, Bu Fang really didn't know what to say.

Someone actually wanted to purchase Whitey. He has got... quite a unique taste. Bu Fang twisted his head to look at the chubby Whitey, inspecting the puppet up and down. There was nothing extraordinary about it from head to toe, and plus it was just so fat. How could someone be interested in it?

There were tons of rich folks visiting Fang Fang's Little Store back in the Imperial City on a daily basis but none had proposed to purchase Whitey. This young lad before his eyes was indeed a bold one.

"Whitey, did you hear that, it turns out you've still got some admirers in this world." Bu Fang patted Whitey's plump, white belly with a solemn expression and muttered seriously.

Whitey's robotic eyes flickered red. It's fan-like hands raised up to touch its own round head... Its face was filled with bewilderment.

"So, what do you think? Name a price." The corners of that young man's mouth curled as he peered at Bu Fang with a smile.

The children and servants standing behind this young lad also looked at Bu Fang with taunting glances.

What did the Xiao Family of the Southern City have the most? Money of course! As one of the most influential households around here, though their spheres of influences—in terms of territory and status—was not at its best, it had certainly made a lot of money over the past few years. Xiao Meng's reputation alone was enough to uphold the Xiao household. That he came from the Xiao Family in the Southern City was a big deal.

"No, it's more than you can afford." Bu Fang looked as if he

suddenly remembered something. A trace of pity was stamped across his face as he gazed at the young man calmly.

"More than I can afford? What a joke... A thousand golden coins, and this iron puppet is mine!" The young lad sneered coldly. He dismissed Bu Fang as calling bluff.

It was just a metallic lump of a puppet. Was it going to launch for the moon or need it feed on crystals?

A thousand golden coins... The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twisted. Then he ogled at the juvenile as if he was looking at an idiot. Any leftover dish he normally recycled in Whitey was easily worth more than a thousand golden coins. Did this young lad take him as a beggar?

"A thousand golden coins... Haha." Bu Fang sneered coldly with a deadpan face.

Whitey's robotic eyes flickered. It shot a look at Bu Fang, and then at that young man.

"You country bumpkin, don't be so greedy. Consider it an honor that I take interest in this puppet!" The young lad was simply furious. A thousand golden coins for that shabby lump of iron and he don't find that enough? Since when did yokels become so insatiable?

Bu Fang scrunched his brows into a frown, pursed his lips, and then let out a light sigh. "Stop the nonsense, it is truly more than you can afford."

Stop the nonsense my ass! The young man glared, and with the wave of a hand, summoned a large bag of golden coins. As the pouch hit the floor with a thud, a few coins fell out.

"Here's two thousand golden coins. Is that enough? My mother once said one should not be too avaricious in life." The juvenile retorted.

Bu Fang exhaled a soft breath, extended a hand, and patted the

young lad's head, "Knock it off already. You cannot buy this thing with golden coins."

The youngster widened his eyes, gawking at the palm Bu Fang placed over his head. He was completely dumbstruck... Since when were we this close?

Yet after that, something even more astonishing occurred. He watched as the man before him snapped his fingers. A sparking crystal then surfaced on his hand.

Bu Fang announced solemnly: "If you want to buy it, you'll need to use this."

Crystals... Are you freaking kidding me. How could this lump of iron be comparable to crystals?

"What are you even saying..." The youth questioned him hotly.

However, just as he opened his mouth, Bu Fang threw his hand up and flung the crystal at Whitey. The crystal made a full 360° twirl in the air and, with a click, dropped into the iron puppet's open stomach.

"Creak——"

Whitey's stomach closed up once more, emitting the sound of crystals being crushed. It gave everyone huddling in that circle goosebumps, including the youngster. This lump of iron really... did feast on crystals?!

"And that's why I said you can't afford it. Everyone who knows me is aware that I am the worst at bluffing." Bu Fang patted Whitey's chubby, white belly and uttered gravely.

Then, he left the crowd with Whitey to continue his stroll.

Once Bu Fang was almost out of sight, the juvenile finally snapped back. His eyes suddenly lit up.

"Who on earth was that guy? A puppet that feeds on crystals, how remarkable! If he has crystals on him... then he's definitely

not some poor peasant! Could he be some kind of puppet master invited here by First Uncle?"

"Young master Yu, this fellow is a friend of Lady Yanyu. He has been arranged to rest in a remote room..." A servant familiar with the whole story bent over to inform him.

"Ridiculous! Are these lame rooms suitable for guests? Since he is sister Yanyu's friend, he shouldn't be given such a dingy room. Which freaking moron made that decision? You, go arrange a top quality guest room for that young man, right now!" Xiao Yu was very much disturbed. He pulled a long face and scolded that servant.

That servant's face froze. He immediately hurried off with that order.

Xiao Yu put away the bag of golden coins lying on the ground, but his eyes were still sparkling. Then, he tailed Bu Fang like an obedient puppy.

"Distinguished senior, the price is still negotiable... ten crystals? Or perhaps twenty?"

...

The Xiao residence loft was an older building that was there ever since the Xiao Family first moved to the Southern City. As the Xiao generation grew and its business developed in the Southern City, many buildings were subsequently demolished and rebuilt. Only this loft remained in its original state, just like the old times.

Xiao Yanyu pushed open the worn-out doors of this loft and stepped in carefully.

There was incense burning inside the loft, which released a relaxing scent that pacified one's heart.

She took several steps along the halls and arrived at a small room. Pushing open the doors, she was hit with the rich, refreshing aroma of tea.

"Grandpa." Xiao Yanyu bowed slightly.

An old man, with a face full of wrinkles, sat cross-legged inside the room. He glanced at Xiao Yanyu with affectionate eyes and smiled: "Lassie, here you are."

"Sit down and have a cup of tea. This is the Sunshine Flow Tea that I asked an uncle of yours to purchase from the Jianning county. It tastes very good."

The elder handed a teacup to Xiao Yanyu, then skillfully grabbed the teapot and lifted it high up in the air. A faint yellowish tea streamed out of the mouth of the teapot, filling the entire cup.

Xiao Yanyu took off her veil and thanked her grandpa. Then, she brought the teacup to her lips and took a small sip.

A rich fragrance of tea dissipated within her mouth. Once the taste of bitterness had faded, it was replaced by a slight hint of sweetness. The surging spirit energy in the tea also filled Xiao Yanyu's body, making her feel like she was bathing in sunshine.

"Haha, the younger generation nowadays seldom enjoy a cup of tea. But your father told me about your expertise in brewing tea. Maybe you can make this old bag of bones a cup when you've got the time." The elder chuckled.

The Sunshine Flow Tea of the Jianning county was famous in the Light Wind Empire. Of course, its notoriously high price was also well-known.

"Grandpa, don't tease me. Yanyu is happy to make tea for you anytime," Xiao Yanyu responded with a gentle smile.

The elder brushed his long beard and laughed heartily. After some more light chitchat, he finally moved on to the main topic of their discussion.

"My girl, do you know why grandpa called you back from the Imperial City?" The old man exhaled a long breath. He drank a sip of tea before asking her.

Xiao Yanyu did not respond and instead silently waited for him to continue.

"If neither you nor Xiaolong returned, then the Xiao Family of the Southern City... would be in grave danger," The elder explained.

Xiao Yanyu immediately narrowed her eyes, and her face was sober as ever. She arched an eyebrow and asked in perplexity: "What exactly does that mean?"

The old man cast a meaningful look at Xiao Yanyu, and then fished out a black jade bottle from his pocket.

"This is the elixir your Second Uncle purchased a month ago from a mysterious seller."

Xiao Yanyu retrieved the jade bottle and poured out a single black pill. An awfully pungent smell instantly shot up her delicate nose, putting a frown on her face.

"What is this smell..."

"I don't know the name of this elixir since it was purchased by your Second Uncle. It has the ability of advancing one's true energy cultivations. In fact, your Second Uncle reached the sixth level echelon after consuming this pill." The elder recounted with a face that neither expressed happiness nor sadness.

Xiao Yanyu lifted her brows. Sixth grade Battle-Emperor? Wasn't that something worth celebrating? Could it be there was a problem with the elixir?

"Yes... it's exactly what you have on your mind. There is something wrong with this elixir, something awfully wrong." A trace of bitterness crept over his face.

"Although your Second Uncle has successfully reached sixth grade cultivation, every time he trains at night and circulates his true energy, he would feel searing pain all over his body. On top of that, another side effect is the rotting of his skin."



Xiao Yanyu gasped and immediately threw the pill back into the bottle. Rotten skin was something unimaginable, especially to a young lady.

"Hmmm... no problem was detected when we first examined the elixir. And so, when the Xiao Family began selling this elixir, problems obviously followed. However, the mysterious sellers appeared once more and offered another kind of elixir, which acted as the remedy to the symptoms from the earlier batch of pills."

Xiao Yanyu narrowed her eyes, already sensing an ill-spirited conspiracy behind all of this.

"Their demands weren't outrageous, only that either you or Xiaolong come back to the Southern City... but don't worry, they only want you here physically, without intentions to harm you. Otherwise, this old fellow would be the first to turn them down!" The elder took in a deep breath and clarified.

Xiao Yanyu kept her calm composure—in a way that exceeded her grandpa's expectations.

"Does grandpa happen to know the identity of these mysterious group of people?" Xiao Yanyu inquired. They wanted her in the Southern City... but without intentions to hurt her. Yet there was that bizarre seventh grade spirit beast outside of the city walls at this very moment.

Who were these people? And what were they after?!

The elder swallowed back the words on the tip of his tongue. At the end, he uttered: "I can only speculate that it may have something to do with restraining your father. Perhaps, it is... related to King Yu."

King Yu?! Impossible! If the force of influence supporting King Yu was able to summon such a formidable seventh grade spirit beast, they didn't need this extra step here. Even her father

couldn't necessarily conquer this kind of spirit beast!

"That's all I can say... If I didn't call you back, your Second Uncle would probably rot to death. Plus, the Xiao Family business would also be devastated by this disastrous elixir. That is not a loss we can suffer." The old man exclaimed helplessly.

Xiao Yanyu didn't say anything else. She left the loft in deep contemplation.

As she trod through the Xiao residence gardens, her eyes dimmed. Someone who could summon a seventh grade spirit beast, but only to hold her father back... what was the true purpose behind their actions?

Suddenly, Xiao Yanyu was dumbfounded when she caught sight of a distant sight. Her eyes immediately froze.

Owner Bu... what are you doing?!

What she saw was Bu Fang carrying a youngster with one hand, walking around the Xiao Family garden with a deadpan face. Following behind him was the chubby Whitey.

# Chapter 255: Rejected

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Bu Fang's palm was strong and sturdy. He grabbed the youth's collar and lifted him up, causing that youth's face to turn somewhat red from suffocation.

"Senior, by just a look, I can tell that you are absolutely not a mortal. This puppet is actually able to eat crystals; that's so cool. How about selling it to me for 50 crystals? That's already tens of years of my savings. With this puppet, I can use it to tease Sha Sha to laughter!" Lifted up by Bu Fang, Xiao Yu continued to bare his fangs and brandish his claws while mumbling to himself unceasingly.

"Who is Sha Sha?" Bu Fang asked.

"Southern City, City Lord's daughter... She is very pretty! We are childhood sweethearts, I..."

Bu Fang was expressionless and totally ignored this youth's words. Cool weapon? He was buying Whitey just so he could use it to chase after girls? How about looking past its outer appearance and seeing the true character within? Whitey obviously wasn't a weapon for showing off.

"For just 50 crystals, the price of a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, you wish to buy Whitey? Do you know how many plates of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs does Whitey need to eat everyday?"

"Xiao Yu, what kind of nonsense are you spouting!"

Xiao Yanyu did not know whether to laugh or cry. How did these two clowns bump into each other?

Furthermore, Xiao Yu actually just said so, didn't he ...he wanted to use 50 crystals to buy Whitey who was standing behind Owner Bu right this very instant. How daring of you, dear little brother of mine!

"Oh... you know him? This fellow is truly an annoyance." Bu

Fang released Xiao Yu, but in an instant, that fella made a 180 degree turn and was prepared to pounce onto Bu Fang. However,, Bu Fang promptly stretched out his hand and blocked Xiao Yu's head.

"How many times do I have to say that you will not be able to support Whitey. Give it up. There are better options waiting for you out there," Bu Fang said seriously.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered as it touched its spherical head.

"Stop fooling around, Xiao Yu. Owner is right. You really can't afford it." Xiao Yanyu pulled Xiao Yu's sleeve. "What Bu Fang said was the truth," he said.

"Older Sister Yanyu... Why aren't you speaking up for me? You should be helping me persuade senior. Could it be that there is something fishy going on between the both of you?" Xiao Yu said discontentedly as he sized up Xiao Yanyu and Bu Fang's bodies suspiciously with his eyes.

Xiao Yanyu widened her eyes, glaring as her cheeks flushed red. She raised a hand and hit Xiao Yu's head.

"What bullshit are you talking about! Say that again and I will have my second brother's wife make you kneel on the wolf's fangs mace!"

Xiao Yu's face stiffened. He shut his mouth and no longer spoke.

"Owner Bu, why are you here? Did Xiao Ya do you a disservice? I was just about to look for you," Xiao Yanyu's complexion softened as she smiles at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang's expression was tranquil and calm. Disservice... oh, it was extremely unsatisfactory.

"Sister, your maid actually brought senior to such a lowly guest room. What kind of attitude is that? I already ordered the men to give senior a sideroom. Furthermore... senior said that he was

looking for you so I brought him over," Xiao Yu said softly.

Xiao Yanyu was taken aback. She frowned. This Xiao Ya...

"Forget it. Didn't you say that I will be able to taste the genuine Pan-Fried Pork Bun in the Xiao mansion? Bring me there," Bu Fang said.

Xiao Yanyu pursed her lips. Just as she was about to speak however, Xiao Yu, who was standing at the side, immediately cut in with an exclamation of his own.

"What? Senior, you are here to eat the Pan-Fried Pork Bun? That's not happening... My mother has already retired long ago!"

Bang! Xiao Yanyu knocked on Xiao Yu's head without any reservation.

"Retired, your head! Shut up, I did not ask you to speak." Xiao Yanyu was in a good mood. What retired? This fellow mouth was just full of nonsense.

"Then Miss Lin is his mother?" Bu Fang peered at Xiao Yu, flabbergasted.

"Yea. Xiao Yu is the son of my second uncle. He is somewhat naughty and mischievous. I apologise for any inconvenience he might have caused," Xiao Yanyu said apologetically.

"He's not naughty or mischievous at all. Just a little foolish and annoying," Bu Fang waved his hand and said earnestly.

Immediately, Xiao Yu's complexion turned rigid as he looked at Bu Fang in grief and indignation. He only wanted to buy Whitey to chase after girls and act cool; how did he become foolish... To think the senior was such a person.

Xiao Yanyu was leading the way in front while the trio walked in a straight line.

Xiao Yu's mother was the "Beauty of Bun". After she married Xiao Yu's father, it had been long since she last made the Pan-Fried Pork

Bun. She would only make them sometimes during the Spring Festival. Therefore, it was very difficult for an ordinary person to taste her culinary skills.

"My mother's attitude is very resolute. If she said that she's not gonna make it, she won't make it. Reportedly, there was a big boss who had come from the Imperial City and had wanted to buy it with crystals but my mother still chose to not make it," Xiao Yu said complacently.

Xiao Yanyu gave him a quick glare and smiled at Bu Fang helplessly, indicating that what Xiao Yu said was right.

Bu Fang frowned. The Spring Festival had just ended. Would it mean that he no longer have the opportunity to eat the Pan-Fried Pork Bun anymore? It was such a pity, so regretful.

However, it was because of this that Bu Fang's heart got even more curious towards this Pan-Fried Pork Bun.

"Senior, how about you sell Whitey to me and I'll try to help you convince my mother?" Xiao Yu widened his eyes and probed.

However, Bu Fang shot him an indifferent glance. "I already said that you won't be able to afford or support it."

Xiao Yu's face turned black.

"Owner Bu, let me bring you over to meet my second aunt. As for whether you can convince my second aunt to cook the Pan-Fried Pork Bun, it will all depend on fate," Xiao Yanyu said.

Bu Fang nodded. This was the only way now.

The trio strolled around the exquisite garden. Bu Fang was already feeling somewhat dizzy from the strolling. With such a big courtyard, wouldn't the people staying here get lost?

A moment later, after strolling around for some time, the trio arrived at the front of a large courtyard.

Xiao Yu took the initiative to push open the courtyard gate. He

shouted lightly, "Mother, I am back."

A rustling noise resonated from inside the courtyard and an attractive figure walked out from the house. This was a mature, beautiful, calm and graceful woman. Her figure was well developed and she had pretty good facial features. From time to time, there would be a smile that brought warmth to a person's heart on the corner of her mouth.

"Xiao Yu, you are back. Your dad had just returned to his room. Come in. Yanyu is also here? Er... This is?"

The noble woman gave Bu Fang a suspicious glance and asked Yanyu with a smile.

Xiao Yanyu introduced Bu Fang's identity to the noble woman, but she did not give any details.

"Since he is Yanyu's friend, let's have him as a guest of the house," the noble woman known as Lin Qin'Er, or Miss Lin, smiled gracefully and leisurely walked into the house.

Xiao Yu drooped his head. His father was also inside the house; he would not be able to hop around then.

The moment Bu Fang stepped into the house, a faint aroma of sandalwood and rich tea pervaded the air.

The interior of the house was extremely wide. Bu Fang directly faced a living room. There were a few wooden chairs and a wooden table in it.

A middle-aged man was sitting in that living room drinking tea as he looked at Bu Fang, who had just walked in.

He was a handsome man. Even though he was now a middle aged man, his face still some traces of his past handsomeness. His features had a heroic, almost dominee Oh quality to it in the same vein as Xiao Meng.

This person was the Xiao Family's Secord Lord, Xiao Keyun.

Bu Fang glanced at the man and his eyes narrowed slightly. He was brimming with power, but this was only on the surface. Underneath his powerful aura, there was also a thread of weakness and frailty. Moreover, a strange blackness seemed to flash across his face from time to time. As it did so, it swallowed up his vitality with each pass.

This person.... Something was odd about him.

While Bu Fang was sizing up Xiao Keyun, the latter was also observing Bu Fang. His spirit palpitated because he could feel a thread of formidable energy concealed in this young man's body.

As his heart shivered, he opened his mouth and immediately asked:

"Sire is?"

"This person is Owner Bu, Yanyu's friend from Imperial City. It just so happen that they met each other in Southern City. So, Yanyu invited him over as a guest here," Lin Qin'Er explained in a smile.

"Oh... I came over to Xiao Mansion just so I can try your Pan-Fried Pork Bun. Therefore, I humbly request that you make a plate of Pan-Fried Pork Bun," Bu Fang cupped his hand and said to Lin Qin'Er humbly.

"Second Uncle, Owner Bu went through the trouble of traveling a long distance trip from the Imperial City to Southern City just so he could try Second Aunt's culinary skills. Could she..." Xiao Yanyu looked at Xiao Keyun and said with a smile.

But before she even finished her sentence, it was interrupted by Xiao Keyun's cold demeanor.

"No way. Qin'Er doesn't make Pan-Fried Pork Bun anymore. I request sire to go back." Xiao Keyun's complexion turned heavy. He waved his head, impolitely ordering the guest to leave.

Xiao Yanyu immediately turned rigid. She looked at Bu Fang's



profile helplessly.

Lin Qin'Er also looked at Bu Fang and smiled apologetically, indicating that she would not undertake his request.

"Mother... it had been truly hard for the senior to rush over here from the Imperial City. Why not just make a plate of it? I also haven't had a taste of mother's culinary skill for a long time." Xiao Yu also helped in persuading.

"Step down. When the adults are talking, the kids should not interrupt," Xiao Keyun swept a quick look at Xiao Yu and said nonchalantly.

Xiao Yu's expression immediately stifled. He drooped his head once again. Fine, you are an adult, you good...

"Owner Bu, right? I'm sorry, but because of her weak and frail body, it's been a long time since my beloved wife cooked the Pan-Fried Pork Bun. I'm truly very sorry about this. Sire should return. There are lots of other delicious delicacies in Southern City, not limited to Pan-Fried Pork Bun. Sire can go ahead and taste the other delicacies."

Xiao Keyun said, ordering the guest to leave once again.

Bu Fang frowned and chose not to insist on it. Since she was not going to make it, then forget it.

Therefore, Bu Fang stood up and was intending to walk toward the exit when a beast's howl reverberated throughout the entire Southern City once again. There was a loud ramming sound outside the city wall.

# Chapter 256: The City Gates Were Broken

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As the sun set, an enormous demonic fish, whose entire body glistened brightly all over, rammed the city gate ferociously. The steel city gate creaked, unable to bear the heavy ramming. It was about to collapse.

Inside the city, everyone was frightened again. The people all went back to hide in their homes; their fear and trepidation was growing in the face of the incoming disaster. The moment the steel city gate was destroyed by this demonic fish, the whole Southern City would genuinely enter a crisis.

Buzz...

A bizarre fluctuation surged as every city gate in Southern City started to flicker in a mysterious radiance. Afterwards, layers of light beams surged forth and formed a brightly lit cover over the whole Southern City.

This was the Southern City's protection array. This array was activated only when it was absolutely essential, since the resources needed to activate it were too enormous.

With this array protecting the city, the demonic fish was incapable of shaking up the gates even after a few rams. Afterwards, it gave up again, and its enormous body dove back down to the Dragon River. It slowly swam away.

Under this oppressive mood, night time descended. Within Southern City, lights started to flicker one after another, illuminating the night. The worried and frightened citizens finally let out a breath. Their hearts were a lot calmer.

Inside the Xiao Mansion, Bu Fang bid goodbye to the Xiao Keyun and his wife and returned to the side room Xiao Yu had prepared for him. This side room was a lot better than the previous guest room that had been allocated to him. At the very least, Bu Fang felt

pretty good when he stayed here.

He sat on his bed and contemplated for a while. Since he could not taste the Pan-Fried Pork Buns, there was no significance for him to continue staying in the Xiao Mansion any longer. Therefore, he planned to leave tomorrow to continue his search for Southern City's delicious delicacies. If there was truly none of it, then it would be time for him to return home.

Of course, all of these were things that Bu Fang should be worrying about tomorrow. He yawned. Unlike other cultivators, he did not cultivate to replace his sleep. Instead, he simply laid down and peacefully slept.

Whitey stood inside the room quietly, mechanical eyes flickered unceasingly.

And this was how Bu Fang spent the night in Southern City.

...

Light Wind Imperial City, early morning.

Xiao Xiaolong came over to Fang Fang's little store early in the morning. When he entered the kitchen, Yu Fu had already started preparing the necessary ingredients needed to practice her knife work and carving skills.

Yu Fu looked at the sleepy and drowsy-eyed Xiao Xiaolong. Immediately, she giggled and pointed to Xiao Xiaolong's cooking bench. What Yu Fu was trying to say was that she had already prepared all the necessary ingredients for Xiao Xiaolong.

"Senior Sister, you are really a woman who knows how to run the house." Xiao Xiaolong yawned with his sleepy and drowsy eyes. He laughed and praised Yu Fu. Both of them had already gotten a lot more familiar with each other compared to before, at times they would even joke around.

Subsequently, the two of them arrived at the front of their own respective cooking bench and started brandishing their kitchen

knives to practice their knife work and carving skills.

The fragrance of meat wafted around the kitchen. Xiao Xiaolong looked at the plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of him with satisfaction. Bu Fang had already been teaching him for quite some time, and Xiao Xiaolong finally mastered the culinary skills needed to cook the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

As Bu Fang instructed, Xiao Xiaolong took this plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and walked out of the small store.

At the doorway, Blacky was the same as before, lying down on the floor in deep sleep. Bu Fang had instructed Xiao Xiaolong to cook a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs every morning for this big black dog.

Xiao Xiaolong placed the plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of Blacky and looked at it in expectation. He wanted to see the black dog finish this plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

The fast asleep Blacky twitched its nose and opened its eyes. It looked at the plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs placed in front of him. Immediately, its eyes brightened up.

Subsequently, under Xiao Xiaolong's excited gaze, it picked up the porcelain plate and started to gorge on the food.

However, Xiao Xiaolong's excitement did not last long. The fur on the big black dog's body stood on end. Then, its body stiffened.

The big black dog glanced at Xiao Xiaolong and opened its mouth. It then spat out a piece of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, which landed in front of Xiao Xiaolong.

The big black dog harrumphed and went back to lying down on the ground before it fell back into deep sleep. It had basically ignored the blanked out Xiao Xiaolong who was standing at a distance from it.

Xiao Xiaolong wanted to cry but he had no tears. He had once again been scorned by that black dog.

Owner Bu had left for a faraway place so the small store's business had to rely on Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu. Both of them opened up the door shutter and waited for the customers to arrive. They also started on their busy day. Their culinary skills had not reached Bu Fang's level, but under his special training, the taste of the dishes were already good enough to satisfy a lot of diners.

...

Bu Fang left the Xiao Mansion, and after bidding goodbye to Xiao Yanyu, he stayed in Southern City for another two days. He had tasted the majority of the delicious delicacies in Southern City. Some of the dishes were pretty decent, but others were nowhere as good.

Within these two days, the people in Southern City were also very anxious because the huge demonic fish did not leave. Occasionally, it would ram against the big array of the Southern City. By now, the radiance of the big array was starting to grow dull as if it could no longer endure the attacks.

The Southern City Lord had called out to all the big influential and wealthy families over to his City Lord Mansion just to discuss this matter. Ultimately, they were unable to come up with a plan.

As Bu Fang strolled down the main street of Southern City, he raised his head and looked at the sky that was gradually turning clear. This meant that the large protection array in Southern City was starting to fade away. Once the large array faded, the impact of the demonic fish ramming on the city gate would definitely reach a dreadful level. It would be hard to say if the city gate was even able to withstand the impact.

Along the main street, city guards patrolled the streets unceasingly in hopes of containing the citizens' mood.

Ultimately, the conclusion that all the big families reached was that each family were to send out a Battle-Emperor expert to deal with this demonic fish. There were no Battle-Saints in Southern

City, but there were a lot of Battle-Emperors.

Every big wealthy family could bring out a Battle-Emperor, but that was already their limit.

Above the city walls, including Chang Shan, there were ten Battle-Emperors standing there. With the spring rain floating in the wind, the skies were rendered a little gray.

As the Battle-Emperor sent out by Xiao Family, Xiao Keyun's complexion was extremely grave as he solemnly stood above the city wall. He looked down at the enormous Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish. The fish opened its mouth and gave a piercing shriek, causing everyone's eardrums to tremble slightly.

Outside the Southern City, within the Ten-Mile Pavilion, there were five figures wearing light yarn hats who were paying close attention to all those experts about to stake everything in one throw. One after another, they laughed coarsely. There were traces of ridicule and hate in their laughter.

"Are they preparing to risk their lives? Southern City... it's about to fall into disorder soon!" A hoarse voice echoed out. Thereafter, a shadow suddenly separated itself from the five of them.

It was as if it had turned into a black thread as it sped toward the Dragon River in an extremely fast speed.

Above the city wall, Xiao Keyun and the other experts had also noticed the shadow. The energy released from the person's body was only at a Battle-Emperor's level, but it brought along a sense of uneasiness to all of them.

"Who is that person? What is he trying to do rushing toward the Dragon River?" Above the city wall, a Battle-Emperor frowned and asked suspiciously.

Xiao Keyun narrowed his eyes as unbounded killing intent burst forth. Astonishment filled his spirit. It was him!

That was the person who sold Xiao Keyun the poisonous pill,

forcing his Xiao family into such a disadvantageous position.

Under everyone's gaze, that shadow reached the bank of the Dragon River and forcefully brought himself to a stop. He then turned his hand and a black jade bottle appeared. From the jade bottle, he poured out a dark red pill and pulverized it into fine powder on his hand.

That shadow raised his head. They couldn't see his face properly with the black conical bamboo hat, but Xiao Keyun and the others were able to feel that the person was apparently sneering at them.

Crash!

The fine powder was scattered. A wave of violent wind burst forth from that person's body as the dark red fine powder sprinkled into the Dragon River.

"Enjoy the final party! Southern City... it's time for you to be stirred restlessly!"

The shadow started to laugh heartily. His figure then shot out and flew away. The person soon disappeared from everyone's view.

Above the city wall, everyone's heart had a bad premonition as they narrowed their eyes and saw that the Dragon River water had started to boil.

Bang!!

The torrent surged with crashing sounds. The river water had practically turned into a large wave as it ferociously slammed the city gate. The gate swayed as water permeated through the cracks.

A berserk howl sounded out. Inside the large wave, two pairs of scarlet eyes appeared before everyone's eyes. Thereafter, the enormous Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish ferociously rammed the large protection array, which was no longer able to endure it, shattering and turning it into speckles.

Bang!!

Another frightening sound echoed. The steel city gate was once again rammed by the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish. Finally, it was no longer able to bear the heavy impact as the bricks on the city wall collapsed and broke into pieces. A loud sound resonated. Debris fell and the city gate was directly rammed open.

The turbulent river water trickled through the split city gate and flowed in. The sounds of crashing water was deafening, resonating unendingly.

On the main street, all the citizens screamed as they started to flee in disarray. The city gate had been broken... Southern City was finished!

"Evil creature! Die!"

The ten Battle-Emperors above the city gate could not endure it any longer as they shouted one after another and made a move. They leaped off the city walls, weapons in hand, as they rushed toward that furious fish.

The river water surged forth violently as if it wanted to gobble up Bu Fang, who was standing on the main street.

Bu Fang's complexion was very calm. His toes tapped the floor and a formidable strength burst forth as he soared up into the sky. He landed on a black tile roof. Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered as it landed beside him, following Bu Fang's movement.

The both of them stood on the roof, looking at the main street that had been submerged by the large waves of river water. An ambiguous radiance flashed through Bu Fang's eyes.

Howl!!

At the city gate, a loud sound echoed.

Bu Fang subconsciously raised his head and looked over. He discovered that the enormous sinister-looking Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish was actually trying to squeeze itself through the city gate, but its body was too big. It got stuck between the city gates



alive.

The enormous Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish kept swaying its body left and right, causing the whole city wall to start shaking. On the city walls, numerous cracks could be seen forming.

It seem that it wouldn't be long before this rampaging monster intruded completely and wreaked havoc in the flourishing Southern City, causing it to fall into total disorder.

Swish swish swish!

The Southern City experts all held onto their weapons and discharged their true energy as they unceasingly bombarded the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish. This was their only chance to attack the stuck demonic fish at this current moment.

Xiao Keyun's eyes also turned red. Southern City was where his Xiao Family had established themselves in. The moment Southern City was destroyed, his Xiao Family would sink into panic. Therefore, for this battle, he had to put in all his efforts.

Hiss~ Hiss~!

Just as he had started to circulate his true energy and send out a few attacks, Xiao Keyun's true energy surged up within his body but his complexion turned uglier and uglier as a pitch-black dark energy that looked like small snakes scattered around his face.

Furthermore, an acute pain was spreading throughout his body!

# Chapter 257: Owner Bu Plans to Make a Move?

---

Raging territorial waters separated the Mahayana island from the continent. A large vessel sailed through the immense waves, causing them to splash ruthlessly on either side of its hull. The sound of the crashing waves resonated uninterruptedly.

Above the heaven vault, an eagle spreading its wings soared. Its clear and loud cries reverberated through the empty world.

"King Yu, tomorrow we will arrive at the continent. When that time comes, we will advance forward and meet up with our companions from the continent. They have already started the operation. The chaos for Light Wind Empire has already started..." Zhao Ruge was dressed in a white robe as he stood at the bow of the large vessel. Only his hair was blown by the biting cold wind that caressed over him.

Ji Chengyu's gaze was like electricity as he looked at the vague reflection of the long and narrow coastline gradually appearing before his eyes. He wasn't frightened at all.

In the end, he still needed to return there to fight for the things that originally belonged to him.

All of a sudden, King Yu's eyes narrowed as he stared at that distant place.

Zhao Ruge's unconcerned gaze had also faintly contracted. He walked over to Ji Chengyu's side and stared at the same spot. The ocean mist had thinned out as a fuzzy figure appeared before their eyes.

A small boat floated on top the vast ocean's waves as it moved unhurriedly toward their ship.

A person and a small boat. It looked rather lonely.

Ji Chengyu and Zhao Ruge had already started squinting to determine the person's identity.

It was as though that person had also just seen the large vessel when a frightening energy burst unexpectedly from his body as the small boat under his feet suddenly sped up. Towering sea waves puffed out behind him with such a large driving force it caused the small boat to speed forward.

"Battle-Saint?" Ji Chengyu said gravely as his complexion changed slightly.

"That's right... He should be coming for you, King Yu. Could he be the court eunuch Lian, who wants to recapture you?" Zhao Ruge said, raising the corner of his mouth.

Under the duo's gaze, that small boat became faster and faster and the figure had also become increasingly closer. Gradually, they were able to clearly see the person who was standing on the small boat.

Lian Fu was dressed in an embroidered gown and wore a formal headdress on top of his head. His face was fair and clear, while his white hair swayed unceasingly as it was caressed by the frantic sea breeze.

"King Yu... This servant has finally found you."

He looked at Ji Chengyu, who was standing at the bow of the large vessel, and then rays of light immediately burst forth from within Lian Fu's eyes.

...

River water had submerged half of Southern City. At the entrance of the city gate, a constant rumbling resonated as the enormous Burst Dragon Demonic Fish frantically struggled.

It was as if the city gate was about to be smashed to pieces by the struggle as traces of cracks continued to appear. It seemed as if at any time, it would collapse and be reduced to rubble.

The ten Battle-Emperor experts seemed extremely insignificant in front of that Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish. Their true energy burst forth as they brandished their weapons and flew towards the creature. True energy radiated out from the weapons in their hands as they continued to attack the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish with their strongest martial skills.

The might of all these martial skills was impressive and brought a lot of pain to that trapped Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish, but they were still unable to cause any substantial damage to it. Furthermore, the fish seemed to have gone berserk under these attacks.

Its densely packed teeth opened up, causing a fishy smell to waft towards them.

Xiao Keyun endured the pain in his body as he continued to attack and smash the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish's oral cavity wall, significantly injuring it.

However, the black energy in his body became even more intense as it constantly scattered about, causing him to feel as if his whole body was being bitten by ants. The pain was extremely hard to endure.

The other Battle-Emperors continued to bombard the fish with their strongest attacks. They absolutely needed to prevent this Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish from entering Southern City. At this moment, they no longer had the time to think as they put in their utmost efforts. Otherwise, this furious creature would wreak havoc on Southern City!

"Brother Xiao! Are you ok?"

Those Battle-Emperor experts who were close to Xiao Keyun detected the peculiarity in his behavior. Puzzled, they immediately inquired about it.

Xiao Keyun waved his hand, indicating that he was fine. He was

still able to endure the pain.

Bu Fang stood on top of the roof quietly watching the distant battle from the side. His eyebrows faintly wrinkled. He saw Xiao Keyun but the latter's situation did not seem to be very optimistic.

Faraway, inside the Xiao Mansion, a lot of people continued to rush over. However, with the flood below them, everyone stood further away.

On the roof, Bu Fang was relatively more eye-catching. With just a glance, Xiao Yanyu spotted him.

Whoosh!

Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Yu jumped one after another and landed beside Bu Fang on the roof. The space on the rooftop was relatively large and didn't seem very cramped.

"Your father's doesn't seem to be doing too well," Bu Fang said nonchalantly, shooting a glance at Xiao Yu.

Xiao Yu was somewhat puzzled. When he saw his father facing that Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish so valiantly, he felt that nothing was wrong. He only felt a fit of hot bloodedness surge within him.

Bu Fang curled his lips. This Xiao Yu's cultivation was merely in the Battle-Maniac level, so it would be hard for him to spot the peculiarity about Xiao Keyun.

Xiao Yanyu's complexion changed when she heard Bu Fang's comment. She absolutely knew the reason for this peculiarity in Xiao Keyun, because the lord of Xiao Family had told her about it.

"Second Uncle's symptoms surely wouldn't erupt at such moment, right... That would be bad!" Xiao Yanyu murmured.

Bu Fang remained silent, but continued to look at the distant battle.

The ten Battle-Emperor experts bombarded the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish and finally, there were some visible results. A wound

was being cut open on the monster, and blood spurted, dripping onto the ground.

Yells reverberated out. The Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish grew more violent. The appearance of the wound and the stimulus of the blood caused the fish to fly into a rage. The fish scales on its body became erect, and its aura suddenly changed. To everyone's surprise, it actually struggled free from the city gate's bindings, bringing along it, swirling boulders as it charged into the city.

There were actually some distinction between this demonic fish and an ordinary fish. On its abdomen were two sinister claws that held tightly onto the ground. Its enormous fishtail swept back and forth, sending out a wave of fishy smell.

Bang!!

Numerous Battle-Emperor experts were sent flying.

The Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish's eyes narrowed. The scales on its body seemed about to shoot out as they released a whistling sound before flying outwards rapidly. Their speed was so quick that it was extremely hard for anyone to evade them.

Whoosh!

A piece of scale whistling overhead rotated at such a high speed that it gave the impression of having a dreadful slicing power. Xiao Keyun clenched his teeth and summoned his true energy, hoping to evade it. However, the next moment, his eyes contracted. The pitch-black energy on his face burst forth as the flesh on his hand started corroding...

With his whole body freezing him to his current spot, Xiao Keyun was unable to evade and could only use his weapon to defend against the scale's attack. His weapon was smashed into pieces as the mighty force sent Xiao Keyun flying.

In the air, he vomited a large mouthful of blood, and his face instantly paled.

The complexion of the Xiao Family members who were watching the battle immediately turned deathly pale. Sweet-tempered Lin Qin'Er's body was also on the verge of collapsing. Luckily, she was supported by the person beside her, preventing her from tumbling down.

Xiao Kecheng looked at the scene with slightly narrowed eyes.

"Father!" Xiao Yu's excited look immediately turned rigid as he shouted out in fear.

The emergence of such drastic changes caused everyone to be caught unprepared.

The black energy rushed over Xiao Keyun's collapsed body and threatened to overwhelm him. The flesh on his arms had started corroding, producing a rotten smell.

Xiao Keyun was helpless to do anything about it. He could only endure the condition of his injury and use the true energy in his body to suppress the surging black energy. Otherwise, he was afraid that, in the next moment, he would be corroded by the black energy into nothing.

"Brother Xiao, quickly dodge!!"

A bellow of rage resounded. Xiao Keyun was taken aback. Subsequently, he subconsciously lifted up his head, but his eyes were obstructed by an immense pitch-black shadow.

The Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish had lifted its huge claws and obstructed the sky above of him. The atmosphere felt as though it had frozen at that very moment.

Alarm and panic appeared within Xiao Keyun's eyes... If this claw were to strike down, he would definitely be smashed into a pulp of fresh meat. He would be dead to the point of being unable to die anymore!

Lin Qin'Er saw the scene and her heart felt heavy. Various people in the Xiao Family had also turned ghastly pale as they hung on the

verge of collapsing.

"Owner Bu..."

On Xiao Yanyu's beautiful face, traces of anxiousness started to appear. She quickly turned around and spoke to Bu Fang. She had no idea what was Owner Bu's current cultivation realm was, but if his puppet Whitey were to make a move, it would certainly be able to obstruct that fish.

Bu Fang frowned. Even if he were to make a move, he had no idea if he would be able to stop the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish.

Before he set off on the journey, the system had regulated that if he wasn't in danger or under attack, Whitey wouldn't interfere. Therefore, Bu Fang could basically rule out the possibility of Whitey making a move to save Xiao Keyun.

But to simply watch Xiao Keyun be turned into minced meat by that claw... it was impossible for Bu Fang to stay so aloof about it.

He lightly sighed. True energy suddenly burst forth from under Bu Fang's foot as his figure flew from Xiao Yanyu's blanked out gaze.

Xiao Yanyu's complexion immediately changed. "Owner Bu... What are you doing? Get Whitey to make a move! How could you possibly stop the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish?!"

It had never occurred to her that Bu Fang would make a move personally... Why not just get Whitey to make a move? With Whitey's strength, it was not a problem for it to handle this fish.

Staring at Whitey's flickering machine eyes beside her, Xiao Yanyu was immediately stupefied.

Not only her, but Xiao Yu and the rest of the Xiao Family found their mouths open wide as they displayed an expression of bewilderment.

However, on Xiao Kecheng's face there was mockery. That Burst-



Dragon Demonic Fish was a seventh grade demonic beast... Who does that kid think he is?

# Chapter 258: A Blade to Kill a Demonic Fish

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Xiao Kecheng was ranked third in the Xiao Family. His status actually didn't hold much value in the family because they had Xiao Meng and Xiao Keyun... His status had long been compressed to an inch by the other two's radiance.

His business acumen could not be compared to Xiao Keyun's and his cultivation could not be compared to Xiao Meng's. It could be said that he had always been in an awkward situation in Xiao Family, but at the same time... he was also someone who harbored a lot of ambitions.

When he saw that the Demonic Fish's enormous claws were about to flatten Xiao Keyun into a meat patty, his heart did not feel the slightest twinge of sorrow a relative should feel. Instead, boundless excitement coursed through his whole body like rushing water.

"If Xiao Keyun dies... Southern City's Xiao Family's successor will be me!" Excitement was clear in Xiao Kecheng's eyes.

He did not pay any attention to Bu Fang, who was galloping out. Wasn't that youth the same age as Xiao Yanyu? How could he possibly stand up to the claw of a seventh grade Demonic Fish? Who did he think he was? Even Xiao Meng was only a Battle-King when he was at Xiao Yanyu's age.

Therefore, he displayed a look of mockery, jeering at Bu Fang for overestimating his capabilities and looking for death himself.

Xiao Yanyu's heart shivered. She had hoped that Boss Bu would make a move but she did not want anything to happen to him... It had never occurred to her that Bu Fang would personally charge out. Did he not realize how frightening that Demonic Fish was? It wasn't like he was a human version of Whitey....

Bu Fang's figure moved at lightning speeds. True energy erupted

from the bottom of his feet as he shattered the roof tiles.

It was like his entire being had turned into a black thread. In an instant, he sped off, streaking across the void with a grave and stern expression.

The atmosphere seemed to have turned somewhat stifling and oppressive at this very moment.

Green smoke curled up from Bu Fang's hand. Subsequently, his pupils contracted as he inhaled a deep breath.

Xiao Keyun could no longer bear it and released a miserable howl. The flesh on his body started to rot rapidly, producing a pungent rotting stench... The smell caused Bu Fang, who was gradually drawing near, to frown as he felt a sense of familiarity from it.

Whoosh!!

A loud sound resonated. Along with the violent vibration on the ground, the river water rose into towering waves as it surged forward like a torrential tide.

Everyone felt that their spirits weakened as they suddenly gazed at the spot Xiao Keyun was at. At this moment... the location had already been shrouded by the large claw covered in glistening fish scales.

Xiao Yanyu's complexion turned deathly pale. Was it going to end like that...

Xiao Yu had already fallen onto the ground weakly. There was not a slightest hint of color on his face. His father... was he really going to be turned into mincemeat by that monster?!

Down below, amassed the Xiao Family's members. Other than Xiao Kecheng who looked vaguely excited, everyone else was drowned in sorrow. Lin Qin'Er clutched her chest as her lips turned ghastly pale. Her eyes rolled up and she fainted.

Her frail body was incapable of bearing the immense sorrow of watching her husband get turned into mincemeat in front of her.

"Howl!"

The scarlet red eyes of the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish rumbled. Its gaze landed on the claw it had used to crush the ant. Traces of puzzlement emerged in its scarlet-red eyes.

All of a sudden, an acute pain brought its heart into a frenzy of thundering heartbeats. The pain was unbearable, causing it to bellow out.

A ray of bright golden radiance suddenly burst out from under its claw. One after another, a multitude of light beams emerged like a blossoming lotus.

Rip!!!

A crisp sound transmitted to everyone's ears. Everyone's heart shuddered as their eyes shrank slightly. Their mouths gapped slightly as they looked at the distant spot in disbelief.

Not long after the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish bawled miserably, its claw shattered!

A violent breeze whizzed past. The scarlet-red blood gushed down everywhere as if there was a rainstorm.

A figure carrying a large golden kitchen knife stood on the ground loftily. The hairband fell apart as his hair fluttered about messily.

Bu Fang was expressionless as he gripped onto the handle of the Golden Dragon Kitchen Knife with both hands. There was an intense brilliant flicker on top of the glowing knife. The misty radiance sprinkled down as it enveloped his body.

The blood came crashing down but every drop was warded off.

Under the torrent of blood, Bu Fang's figure still looked very clean, as if he was a proud lotus, tranquil and elegant.

Xiao Keyun's miserable bawl was unchanged and unceasing. The bloody rain doused his entire body, turning him into a bloody human.

The strong reeking of blood was infused with the rotting stench from Xiao Keyun's body.

However, at this very moment, everyone's attention was not on Xiao Keyun, but on the youth gripping onto his kitchen knife who was not dyed red despite the fact that he was standing in the middle of the bloody rain.

A slash...

"Just a slash, and he cut off the claw of the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish... The animal's defence is so terrifying and yet it seemed almost like paper mache then! Unable to block a single slash! Simply frightful!"

All the Battle-Emperors' mouths started to tremble as their eyes tightened. They were filled with astonishment.

They were very clear on how hard the defense of that demonic fish was. After all, they had assembled ten Battle-Emperor experts to attack it and they had only managed to leave a dent on that beast's head. But this youth had used a kitchen knife to chop off that demonic fish's claw!

Grrr!

All the Battle-Emperor experts felt their bodies vibrate as their blood started to boil!

A Battle-Emperor who had a relatively good relation with Xiao Keyun sped down, landing beside him, who was still bawling miserably. He pulled him away.

The battle that was about to happen... a battle that was definitely going to be a challenging yet exciting battle!

"Sister Yanyu! Senior is fine! Senior is still alive, so is my dad!!"

Xiao Yu's eyes of despair suddenly blossomed into unlimited luster. He started to hop on the rooftop, pointing into the distance as he shouted loudly. He was extremely excited.

Xiao Yanyu was also taken aback. She looked over and saw a scene that was extremely difficult for her to forget.

In the midst of the bloodstorm, Owner Bu held onto a kitchen knife with an indifferent expression. No matter how scary that towering fish was, it was not able to bring any fear to Bu Fang.

"Handsome! Senior is simply too awesome!! So cool!"

Xiao Yu danced, gesturing in his joy, and couldn't sit still at all.

Everyone in the Xiao Family was also taken aback. Subsequently, one after another, they sucked in cold air and displayed a happy smile. Xiao Keyun was saved... He was fine!

Xiao Kecheng was as ugly as if he had constipation. His mouth was trembling. He had no idea what should he say. Perhaps, regardless of what he said, it would be useless... A moment ago, he was still mocking Bu Fang for overestimating his own capabilities. The next moment, Bu Fang used a knife and chopped off the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish's claw effortlessly. Wasn't this just a tight slap to his face?

Luckily, there were not many who saw his mocking look. Otherwise, it would be even more awkward for him.

"That damn guy... Why must he be so intrusive and meddle into someone else's business!" Xiao Kecheng was angered as he clenched his fist.

Xiao Keyun did not die. His status in Xiao Family would still be the same as before.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!

One after another, the Battle-Emperors retreated and landed a distance away. They looked at the scene in excitement. They were

looking forward to the battle that was going to take place.

Yet, at the next moment, something happened, which caused them to be even more dumbstruck!

They saw the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish who got its claw chopped off withdraw a step as it snarled at Bu Fang with a mouth filled with sharp teeth.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and held onto his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife single-handedly. He swept it out and pointed it toward the fish.

The snarl the demonic fish issued immediately got stuck. Its eyeball started to revolve incessantly. Within the madness, there were traces of terror.

Bu Fang circulated the energy in his body, causing true energy to burst forth as it infused into the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

The radiance of the kitchen knife got even richer and the pressure pervading the atmosphere had also gotten even more frightening.

Buzz!!

Under the mighty pressure of the frightening kitchen knife, it looked like the somewhat berserked Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish had recovered a little of its intellect as it had actually started to retreat incessantly. As its enormous tail continued to sway, its eyes were filled with fear.

Draconic might! That was draconic might!

While its draconic bloodlines were thin, it was still an undeniable fact that it possessed a tinge of dragon blood. Furthermore, along with the increase of Bu Fang's cultivation, the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife's suppressing ability toward the spirit beast had become even more formidable.

As it was able to mature to seventh grade, this fish was not foolish. Previously, its wisdom had been affected by a peculiar strength, which caused it to sink into a frenzy. And at this moment, under the draconic might, it was as if it had been thrown into the bottom of an ice sea; it turned clear-headed within a short while.

Outside Southern City.

The five shadows' faces were filled with expressions of disbelief under their veils. Who exactly was that person? How did he make the seventh grade spirit beast cower!?

"Damn it! Make this beast run wild! What's there to be afraid of?!"

A shadow cursed hoarsely in rage and a pitch-back archbow appeared in his hand. He bent and pulled the string of the bow. Beside him, two shadows took out their black jade bottle, poured out a few granules and placed it on the arrowhead.

Then, as he laughed insolently, the shadow released the fully drawn bow.

A humming resonated with a lacerating sound in tow.

An arrow hurtled past, piercing the back of the cowering Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish.

"Howl!!!"

Beneath the draconic might of the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the eyes of the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish had unexpectedly turned red once again as it released a yell that penetrated through Southern City.



# Chapter 259: Lopping Off the Fish's Head

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The sea waves churned, bringing along a fishy and salty sea breeze.

On a boat in that lonely world, Lian Fu placed his hand behind his back as his white hair got tousled. The pupils of his eyes landed on Ji Chengyu, who was on top of the large vessel.

"Long time no see, Chief Chamberlain Lian. How have you been?" Both gazed at each other for quite some time before Ji Chengyu eventually opened his mouth and spoke, his serene greetings echoing within that world.

Lian Fu pursed up his lips and tilted his head as he looked at Ji Chengyu. Within the sharpness of his voice, there were traces of hoarseness.

"King Yu, ah, King Yu... When you made a mistake and the previous emperor punished you to watch over the emperor's tomb, the reason he had allowed you to preserve your life was because you were his kin. You should have just watched over the emperor's tomb and fulfilled a bit of filial piety as a son. Why did you choose to run out of the emperor's tomb? Because of that, I'm now stuck in a very difficult situation."

At the rear of the boat, as usual, towering torrential waves surged up violently, constantly surging and churning. The speed it pushed the small boat continued to increase.

Thereafter, it only took an instant for it to still. The small boat Lian Fu was standing on came to a stop.

"Sealing my cultivation level and taking away my monarch title... What a good father of mine. I also wish to fulfill my filial duty, but I do not want to sweep the emperor's tomb like a defeated dog." Ji Chengyu's gaze was like electricity as he looked straight at Lian Fu. He took a step forward and brought one of his legs onto the vessel's

edge as he sneered.

Within his gaze, there were fanatical desires, "I, Ji Chengyu, whether in capability or cultivation, am a lot stronger than Ji Chengxue. The one who should be inheriting the title of emperor should be me. Why was it bestowed onto my third brother, that wretch, instead?! Which part of me is inferior to him?

"I am not convinced. If father wanted me to be convinced, he should have turned me into a complete cripple. But he didn't," Ji Chengyu said.

Lian Fu sighed. He had always known of the anger that was restrained within Ji Chengyu's heart. Even at the most challenging times when he got sent away to sweep the emperor's tomb, his eyes were like stagnated water, but Lian Fu was able to feel the unrelenting flames in Ji Chengyu's heart.

"But you've went against the late emperor's order. Just like before, this lowly servant can only bring you back." Lian Fu's sharp voice was tinged with hoarseness.

"I know... Chief Chamberlain Lian's objective is to bring me back to the emperor's tomb and make me face those ice-cold tombstones once more. But what if I don't want to? What will you do then?"

Ji Chengyu crossed his arms against his chest and looked at Lian Fu arrogantly. Within his eyes, there were traces of a challenge and fervor.

Lian Fu focused his gaze. He raised a hand and pinched his middle finger and thumb together.

"Then I can only beat you up to the point you will be unable to move and then carry you back."

...

The echoing yell in Southern City caused those Battle-Emperors who were still immersed in Bu Fang's prowess to immediately sober up.

"Shit! This animal is going berserk again!"

One of the Battle-Emperor expert's heart shuddered and yelled with some alarm.

Whenever this animal went berserk, it would attack the Southern City gate unceasingly. This was something they were extremely puzzled about. But at this very moment, this animal had actually gone berserk again!

Bu Fang focused his gaze to the far distance outside of Southern City. Perhaps the reason those Battle-Emperors did not discover any clue about it was because they were all shocked by Bu Fang's method. But Bu Fang had all the while been paying attention to this big fat fish... er, demonic fish. Therefore, he was very clear about what had happened just now.

That lacerating black arrow, which had tore through the horizon, pierced the back of the Demonic Fish, causing it to fly into a rage once again.

"So, all of this was caused by someone else." Bu Fang narrowed his eyes as the corner of his mouth curled up.

Bu Fang was contemplating about how such a big-headed fat fish appeared in Southern City Dragon River noiselessly and without any reason...

The fear the berserk Demonic Fish had to the draconic might of the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was greatly decreased. It yelled with a mouth that was filled with sharp teeth. It brought forth a pungent fishy wind as its scarlet eyes glared at the Bu Fang, who was holding onto the kitchen knife that blossomed with a golden brilliance, its tyrannical look prominent.

Boom!!

The stump of the large claw that was cut off smacked the ground ferociously. Unexpectedly, this demonic fish was ramming towards Bu Fang in a speed that was as quick as lightning.

The hearts of numerous Battle-Emperors shuddered. They felt a burst of fearful oppression.

Bu Fang's complexion was calm as he looked at the big fish. There was not even a sign of panic.

With the impending collision, the Demonic Fish that seemed to want to bite him into pieces was magnified continuously in his eyes.

However... Bu Fang's figure abruptly disappeared from his spot as he agilely leaped up and landed on top of the fish's head.

The seventh grade spiritual beast itself, possessed a terrifying pressure. This oppression possessed a natural suppressive force towards a Battle-Emperor or a sixth grade spirit beast. However, Bu Fang was not at all affected by the influence of this oppression. As before, he was able to operate without obstruction. On the contrary, it was the Demonic Fish that was being suppressed by his draconic might.

Therefore, in spite of all that, he was still not afraid of this Demonic Fish despite not being at the level of a Battle-saint.

Bu Fang somersaulted in the air as he swung the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife down. The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was a semi-divine tool and was extremely sharp. The Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish's scales did not have even the slightest degree of resistance against the weapon.

Just like paper mache, it got hacked to pieces by Bu Fang. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife entered the flesh of the Demonic Fish as its blood started to splatter.

The demonic fish frantically trembled for a while as the fish scales on its body opened up.

"What a fat fish. Seventh grade spirit beast meat should not disappoint anyone, right?" Bu Fang murmured, with the corners of his mouth curling up.

Thereafter, he exhaled a long breath as his gaze focused slightly. While holding onto the knife handle, he unexpectedly started to sprint on the back of the fish.

Bu Fang moved rapidly while still expressionless. His white gown sleeve whirled and his hair fluttered.

Rip tug tug!

There was a crashing sound. Along with Bu Fang's wild running, blood splattered unceasingly along the wound. The demonic fish started to wail as it got even more frantic and violently thrashed its body even harder.

Bu Fang rose up with a single bound. With both his hands holding onto the handle of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, he sliced down ferociously.

Pff!

Blood spattered out, shining under the sunlight!

Countless fish scales spattered away. The scales on the Demonic Fish crashed down onto the floor as if it was being stripped off.

The hearts of numerous Battle-Emperors shivered. Holy mother... too dreadful!

"Haha! Senior is so handsome! Play this animal to death. Peel its skin and draw out its tendon!" Xiao Yu cheered jubilantly on the roof as he hopped around unceasingly.

Xiao Yanyu was also looking in shock at the seventh grade spirit beast that had been cut into a sorry figure by Owner Bu. It turned out that... Owner Bu was actually so strong!

She had always thought that Whitey and the big black dog were there to protect Owner Bu, who was most likely a chef with weak fighting strength. But never did she expect... even after getting separated from Whitey, Owner Bu was still so fierce.

The way he handled the fish was so skillful. Even when it came to

scraping fish scales, he had scraped it off so unconventionally.

Xiao Yanyu's red lips raised slightly as she displayed a charming smile.

All the various Xiao Family's members were sucking in cold air at this moment. This youth was too scary... He was actually scraping of the scales of this frightening spirit beast. Are you trying to cook here?

Xiao Kecheng's legs trembled while his mouth quivered endlessly. This kid... could actually defeat a seventh grade spirit beast?!

At this moment, Xiao Yanyu's maid, Xiao Ya, even felt like crying. She remembered very clearly that in the Xiao Mansion, she had arranged for him a guest room that even a beggar wouldn't be willing to stay in!

She had unexpectedly offended this kind of formidable existence. If he wanted to deal with her, within seconds, that kitchen knife could already skin her off.

Xiao Ya, whose mind was already frightened to the point of turning somewhat frenetic, immediately collapsed and sat on the ground as she started to weep in fear.

Bu Fang landed onto the ground as his true energy burst forth. His figure sped along as his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife had unexpectedly sunk deeply into that fish's belly. Afterwards, he scampered rapidly as he sliced the white belly of the fish open. There were no scales on its abdomen. Thus, Bu Fang had sliced it with ease.

The blood was like a waterfall, gushing out in torrents, flowing onto the ground.

Immediately, the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish could no longer support its body. It collapsed onto the ground. The madness within its eyes vanished once again just as fear emerged. It felt death was

coming toward it.

"Oh... Afraid?"

Bu Fang's body did not have the slightest amount of blood on him as he jumped back lightly. The huge Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in his hand as he murmured nonchalantly.

At the next moment, bright golden rays glowed. It was bright to the point of blinding someone.

The golden rays abruptly dimmed as if a shooting star had fallen. With a loud bang, it sliced against the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish's head.

The fish was dumbfounded. Its body was unable to move a single step...

Not only the fish, even the masses also blanked out on their spots. They did not dare to be impressed. They had no idea whether the Demonic Fish was truly dead. It should be dead, right?

Rumble!!

There was an echoing sound of a heavy object falling to the ground. The large fish head had dropped off from the fish's body with a loud bang. It tumbled on the ground, rolling twice as the reek of blood pervaded the air.

Dead!!

"Senior is mighty!! Handsome!!" Xiao Yu's voice was about to turn mute. At this very moment, the admiration he had for Bu Fang was like the blood that was squirting out from the fish's body, an unceasing torrent.

Bu Fang collapsed and he sat onto the ground. The true energy on his body abruptly scattered away as he violently panted for breath.

The dim radiance on the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife faded away. Then, it returned back to its simple and unadorned pitch-black appearance.

His Battle-Emperor true energy was fully consumed in this battle. Sure enough, dealing with this kind of beast that was not frightened of the draconic might of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife alone was somewhat strenuous.

Ultimately... it was because his cultivation was too low, so he did not have sufficient true energy to use.

As usual, within Bu Fang's heart, he still felt the urgency to increase his cultivation.

Xiao Yanyu's tensed heart also unexpectedly loosened up. Owner Bu had surprisingly done it. It turned out that he was also very powerful. It practically renewed the understanding she had of Owner Bu.

She had once again found out a secret that no one knew about him!

The first secret was Owner Bu had unexpectedly gone to a brothel. The second secret was that he was actually... so strong!

When she recalled the embarrassed look of Owner Bu when he realized that he had been discovered by Xiao Yanyu, she suddenly felt like laughing... sometimes, Owner Bu was actually quite cute.

All of a sudden, Xiao Yanyu's mind trembled. She turned her head over and looked puzzledly. She realized the grandeur of Whitey, who had been standing quietly beside her all along, had abruptly changed.

Er? Whitey...

Xiao Yanyu's eyes contracted as she suddenly looked in Bu Fang's direction.

At a location that no one was paying attention to, there were five pitch-black figure speeding toward them.

Without a doubt, the five figure's objective... was Owner Bu, or it could possibly be said, the very frail Owner Bu at that very



moment!

Whitey's machinery eyes flickered. The red radiance changed to purple. Then it stamped down ferociously in a single bound. The whole building's roof collapsed.

"Sensing a killing intent toward the host. Extermination mode initiated!"

# Chapter 260: An Unavoidable Battle

---

Bang!

The black tiled roof instantly crumbled, and the aura emanating from Whitey abruptly changed to an eerie purple, which flickered with a radiance that made one feel numb all over.

Xiao Yanyu nearly lost her balance from the crumbling of the roof, so she pulled Xiao Yu and swiftly moved onto another roof. Her eyes gravely looked at Whitey's appearance.

"What the hell? Why is senior's puppet... Why does it seem different?" Xiao Yu blankly watched as Whitey sped away. His face was incredulous.

Xiao Yanyu glanced at him. Then she calmly replied, "You will soon know why Owner Bu says you can't afford to keep Whitey...."

How terrifying was Whitey? She, who personally experienced it, was quite clear about it. At that time, she had been injured by the mere shockwaves from Whitey's fighting. One should not be fooled by Whitey's chubby and cute appearance; when it started fighting, it could even defeat an eighth grade War-God.

The two purple light beams that seemed to split the skies passed by with a screech, leaving a sonic boom trailing in their wake.

Bu Fang slumped down to the ground, gasping for breath. At this moment, he had almost exhausted all of the true energy in his body. He helplessly strove hard to squeeze out some true energy from his dantian which was strenuously revolving to nourish his depleted meridians.

After losing the support of his true energy, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife returned to the mark on his wrist in a wisp of green smoke.

Bu Fang's lips curled slightly as he looked at the giant corpse of the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish.

In the far distance, there were five figures clad in black robes and black bamboo hats moving extremely quickly. Their aura and cultivation were extremely powerful; all of them had reached the level of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor.

"The Burst-Dragon Demonic fish has been beheaded. The mission to throw Southern City into a state of disorder has failed. If we return back like this...the High Priest would punish us for sure. Capture that youth who spoiled our plans. Regardless of life and death... we have to explain it clearly to the High Priest."

A hoarse voice cried out. Voices of acknowledgement followed in succession.

The five figures were like five pitch-black longswords as they streaked across that empty space. They were aiming for Bu Fang. From their bodies, an obvious killing intent was spreading.

Their killing intent rose when it came to Bu Fang, who showed up when they were halfway into their plans. They even used their last berserk pill, but unexpectedly, the seventh grade Demonic Fish was still slaughtered by this youth. Naturally, they did not intend to show any mercy to those who spoiled their plans.

"Take advantage of the fact that he's still frail. Kill him!"

Boom! The leading person pulled his pitch-black archbow to its fullest. True energy fluctuated from the pitch-black arrow, surrounding the bow. Just as he released his hand, the long arrow whistled out.

The others also brandished their weapons one after another as they came attacking.

The experts in Southern City finally reacted, but it was too late. The pitch-black arrow, which brought along a dreadful fluctuation, had already been shot towards the extremely frail Bu Fang's body.

The enormous strength and dreadful fluctuation that had been

accumulated inside the arrow was sufficient to destroy Bu Fang with an explosion!

"Damn it! Who are you people!"

Fury was in the eyes of the experts in Southern City; they bellowed out in rage.

However, the five people did not pay any attention to the Southern City experts. Their target was still Bu Fang.

Bu Fang pricked up his eyebrows, somewhat astonished. This group of people had to be the ones who were manipulating that Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish from behind the scenes. Seeing as the fish now laid dead by his hands, had they finally lost their patience?

Bu Fang exhaled lightly as his lips curled slightly.

Buzzz...

Two rays of purple brilliance descended from the sky. In an instant, it stood in front of Bu Fang.

That speeding pitch-black arrow directly collided with the purple brilliance. There was an enormous explosion!

Dust and smoke rampaged, bringing along a whizzing wild breeze.

As the wild breeze messed up his hair, Bu Fang got up. He looked very calmly at the five people in the distance.

After the dust and smoke dispersed, a plump white figure appeared. There was inexhaustible killing intent in those purple mechanical eyes, causing anyone who looked into its brilliance to be overwhelmed by fear.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's plump belly. His eyes were icy-cold. He turned around wordlessly and started to size up the enormous Demonic Fish's body.

Whitey twisted its body. Immediately, the debris beneath its leg

swirled into the air. Whitey's originally slow-moving body then burst forth with a tyrannical speed. In an instant, it was next to the five people.

"Sensing killing intent toward the host. Exterminate!"

A fist smashed the nearest person. At this moment, even though Whitey was just a mechanical puppet with a small size, its battle might was not weak. At least, when it came to dealing with War-God experts, it was not a problem at all.

Kacha!

Face with Whitey's oppressive fist, the figure wielding a longsword was sent flying straightaway. Under the force of this fist, the longsword on its hand was bent into a shape resembling a circular fist.

"Eliminate that thing!" Five Battle-Emperors bellowed in rage.

Pitch-black true energy seethed from their bodies. One after another, formidable might exploded out. Every one of their moves were infused with true energy, as if they wanted to bombard Whitey with attacks.

QHowever, it didn't harm Whitey at all.

Whitey remained intact. It slapped down, snapping the leading person's bow into many pieces.

Bang Bang Bang!

Five human shadows were pounded into the skies in succession. They slammed into the city walls, making huge dents on the walls.

The conical bamboo hat on their heads shattered into small pieces, revealing their pale faces. Their faces were pale to the point that they looked somewhat strange. There was not any slightest hint of rosiness to it.

This group of people evidently did not foresee Whitey's formidable prowess. There were traces of inconceivability in their

eyes. That mechanical puppet standing loftily at the scene was like an undefeatable demon god.

"What kind of monster is this? And who is that youth... When did such a formidable person appear in Southern City? Why did we not receive any intelligence about this?" A human shadow vomited a mouthful of blood and said maliciously.

The others were also perplexed by it, but that did not last long. The few of them took out a pitch-black jade bottle one after another. The jade bottle gleamed as they poured out a few pills.

The five of them did not bear the slightest degree of hesitation as they consumed the pill.

After they consumed the pill, the five humans' shadow energy started to rise once again; they almost broke through to the threshold of a Battle-Saint.

"Who cares who he is. Regardless of who obstructs us, we still must complete the mission the High Priest gave us..... Even if we have to die, we must not retreat!"

The five people's eyes turned scarlet-red completely, like frantic beasts. Their energies erupted as they rushed to attack Whitey.

Whitey's purple eyes did not have any bit of mercy as its killing intent sprung up. Subsequently, its mechanical hand moved and turned into a huge machete.

Its body abruptly turned and disappeared from its original spot.

Plop. Blood splattered as a person was beheaded by Whitey's machete. His body rushed forward for a few steps, and eventually fell limply to the ground.

At a distant location, everyone trembled all over.

Holy mother. This... why was this white puppet so strong? When it started to slaughter people, it did not have any slightest degree of hesitation. That chop... it practically made Xiao Yu feel that his

own neck had somewhat turned frigid.

Originally, everyone thought that a small fight was going to take place, but in the end, it made them somewhat dumbfounded.

Because the battle at the scene had completely turned into a one-sided massacre.

Whitey had executed the merciless massacre... of those five people.

...

On top of a large vesseldoo, in the vast ocean.

Ji Chengyu's abrupt, unrestrained and unruly laughter echoed in all directions.

Lian Fu pinched his thumb and middle finger together as his eyes crinkled. The tip of his foot touched the small boat. His figure unexpectedly floated up like a feather as he treaded on nothing.

A longsword appeared in his hand. The body of the longsword was emitting a very cold shriek.

"This is the Black Firmament Sword the emperor had bestowed upon me. I had always been unwilling to use it... Today, I will use this sword to escort you, King Yu, back," Lian Fu said coldly. The sharp voice had practically become hoarse.

Ji Chengyu's laughter came to an end as he raised his head suddenly. His eyes were saturated with brutality and unwillingness.

"Escort me back? Chief Chamberlain Lian, don't you think you are a bit too confident in your own abilities?" Ji Chengyu unhurriedly unbuttoned the cloak on his shoulders. The red cloak fell to the ground with a crash.

Subsequently, as Lian Fu still gazed over, Ji Chengyu's energy unexpectedly started to rise little by little.

The corner of Zhao Ruge's mouth raised as he floated his way

out. He contracted his pupils and looked at Ji Chengyu, whose energy kept rising.

The current Ji Chengyu was no longer the former Ji Chengyu...

Boom!!

"Battle-Saint realm, I had always wanted to experience its prowess. Chief Chamberlain Lian, you'd better not disappoint me!"

Ji Chengyu strode out. Unexpectedly, he was also floating by himself and treaded on the air. It was as if his entire being had turned into a senior demon god from ancient times. The energy he emitted was extremely fierce and powerful.

The current Ji Chengyu with his cultivation sealed had already broken through the seal and unexpectedly stepped into the Battle-Saint realm in one go? How was this possible... Just how long had it been!

Lian Fu's pupils shrank as his spirit trembled.

King Yu waved his large hand, laughing wildly. A long halberd appeared in his hand as he grabbed it tightly. His true energy revolved as a pitch-black energy spread out from his arm.

The long halberd brandished out. Its frightening, oppressive might caused Lian Fu's mind to shudder.

"Die!" Ji Chengyu shouted in fury.

Holding onto his long halberd, his entire entity stepped down. The ocean waves convulsed as he charged toward Lian Fu.

Holding onto his longsword and pinching his thumb and middle finger, Lian Fu sighed lightly. His white hair whirled as he thrust up to the vast sky.

This battle... in the end, it was still unavoidable.



# Chapter 261: Your Poison Runs Too Deep

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Having gone through turmoil after turmoil, the Southern City finally welcomed a period of peace.

A portly white figure stood beneath the towering city gates. Its robotic eyes slowly changed from a purplish hue, a color that stirred bone-chilling memories in those who witnessed it before, to red.

The machete on Whitey's hand slowly softened and became a fan-sized palm.

Five bodies fell around it. These five mysterious people had been intending to assassinate Bu Fang but were all killed by Whitey. The ground was covered in dark blood.

Whitey blinked its eyes, not bothered by the five rotting bodies. It turned its back and returned to Bu Fang's side.

Bu Fang shifted his gaze from the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish to the five rotting bodies. He immediately frowned as he felt that the pungent stench from the bodies was familiar.

It was the same... as the Ghost Chef's.

"Well... Never mind. Who cares about that?" Bu Fang relaxed slightly and did not bother to look at the five pools of blood. He patted Whitey's chubby belly and continued to concentrate on the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish.

The size of this Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish was huge. It was even bigger than the Wandering Dragon Cow in the system's storage space. However, its worth was not as high compared to the Wandering Dragon Cow.

When Whitey eliminated the five mysterious people, Bu Fang had already analyzed the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish. The quality of the fish's flesh was clearly contaminated as black stains surfaced.

After walking around the Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish once, Bu Fang patted the body of the fish and suddenly jumped onto its back. He used some of the true energy he'd just recovered and summoned the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

After a moment, he continuously thrust his palms into the back of the fish. With a serious look and high explosive power, he actually managed to remove the bones of this demonic fish.

Its humongous fish bones resembled a very sharp weapon. Each one was capable of penetrating through any object, being extremely sharp.

However, Bu Fang wasn't interested in the fish bones and threw them aside. The Battle-Emperors of the Southern city were all shocked.

"These were the fish bones of a seventh grade spirit beast... Throwing away all that money!"

The people of the Southern City were all very intelligent. With many businessmen residing here, all the cultivators naturally also became good at doing business. These fish bones would definitely fetch a good price.

When Bu Fang threw these fish bones aside, it caused many of the people around him to be greedy. They were all plotting on how to snatch these fish bones later.

Slice!!

The loud noise caught everyone's attention, stunning them. The body of the Demonic Fish was cut in half, and Bu Fang jumped into the centre of its body, searching for something.

"Oh... I found you."

After searching for awhile, Bu Fang finally found a piece of fish meat from inside the body. That piece of meat was uncontaminated and as pure as white, giving off a light scent.

Bu Fang spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hands, displaying some knife handling skill, and removed the piece of meat that was roughly the size of a grindstone.

This piece of meat was the essence of the Demonic Fish. Being uncontaminated proved the spirit energy it possessed was extremely high.

The pure white fish meat was soft and warm. Bu Fang smelled it, but it didn't have a fishy smell. Instead, it gave off a light scent, similar to milk.

Satisfied, Bu Fang put this piece of meat into the system's storage space and jumped out of the body of the Demonic Fish, landing on top of it.

Bu Fang took a deep breath, causing his true energy to flow and take away some of the impurity left on his body.

The crisis in the Southern City was finally resolved. This Demonic Fish that caused so much trouble had been slain, and even its most precious meat had been removed from it.

After Bu Fang left, the Battle-Emperors in the Southern City slowly inched toward the corpse of the Demonic fish. Their gazes flickered as they started searching for valuable parts.

As Bu Fang expected, the mysterious five men made use of this Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish, contaminating it. It was a pity that now most of the fish meat could not be used for cooking.

If not, the meat of a seventh grade spirit beast would surely fetch a good price.

However, most people still managed to find some valuable items from this Demonic Fish and were extremely pleased.

Many people were fighting for the fish bones. Although the fish meat could be used as an ingredient, the fish bone could be made into weapons. If one could find a good smith, they might be able to craft some high level weapons from them. After all, the spirit

energy and spirituality of a seventh grade spirit beast's bones couldn't be underestimated.

Whitey followed Bu Fang, walking in line with him. Both of them walked briskly along the streets of the Southern City.

Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Yu rushed over. Xiao Yanyu tapped her chest. She felt a load off her chest when she saw that Owner Bu was safe and sound.

Xiao Yu, on the other hand, was excited, blabbering on and on to Bu Fang. His immense respect for Bu Fang was unceasing like the water in a river.

Bu Fang nodded his head to Xiao Yanyu and walked toward the Xiao Family members with Whitey.

Xiao Keyun was saved, although his whole body was covered with the blood of the Demonic Fish. With the help of the Xiao Family members, he was partly healed after drinking an elixir.

He was weak and pale as he looked at the approaching Bu Fang.

"Thank you, Sir, for saving me. If not....." Xiao Keyun said faintly but full of gratitude. He was still a little traumatised by the dangerous moment just now.

If Bu Fang did not interfere, he would have been crushed to minced meat by the claws of the Demonic Fish.

Bu Fang nodded his head, accepting the gratitude of Xiao Keyun.

"You have been poisoned. While the elixir may have helped you achieve a breakthrough, it will also penetrate your body, reaching into its deepest depths and lodging itself there with its venomous tendrils. If you face a similar problem in battle next time... you will surely die," Bu Fang explained.

The heart of the people from the Xiao Family trembled slightly. Xiao Keyun felt an urge to say something but couldn't think of anything to say.

In the end, he only had himself to blame for what happened.

If he had been more cautious and examined the elixir before consuming it, such incident would not have happened.

"Second Master, our... our antidote stocks are running out." An old member of the Xiao Family worryingly said.

Xiao Keyun was lost and afraid. The person who provided him with the elixir had been killed by the puppet behind Bu Fang. The antidote was going to be out soon. The next time his condition acted up, he might truly die a terrible death.

Xiao Kecheng stood to one side, not daring to make a sound. He felt relieved, happy even. Initially, the five mysterious men were looking for him but felt that he was too weak and his standing in Xiao Family too low. They had only used him to get to know his second brother. He hadn't expected them to have such evil intentions.

If he were to test the drug for them, the one suffering would certainly have been him.

Thinking of that, his heart lightened up.

Lin Qin'Er's face was pale as she grabbed her husband's arm. The skin on his arms was rotting, releasing an odor, but she wasn't bothered by it. She was overwhelmed with worry and helplessness.

Xiao Yu was also dreadfully pale. He hadn't expected things to end up like this.

"Owner Bu..... do you have any way to save my second uncle?" Xiao Yanyu kept turning her head from Bu Fang to Xiao Keyun, frowning.

Owner Bu was not an ordinary chef. At that time, the Sage Herb Phoenix Chicken Soup rescued her from the brink of death. Maybe Owner Bu had a way.

"Senior, please save my father!" Xiao Yu turned to Bu Fang after

hearing what Xiao Yanyu said. Bu Fang's previous accolades had convinced him there was nothing this senior couldn't do.

Lin Qin'Er seemed as though she was holding onto her only life line as she stared at Bu Fang.

Xiao Keyun was helpless. He knew the condition of his family. Without the antidote, the next time his condition acted up, he would definitely become a puddle of black water.

But what could Bu Fang do? He wasn't a doctor.

Xiao Kecheng also stared at Bu Fang. This guy that came out of nowhere, don't tell me he even has some medical skill? Don't tell me he could really save Xiao Keyun? If this was true, he would really crawl into the toilet and cry.

Bu Fang was troubled. It's not that he didn't want to save him, but he wasn't confident he could do so. This poisonous elixir was extremely toxic. Even the seventh grade spirit beast had been poisoned to the point that all its meat had been contaminated too. The body of Xiao Keyun might already be corroded by now.

"Master Bu... Please save my husband, I will agree to all your demands!"

Lin Qin'Er saw that Bu Fang was contemplating and quickly kneeled down. Her eyes were full of tears as she pleaded him.

Bu Fang quickly helped Lin Qin'Er up.

"I cannot guarantee that he will be saved. He has consumed the elixir for far too long, and his body seems like it's already been corroded by the poison. I can only say... that I will give it a try." Bu Fang relented.

Lin Qin'Er and Xiao Yu's eyes glowed up instantly. Bu Fang didn't reject them, meaning there might still be some hope.

The two of them were elated and thanked Bu Fang profusely.

Xiao Yanyu pursed her lips and looked toward Bu Fang. Her

beautiful eyes glowed, touched by his compassion.

Bu Fang felt pressured by the expressions and warmth from these people. He waited for them to calm down before re-emphasizing, "That... I said I would give it a try. Please don't get your hopes up too much. Oh... and since you all want to save him, you should prepare a clean kitchen for me so I can give you my best."

Eh... except for Xiao Yanyu, the rest of the people were stunned and looked at Bu Fang in embarrassment.

To save a person, don't you have to feel his pulse or prescribe him some medicine? Why do you need a kitchen?

At such a critical moment, we don't have time to cook!

"Young Master Bu, please save my husband. If you want something nice to eat, I will prepare it for you myself..." Lin Qin'Er said, after staring awhile a bit anxiously.

Bu Fang's face turned black. He did not want to explain too much. He coughed and scanned through the faces of the people.

"Just do as I said, prepare a clean kitchen for me. I am the one saving him... there is no need for pulse taking, I will rely on my culinary skills.

# Chapter 262: Lian Fu's Battle with King Yu

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"Cooking?! Cooking can save lives?"

Someone in the Xiao family questioned this notion out loud. It wasn't because they didn't trust Bu Fang, but because this truly sounded too outlandish.

The best a chef could do was make gourmet delicacies, which would certainly satisfy one's hunger, but surely it couldn't save one's life?

"Ignorant. If I say it can, then it certainly can. Or else, do you care to venture a try?" Bu Fang curled his lips and threw Xiao Kecheng a cold look as he sneered. He did not appreciate his cooking skills being questioned, let alone by someone with such trivial queries.

Xiao Kecheng's face froze as he sniggered quietly. Give it a try himself? What a joke... he couldn't wait for Xiao Keyun to pass away so nobody would compete with him for the patriarch role of the Xiao Family, never mind lend a helping hand... Besides, he also didn't have the required capabilities.

Lin Qin'Er was actually also in doubt. Her husband's life was on the line there, so she dared not act recklessly. Saving lives with cooking... this really did sound absurd. She was different from Xiao Kecheng in that she was excellent at cooking herself. But even so, she had never heard of rescuing people with cuisine.

However, she did not challenge Bu Fang directly, especially since Xiao Yanyu kept on signaling her with winks. She knew Xiao Yanyu was never one to talk big.

At this point in time, she really had no other choice. At last, she made up her mind and answered with clenched teeth: "All right! Young Master Bu, allow me to prepare the kitchen for you right away."



Xiao Yanyu breathed out a sigh of relief. She was worried that her Aunt Lin would question Owner Bu just like Xiao Kecheng. If that were the case, given Owner Bu's peculiar temper, he might outright refuse to offer any further treatment.

Nobody said anything else. This group of people proceeded to carry the fragile Xiao Keyun back to Xiao's Quarter.

It was also this very day that the Xiao residence had become the spotlight of the Southern City. Many of the strong warriors in the city paid their visits, hoping to befriend the young man who had butchered the seventh grade spirit beast.

This even alarmed the Lord of the Southern City.

However, the Xiao Family turned away numerous visitors on the pretext that Bu Fang needed to conserve his strength in order to save a life. This caused many to go home crestfallen.

Of course, plenty of them also expressed their empathy. In witnessing the battle of the Southern City, they knew that Xiao Keyun, the Second Master of the Xiao Family, was badly hurt and was nearly killed by the seventh grade demonic fish. Therefore, they didn't hold a grudge against the Xiao Family's excuses.

By the time Bu Fang had entered Xiao's Quarter once again, everyone's attitude was completely changed. Putting aside whether Bu Fang could rescue their Second Master, simply his cultivation level deserved respect from the Xiao Family.

The grand master of the Xiao Family also came out of the loft. His body trembled as he conversed with Bu Fang, entrusting him with the task of saving his second son.

"Young Master Bu, the kitchen is ready." Lin Qin'Er wiped off the beads of sweat from her forehead. She was slightly out of breath from running back here. In order to provide Bu Fang with a spotless space, she cleaned the kitchen herself. All was done so Bu Fang would be wholly satisfied.

Bu Fang nodded his head, beckoning Lin Qin'Er to lead the way. A crowd made of Xiao Family members trailed behind Bu Fang, very much intrigued.

The swarm of folks all gathered by the kitchen. A trace of curiosity flickered across Xiao Yanyu's eyes. She was very excited to watch Owner Bu cook again.

"I just need one person to take care of the fire. Everyone else, please leave the kitchen." Bu Fang ordered calmly.

The crowd made a ruckus, breaking out into lively discussions. They were looking forward to witnessing a cuisine that could save lives. But since Bu Fang demanded for their departure, they had no choice but to clear out.

At the end, only Xiao Yanyu remained in her spot. She stood there with an elegant posture, blinking her lovely eyes at Bu Fang.

"You're going to light the fire?" Bu Fang was somewhat shocked. This was no easy task so he had expected a burly fellow to stay behind... nonetheless, it didn't make too much difference.

"Owner Bu, are you sure about this? My uncle's circumstances... seem very severe." Xiao Yanyu rolled up her sleeves, exposing her fair, jade-like wrists. They looked so impeccable that not even a single blemish could be found.

"Let me give it a try. It might work," Bu Fang replied.

After patting Whitey's belly, Bu Fang turned around and walked to the kitchen counter. He pulled out a cutting board and placed it on the table along with some porcelain bowls. He scanned the environment within the kitchen with his eyes, familiarizing himself with the available tools in here.

After that, he sunk into the chair and started to rest.

Xiao Yanyu blinked her eyes in bewilderment as she peered at Bu Fang, "Owner Bu..."

"Let me take a break first. Without enough true energy, how could I make a qualified Elixir Cuisine?" Bu Fang rolled his eyes and grumbled impatiently. He had nearly exhausted his supply of true energy today by grappling with the Demonic Fish. There was no way for him to recover so soon.

Xiao Yanyu was instantly taken aback but couldn't help bursting into a soft laughter. That was certainly true... Bu Fang had just used up a lot of energy, yet a dish as advanced as Elixir Cuisine required a great deal of true energy. Without good conditions, mistakes could easily occur.

Bu Fang casually waved his hand and took out a piece of golden Oyster Pancake from the System's dimensional bag. The pancake emitted a hot steam and a rich fragrance.

This was food he had prepared for himself before leaving home. The Oyster Pancake tasted delicious, but its main function was helping him regain spirit energy. Though not enough spirit energy could be recovered, it was still of use.

Bu Fang took a bite of the Oyster Pancake. With his cheeks stuffed full, he chewed hard with widened eyes.

Xiao Yanyu gazed at Bu Fang quite speechlessly, not knowing what to say.

"Um, please ask the others to bring any elixir they can find in the Xiao residence. I'll see if anything can be used to my advantage." Bu Fang muttered with a mouthful of Oyster Pancake, after which he took another bite.

Xiao Yanyu smacked her lips and shot a glimpse at the Oyster Pancake. She swallowed her saliva and stood up. Unsure whether to laugh or cry, she sauntered toward the door.

Bu Fang watched as she left. Then, he took out another piece of Oyster Pancake from the System's dimensional bag and shoved it into his mouth.

...

The sword clashed against the spear, emitting a loud crispy clonk.

Waves of true energy burst forth, spreading as if ripples breaking through the air.

Lian Fu's figure trembled slightly in the air. His white locks of hair swayed as he fumbled several steps backwards. With a long face, he held the Black Firmament Sword in his hand, trying to concentrate his true energy.

Ji Chengyu, with a long halberd in his hand, exerted an unparalleled pressure. Scorching flames burned in his eyes as hot steams practically rose from his body. As he floated in the air, he looked simply undefeatable.

He brandished his long spear and charged toward Lian Fu much like a fearsome dragon. Lian Fu had reached seventh grade Battle-Saint and thus protected the Imperial City for as long as he could remember. The old Ji Chengyu could have easily gotten his ass kicked by Lian Fu. But today... he was able to rival Lian Fu.

That sense of power felt too good to be true!

Bang!!

Lian Fu's body quivered as he staggered a couple more steps backwards. Ji Chengyu pressed on hard, waving his long spear as he swooped on Lian Fu.

Waves of true energy from both sides collided and scattered through the air, sending turbulent sea waves from beneath to roll about violently.

Lian Fu's heart began beating with fear as the battle continued. Since when did Ji Chengyu's cultivation improved to this staggering extent?

The barrier to seventh level Battle-Saint was not easy to

overcome. When Ji Chengyu's cultivation was officially sealed by the late Emperor Changfeng, he was still merely a sixth grade Battle-Emperor. Yet... his capabilities now reflected entry into the seventh grade echelon. Something unusual must have taken place.

Pitch-black streams of mist wrapped around Ji Chengyu's arms, rattling like tiny serpents. They provided immense strength to Ji Chengyu, and thus every time he waved his long spear, he was able to force Lian Fu down and stir the oceans below.

"Chief Officer Lian, that's all you've got? You have truly disappointed this sovereign!"

Ji Chengyu was becoming more wild and savage as the battle went on. His eyes flickered red as he launched vicious words of contempt toward his opponent.

A warrior that was way out of his league in the past was now easily subdued by him. This kind of thrill and pleasure opened up every pore in his body. It felt like he was about to reach even higher grounds in terms of power and strength.

The two's duel moved from the sky to the surface of the ocean. Seething waves tumbled, but neither paid any attention. Every time they crashed against one another, towering ocean waves would rise up and shower down like a rainstorm.

The downpour of sea water drenched Lian Fu. He looked like a sorry mess, with his cap completely shattered and white pieces of hair sticking all over his face.

"King Yu, if this is the case, then I will no longer hold back!"

Lian Fu was enraged. He was also fed up with constantly being at a disadvantage in this battle.

After a deafening howl, Lian Fu waved his sword. Waves of light blue true energy gushed out, wrapped around his body, and transformed into a soaring eagle.

Lian Fu tapped several times on the ocean surface with the tip of

his toes. Then, his figure suddenly accelerated and appeared right before King Yu. His sword slashed through the air—the first slice knocking off King Yu's cap, the second leaving a gash on King Yu's cheeks, and a third greatly wounding King Yu's majestic momentum.

Now this was an experienced seventh Battle-Saint, whose abilities remained incredibly daunting.

Zhao Ruge stood on a large ship and watched as the tide suddenly turned against King Yu. He couldn't help but shake his head in disappointment. After all, King Yu had just newly acquired this power and was still no match to a Battle-Saint like Lian Fu. If he was already slipping into the inferior position, then it would only be a matter of time before he was captured.

Zhao Ruge gave Lian Fu, who was now crushing King Yu, a hard look and retreated to the ship's cabin.

Not after long, a violent force of energy surged out of the cabin.

The sound of a bowstring being plucked echoed in the ship. Then, a long black arrow shot out of the cabin with a loud whistle, almost distorting the space of air around it.

Lian Fu was forcing King Yu to retreat when he suddenly sensed danger coming his way. He lifted up his head only to see a pitch black arrow expanding in his vision.

## Chapter 263: Elixir Cuisine, Completed

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Boxes after boxes of delicate jade cases were sent into the kitchen, packing the table inside.

At the end of the day, the Xiao Family was one of the biggest financial oligarchs of the Southern City. Therefore, their accumulation of wealth far exceeded that of the average family. Their force of influence was also beyond the imagination of an ordinary person.

Bu Fang stood up out of curiosity and inspected these spirit herbs with his eyes. He discovered that most of these elixirs were rare and precious; one was even a sixth grade spirit herb. For a wealthy household whose most powerful warrior was only a sixth grade Battle-Emperor, possession of such spirit herbs was quite impressive.

Bu Fang selected among these spirit herbs the ones with the strongest properties, and then asked for the rest to be taken away.

Having had two pieces of Oyster Pancakes, he felt as if his body had recovered a good amount of true energy. His true energy vortex was also circulating functionally once more.

Bu Fang washed the cutting board, after which a wisp of smoke began twirling around his hand. Then, the dark black, unadorned Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared. Bu Fang twirled and spun the knife in his hand.

Next, Bu Fang minced the spirit herbs he had specially selected and placed them on a porcelain plate. With the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Bu Fang didn't need to worry about sensing the spirit energy fluctuations of these herbs. Since he was no longer concerned with the loss of spirit energy, this part was essentially some light work.

After processing these spirit herbs, he took out several more

spirit herbs from the system's dimensional storage to neutralize the properties of the previous batch.

Bu Fang also took out a piece of snow-white fish the size of a rock and placed it on the cutting board. A faint milky fragrance spread from the flesh of the fish.

When Xiao Yanyu spotted the piece of fish, her eyes instantly sparkled. This was the flesh of a seventh grade spirit beast. It was highly valuable and definitely superior in quality to ordinary ingredients.

Xiao Yanyu, being as bright as she was, immediately understood Bu Fang's plan upon catching sight of this piece of fish. Judging by its appearance, this must be the finest piece of flesh on the demonic fish. Most importantly, this part was not contaminated by the dark energy as did other pieces, which meant it must contain a medium that could resist the evil substance.

This would be the most suitable ingredient for treating Xiao Keyun's illness.

That was exactly Bu Fang's objective. He washed the fish as well as his palms, and then squeezed the flesh of this huge piece of fish. It was rather soft on the outer surface but somewhat firmer in the inner part.

Bu Fang quietly measured it in his head, then twirled the knife and carefully cut off a large piece of flesh.

He packed up the rest of the fish and placed it into the system's dimensional storage. Only one slab remained on the cutting board, but it was large enough.

Once carved into thin slices, the snow-white fish began reflecting conspicuous lines of patterns. Each piece flushed faint shades of red, which was extremely eye-catching.

Having slit down the middle of the fish, he made a few more cuts on both sides. Next, he carved it horizontally once, leaving a slash.



After processing the fish, Bu Fang looked toward Xiao Yanyu. He instructed calmly: "Now, start the fire."

Xiao Yanyu nodded and began to light the fire. She cooked frequently herself so this was nothing new to her. For the young lady of such an influential household, it was something rare and commendable.

Not before long, the fire was ready. Bu Fang poured some of the water he had brought back from the Heaven Alps Spirit Lake into the pot. Then, he placed the processed fish inside as well.

Next, he dumped the minced spirit herbs into the pot, boiling it with the other ingredients inside.

Having covered the pot with a lid, Bu Fang began to circulate the true energy within his energy core. He enveloped the lid with such energy as he tried to sense the spirit energy fluctuations of the ingredient and spirit herbs within the pot.

"Keep the flames burning, don't stop." Bu Fang glimpsed at Xiao Yanyu, who was working hard on the fire.

Xiao Yanyu's delicate face became a little flushed by the heat of the fire. The blushes on her face were like blooming lotus flowers, spreading an intoxicating sense of charm.

Xiao Yanyu shot a glance at Bu Fang before getting back to the fire. The flames burned even more fiercely as the water inside the pot began simmering. Bu Fang took his time, his palms still pressed on the lid. Waves of true energy circulated above like tiny serpents, corresponding to the spirit energy fluctuations underneath.

Many of the spirit herbs within the pot began to melt in reaction to Bu Fang's flow of true energy. They dissolved like frost melting and disappeared into the clear water. All of the essence had effectively seeped into the flesh of the fish.

The fish had become paler in color, white as snow, as if there was

a beam of light swirling inside.

Once the fire had blazed for around half an hour, the fish was finally thoroughly cooked under Bu Fang's force of true energy. He removed the lid, which immediately released a surge of hot steam. Akin to a giant mushroom, the searing mist rushed to the sky, crashed into the ceiling, and then fully dissipated.

Bu Fang grabbed the spatula and picked out the white, juicy fish. Crystal drops of water dripped from the flesh, each bead glittering and translucent.

He placed the snowy white fish into a giant porcelain bowl. The flesh was glossy, extremely tender and soft. Hot steams pranced on its surface like a swarm of tiny serpents, spreading to all direction.

Bu Fang grabbed a single chopstick and poked at the fish. A sparkling juice immediately trickled out.

Dense aroma, much like the scent of roasted milk, spread from the flesh. This fragrance was so delightful it nearly melted Bu Fang's heart.

Putting aside the fish, Bu Fang redirected his focus onto the pot of clear fish soup. He skimmed off the floating residues of spirit herbs and foams from the surface, leaving a pot of boiling fish soup as translucent as clear water.

He then took out from the system's dimensional storage a giant Blood Crown, which contained an abundance of spirit essence. Bu Fang sliced off a small dice and placed it into the boiling water. The Blood Crown was cloaked with true energy, enabling it to dissolve into the broth like melting snow.

The soup instantly turned into a ruddy shade, emitting a dense fragrance of spirit essence.

Xiao Yanyu observed Bu Fang's movements. His every action was as smooth as the floating of clouds and flowing of water. He brought with him a particular sense of beauty, making her eyes

sparkle. Although her face was currently flushed by the nearby heat, her heart was simply on fire.

After a while, she suddenly become perplexed, finding Bu Fang's cooking procedures somewhat familiar.

"Isn't... isn't this the cooking method of Dragon River Vinegar Fish?" Xiao Yanyu became more and more astonished as she detected the similarities. The only difference here was the fish used.

The Dragon River Vinegar Fish was a famous dish of the Southern City, one not necessarily difficult to make. However, the grasp of heating was extremely important, so was the selection of seasoning. Producing just the right sauce was the most onerous task involved, since the taste of the Dragon River Vinegar Fish depended solely on this dressing.

Owner Bu had never thoroughly studied this dish. How could he perfectly grasp its temperature and heating procedure? Plus, could he make a sauce good enough to restore the true flavors of the dish?

Most importantly... was this an Elixir Cuisine? Could the Dragon River Vinegar Fish be turned into an Elixir Cuisine?

While Xiao Yanyu was still stuck in a trance, Bu Fang had already started making the sauce. The thick sauce reflected a light shade of dark auburn, emanating an intoxicating aroma that was both sweet and slightly sour. Since the Blood Crown was added to the mix, a sniff of this fragrance sent waves of spirit essence rushing through one's body, like a majestic dragon.

He scooped up some sauce and poured it downwards. The dense, viscous nectar formed a blackish brown stream. On the other hand, an energy vortex continued circulating within Bu Fang's energy core. His supply of true energy, nearly half recuperated, was exhausted once more.

Bu Fang twirled the spoon, then with curled lips and narrowed eyes, scooped out all of the sauce within the pot.

Once this nectar was poured onto the snowy white fish, its flesh looked as if it had been revived, taking big gulps to inhale the dense spirit essence of the sauce. Hot steams rushed into the air and scattered into all directions, bringing with it the sweet and sour aroma. The presentation was very appealing.

Yip Yip Yip.

A light noise echoed, much like the sound of a spirit beast bawling. Afterwards, a faint silhouette of a spirit beast faded above the dish.

A stormy gust of air surged out, blowing at strands of Bu Fang's loosely tied hair.

Xiao Yanyu also stood up and peered at the dish, which was overflowing with spirit energy and rich aroma, with great excitement.

The Elixir Cuisine... was completed?!

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up. He took out another dice of Blood Crown, crushed it into powdered form and sprinkled it over the dish.

"The Elixir Cuisine, Blood Crown Intoxicating Demonic Fish, completed."

## Chapter 264: The Fall of Lian Fu

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The pitch-black arrow, launched from the cabin of the giant ship, slit through the air. A dark wind rumbled like thunder booming in the sky.

This speed was too fast, leaving no time for Lian Fu to react.

His white strands of hair rustled in the fierce storm. In a split second, the pitch black arrow had already arrived before his face.

Ji Chengyu's heart trembled. He felt a domineering aura pressing down on his body, as if he was being crushed by a gigantic mountain. The arrow gave him an awful sensation of unsettlement, prompting him to twist his head towards the ship's cabin furiously.

"When did this sovereign ask for your help?" Ji Chengyu roared in wrath.

However, the only reply he got was silence.

Lian Fu shouted with a hoarse voice and planted the Black Firmament Sword before his chest, hoping to resist this nearly inescapable strike.

Click!!

The arrow sped through the air and rammed into the Black Firmament Sword shielding Lian Fu's chest. The sword, despite how sturdy and sharp it was, nearly wailed, unable to withstand the strike.

Lian Fu's body was hurled backwards by a formidable force. His figure slid onto the surface of the ocean, sending waves crashing into the sky.

Crack!

With a crispy snap, the Black Firmament Sword in Lian Fu's hands shattered into pieces. He spat out a mouthful of blood,

sensing his energy wane.

A trace of fear flickered across his eyes as he gravely peered toward the ship. That shot of arrow...was terrorizing, and definitely not the work of an ordinary person.

"King Yu... what kind of people are you colluding with? I sincerely urged you not to be so misguided as to bring disaster upon yourself. Don't ruin the great Light Wind Empire!" Lian Fu pressed hard on his chest. The Black Firmament Sword in his hands had already smattered into smithereens, only leaving behind the handle. Peering at this sword's handle, Lian Fu was overcome with incredible sorrow.

Ji Chengyu, with his bloodshot eyes, turned toward the ship. He never expected the folks on the ship to step in... they had promised to stay out of it!

"You, eunuch, are way too noisy."

A thunderous boom reverberated above the sea as another arrow dashed out of the ship. It was as black as ink, instantly cutting through the air.

Lian Fu's eyes widened as he tried to concentrate whatever energy remained in him. Thrusting a palm forward, he attempted to block this shot of arrow.

However, the arrow slit through the sky and instantly pierced through his body, causing blood to splatter everywhere.

Lian Fu staggered several steps backwards in the air. He bit his lips as the muscles on his face quivered. A huge hole appeared on his chest, on which black mists of energy twirled about to further corrode the wounded flesh.

Spat...

Another mouthful of blood burst out as all colors drained from Lian Fu's already pale face. He no longer had the energy to hold on to the handle in his hand. As the remains of the sword fell into the

ocean below, it made a small splash in the water.

"The Black Firmament Sword..." A dejected grief smeared across Lian Fu's face. That was the sword granted to him by Emperor Changfeng. Alas, this last token of memory was just smashed into bits.

He had sworn to guard the sword with his life. Now that it has been shattered... his time was also up.

"You!!" Ji Chengyu widened his eyes and glared at the blurry figures resting in the cabin furiously. He gitted his teeth with puffed cheeks, displaying the rage burning within.

He didn't want anyone else to get involved. Instead, he aspired to defeat Lian Fu on his own, to vanquish a figure he had considered unbeatable in the past.

He gazed at Lian Fu, who seemed to be rapidly losing signs of life. Blood gushed out of his chest, dripping into the vast sea, and was instantly swallowed by violent waves.

In the ocean, swarms of plump fishes traced the scent of blood as they leaped up. The creatures gathered by the spot where drops of Lian Fu's blood hit the water, making splashes in the wave.

Lian Fu's dry hair gradually withered. His face was as white as a sheet of paper, sending the signals of near death.

"King Yu... Don't ruin your father's lifetime of work!"

Lian Fu sighed with a low voice.

Splash!

Ji Chengyu's pupils shrank as the scarlet redness gradually faded from his eyes.

Another pitch black arrow burst out of the cabin at full speed and directly penetrated Lian Fu's fragile body, which was dangling in the air. The huge force of energy flung Lian Fu far away, generating splattering pools of blood.

Lian Fu's body has been wrecked, as if a dead leaf spiraling downward against the blowing winds.

Bang!

Lian Fu's body smashed into a small boat floating on the water. As he dully gazed at the infinite sky, his gray hair withered at a speed visible to the naked eye. His energy and spirit were dissipating, his signs of life fading.

"Your Majesty... I'm coming to serve you."

A deep sigh of relief seemingly echoed from a distance.

Ji Chengyu drew in a sharp breath and closed his eyes. When he fluttered open his eyelids once more, he had already restored his calm composure.

He took a step and returned to the ship's deck. As he stared at that lonely boat, with a twitch of the mouth, he sensed an unexpected surge of grief fill his heart.

Lian Fu still died after all. Yet perhaps this death was also a kind of liberation for him.

"King Yu, if the Venerable Master hadn't stepped in, you probably couldn't have defeated Chief Officer Lian. Isn't this a sign that the Venerable Master cares for you?"

Inside the ship cabin, Zhao Ruge waved his paper fan as he emerged. There was a gentle smile on his face, yet in Ji Chengyu's eyes, it looked more like a mocking smirk.

"Well... what should we do with Lian Fu's corpse?" Zhao Ruge asked.

Ji Chengyu cast another look at Lian Fu's dead body. Sighing softly, he turned his head and walked deeper into the cabin.

"At the end of the day, he was still my father's right hand man. Take good care of his remains... send it back to Ji Chengxue for a proper burial."



...

The Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire.

Inside the main halls stood Ji Chengxue with his hands behind his back, pacing slowly. The halls were quite empty since all of the servants were sent away on his order. This was so nobody would disturb him.

Suddenly, Ji Chengxue froze on his tracks. His right eyelid began to twitch violently, with his heart shivering.

He pounded his chest hard as his face paled.

He turned around and peered at the sky through the gates of the main halls. There seemed to be a shooting star gliding across the infinite heavens.

Ji Chengxue narrowed his eyes and sighed softly.

The Xiao residence of the Imperial City.

Xiao Meng was sitting in his study room, practicing his calligraphy at ease until all of a sudden, his brush jerked. It left a huge blot and sent ink splashing everywhere, ruining the piece of work laying before him.

In this precise moment, his heart began to feel fretful and agitated.

After hanging his writing brush back onto a shelf, Xiao Meng tore up the piece of work on his table. He walked to the windows, hands behind his back, and gazed at the sky.

...

Hot steams and a dense fragrance surged from the dish placed on the table, bubbling fervently.

"Owner Bu... isn't this how the Dragon River Vinegar Fish is cooked?" Xiao Yanyu batted her beautiful eyelashes once she saw this Elixir Cuisine, asking out of curiosity.

The cooking procedures for the Dragon River Vinegar Fish... how could Owner Bu know it so well? Especially when it came to the sauce, which demanded particular skills and high proficiency.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled. The journal had recorded detailed steps as well as important precautions for the cooking of Dragon River Vinegar Fish. Having studied it several times, Bu Fang felt like these instructions have been imprinted in his brain.

It just so happened that the main ingredient of today's Elixir Cuisine was also fish, giving him a chance to practice the cooking of Dragon River Vinegar Fish.

Though apparently only the fish selected was not the same, in reality, the fundamental purpose of the two dishes were also quite different. He was making an Elixir Cuisine after all, the focus of which was the medical effects of the dish.

He had utilized numerous spirit herbs to boil the fish, enabling the essence of the herbs to seep into the flesh. Furthermore, his sauce was also made with Blood Crown, which meant the medical effects of the dish should be striking enough.

He had observed Xiao Keyun's conditions. The poison that had infected him was terribly strong and also immune to any ordinary medicine, which could only serve as temporary remedies instead of long term solutions. To fully cure him would be too difficult, or perhaps even impossible. Thus, Bu Fang decided to give it a shot by utilizing ingredients with higher concentrations of medical properties.

This particular piece of flesh was the finest part of the Demonic Fish, as it could successfully resist the erosion of the black forces of air. This meant it had special qualities in defending against that horrid dark force, making it the perfect main ingredient of this dish.

Furthermore, the piece of fish had absorbed the essence of numerous spirit herbs. By making a sauce with Blood Brown, this

Blood Crown Intoxicating Demonic Fish was bound to contain a formidable degree of healing effects, even more so compared to the Sage Herb Phoenix Chicken Soup that Bu Fang had cooked long before.

He reached the doors to the kitchen and pushed them open. The crowd waiting right outside immediately shifted their glances at Bu Fang, blinking their eyes.

"Come on in, you may now bring the patient. The Elixir Cuisine is ready. Now, whether or not it'll work... will depend on his luck."

Bu Fang announced calmly. Xiao Keyun was severely wounded, as the poison had already corroded nearly half of his body. Though they've got that prime piece of flesh from the Demonic Fish, whether or not it could serve its functions was still unknown.

Lin Qin'Er was all worked up, urging the servants to carry the Second Master here immediately.

Xiao Keyun still looked rather weak and fragile, his vigor dimming.

However, upon smelling the rich aroma that drifted through the kitchen, he felt his eyes sparkle and the pain in his body greatly easing.

"Thank you for your troubles, Young Master Bu." Xiao Keyun gestured at Bu Fang with cupped hands.

Bu Fang waved his hands, looked around, and then pointed at the steaming hot Elixir Cuisine on the table.

"This is the Elixir Cuisine. Madame Xiao, you can feed him," Bu Fang said calmly.

Everyone in the Xiao family gazed at the dish Bu Fang had cooked. Suddenly, their eyes narrowed with a shred of doubt.

"Isn't this just... Dragon River Vinegar Fish? Can a plate of Dragon River Vinegar Fish cure the Second Master? This is

absolute... nonsense!"

# Chapter 265: I Don't Appreciate Anyone Questioning My Dish

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The members of the Xiao Family peered at a dish very much similar to the Dragon River Vinegar Fish. They shared surprised looks, lowered their heads, and whispered in each others' ears.

Though this dish smelled fabulous, in fact, emanating the best aroma they had ever come across, and despite that this fish contained a high level of spirit essence... it was still merely a plate of Dragon River Vinegar Fish. It was something that easily appeared on their dining tables everyday.

Everyone in the Southern City was familiar with the Dragon River Vinegar Fish, yet none had ever heard of its healing properties or ability to treat poison... This was something completely beyond their comprehension, effectively renewing their understanding of Dragon River Vinegar Fish.

Bu Fang easily ignored their skepticism toward his Blood Crown Intoxicating Demonic Fish. From Bu Fang's perspective... they simply had no grounds to challenge him. They certainly had no idea how pricey this dish actually was, nor have they tasted it yet. What right did they have to stand there and talk rubbish?

Therefore, Bu Fang retained his composure and merely took in everyone's reactions. Unflustered, he pulled over a chair and sat down, leaning against the back in a relaxed manner.

Lin Qin'Er obviously knew much more about cooking than the rest of the Xiao Family. She was different from them in that she had been cooking under the influence of her parents ever since a young age. Her best dish was the Pan-Fried Pork Bun, a well-known authentic speciality dish of the Southern City.

Only she knew why out of some many competing Pan-Fried Pork Buns, hers was deemed the most authentic gourmet delicacy.

She had a rather fragile body and terrible lack of cultivation talent. In fact, she was only able to reach the echelon of second grade Battle-Master by consuming countless elixirs of the Xiao Family. Even then, only her cultivation level had advanced, as no further improvements to her physical condition could be seen.

Facing this dish akin to Dragon River Vinegar Fish, Lin Qin'Er face became incredibly solemn. This was the first time she had ever seen a dish so rich with spirit energy. It filled her eyes with amazement.

Though this dish looked quite similar to Dragon River Vinegar Fish on the outside, Lin Qin'Er knew very well that there was a whole world of difference between the two dishes. In fact, this was not something the average Dragon River Vinegar Fish could compete with.

With a grave expression, she carefully accepted the pair of silver chopsticks handed to her by a servant. Then, she extended the chopsticks into the steaming hot fish.

With a yank, the fish meat immediately spread open, releasing a new wave of fragrance that was buried beneath. It made one feel like bathing in a river of rich milk.

Those in the Xiao Family were simply intoxicated by such a refreshing, pure scent that filled their hearts with a faint sweetness.

She carefully picked up a piece of fish. The snowy white flesh was dipped in a dark auburn sauce, which was so viscous that one could pull out thin threads with a light pluck.

The fish meat quivered gently, white and glossy, as hot mists rose from it. The dense sauce emitted an intriguing scent of sourness. Simply smelling it forced people to gulp down their saliva.

Xiao Keyun also widened his eyes, a trace of eagerness sweeping across his frail complexion. He smacked his lips as he stared at the

piece of fish Lin Qin'Er was sending his way.

"Be careful, it's hot."

Lin Qin'Er reminded him softly. A hand of hers hovered under the fish, lest it accidentally slip and fall onto the floor.

One bite of the fish and Xiao Keyun's taste buds were electrified by the tart flavor. It was as if his entire tongue was enveloped by the sauce. His body shivered as an indescribable sensation of satisfaction surged through him.

When the sourness had faded, the rich, milky fragrance of the fish meat then blossomed in his heart. It refreshed his mind, making him feel like a warm stream had melted in his mouth and glided down his stomach to purify his body.

"This... this fish..." Xiao Keyun's heart trembled as he detected a strong, tempestuous force of spirit energy, along with rich waves of true energy, that suddenly burst inside his body.

"This is the finest piece of fish meat from the seventh grade spirit beast that had bombarded the Southern City earlier... Owner Bu was so kind as to put it to use for this dish. Since that part was never contaminated by the poison, perhaps it may be of help in treating Uncle's conditions." Xiao Yanyu explained this with a smile hanging from the corners of her mouth.

The troublesome seventh grade spirit beast that had attacked the Southern City... this piece of news was like a grenade thrown into the hearts of the Xiao Family members. It basically blew their minds.

"That meat belongs to a seventh grade spirit beast! Besides, it is the finest piece... the price is unimaginable!"

"Oh my god! The Second Master has eaten the flesh of a seventh grade spirit fish!"

Everyone in Xiao Family suddenly became sorely envious as they directed their gazes at the Bloody Crown Intoxicating Demonic

Fish. Gone was the indifference and doubts, they were now overwhelmed with jealousy, desire, rapacity, and more.

They were truly envious. Who could get the chance to eat the flesh of a seventh grade spirit beast? Beasts like those were so removed from their lives that it was nearly impossible to encounter one, let alone devour it.

Lin Qin'Er felt her heart tremble. Although she already had her speculations, it still came as a shock when she learned the true value of this fish.

Xiao Keyun was also dumbstruck. He had never expected this piece of fish to belong to a rare seventh grade spirit beast. No wonder it tasted so out of the ordinary.

Considering this, Xiao Keyun couldn't help but stick out his tongue to lick his lips.

Bu Fang leaned against a chair and observed them calmly. He curled his lips. This dish didn't just contain the flesh of a seventh grade Demonic Fish. As for the other spirit herbs, in addition to the Blood Crown of another seventh grade spirit beast, the Black Swamp Boa... they were all incredibly precious ingredients.

Yet, Bu Fang didn't offer any more explanations. He couldn't be bothered to waste time on this group of people.

Under the support of Lin Qin'Er, Xiao Keyun finally finished the entire plate of fish. The other members of the Xiao family stood around in utter jealousy.

This was especially the case for Xiao Kecheng, who had eyes burning with the flames of envy. It was such a rare gourmet delicacy... Why couldn't he be the one eating it?!

Xiao Keyun began to feel somewhat dizzy. He had eaten the entire portion of fish and now both the spirit energy and doses of medicine began to take effect, bursting within his body. He felt like his entire body was drenched in a warm liquid, within which were



microscopic creatures that gushed into his pores.

"Agh!!"

Xiao Keyun's face instantly flushed red, with his eyes bloodshot. After a wretched wail, he began to sense tens of thousands shots of pain spreading through his body, as if being constantly pricked by needles.

With a thump, Xiao Keyun collapsed onto the ground and curled into a ball. The throbbing pain tortured his mind. It was simply unbearable.

Xiao Keyun's reaction drained the color from everyone else's cheeks. The other Xiao Family members widened their eyes in horror when they observed his absolute misery.

The chopsticks in Lin Qin'Er's hand fell to the floor as she become angst. Seeing her husband suffer like this sent searing pain up her own heart.

"Young Master Bu... what is happening? My husband... what is wrong with him?!" Lin Qin'Er eyes welled up as she looked toward Bu Fang.

"Humph... Perhaps this dish is poisonous. More toxin is entering his bloodstream now that brother has eaten it!" A trace of delight quickly flickered across Xiao Kecheng's eyes upon witnessing Xiao Keyun's dreary state. Thereafter, he quickly masked it with a face of unease and sadness.

The crowd became instantly agitated once they heard this remark. Their gazes toward Bu Fang at this point was no longer as friendly as before.

Sensing the others' change in attitude, Xiao Yanyu immediately knitted her brows, as a sense of displeasure crept into her heart.

Bu Fang remained unperturbed as he continued leaning on the chair. Xiao Keyun's behaviors were within his expectations. Now, if he had absolutely no reactions after eating the Blood Crown

Intoxicating Demonic Fish, that would be something to worry about.

This Blood Crown Intoxicating Demonic Fish consisted of the flesh of a seventh grade Demonic Fish, a seventh grade blood crown, and more than tens of rare spirit herbs. It contained a rich concentration of spirit energy and spirit essence. Yet, all of these energies were compressed within the flesh of the fish. Once the food hit Xiao Keyun's stomach, everything burst forth.

It was as if a bomb of spirit energy had exploded within his body. If nothing had happened... then it would be a real problem.

As for the attitudes of the Xiao Family members, Bu Fang couldn't care less. Or more precisely, he simply didn't take these folks seriously, let alone worry about their opinions.

However, Bu Fang detested Xiao Kecheng's mindless babbles. He was already on Bu Fang's wrong side, and now he was trying to stir up more trouble with his talks of rubbish. At this point, Bu Fang was clearly fed up.

"I poisoned him even more? What? You have a problem?"

Bu Fang ignored Lin Qin'Er's teary eyes, especially since they would see the effects of the dish soon enough.

His gaze landed directly on Xiao Kecheng, causing the latter to tremble with fear.

"What... what do you want? This is the Xiao household... don't even think about acting recklessly!" The muscles on Xiao Kecheng's face shivered. This man before his eyes was a formidable existence, powerful enough to defeat a seventh grade Demonic Fish. If the young man wanted to make things difficult for him... this thought struck him as extremely frightening.

"I don't appreciate anyone questioning my dish. Poisoning him even more heh... I'll have to say I feel very uncomfortable hearing that," Bu Fang uttered coolly.

"Could... could I be wrong about that? Just look at my brother... he seems to be in even more pain than before!" Xiao Kecheng tried to act tough with a firm voice and stern tone. However, he still felt somewhat self-assured since Xiao Keyun looked more miserable than earlier.

Bu Fang twisted the corners of his mouth, sneered coldly, and then patted Whitey's belly. He really couldn't be bothered to speak another word to Xiao Kecheng. And plus, he didn't need to explain himself. Who did this Xiao Kecheng think he was.

"Strip him and throw him out. It vexes me to even look at him."

Bu Fang ordered Whitey calmly.

Everyone in the Xiao household was taken back. Even Xiao Yanyu found it amusing... Owner Bu, you're being mischievous again.

Whitey's mechanic eyes sparkled faintly as they glanced at Bu Fang. Then, a robotic voice rang in the air: "Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others."

What? What was that?!

Xiao Kecheng gaped fearfully as Whitey approached him one step at a time. He felt all the hairs on his body stand on their ends. With his arms blocking his chest, he began to shout in protest.

When it came to Whitey, nobody in the Xiao Family dared to do anything. The image of Whitey slaying the five Battle-Emperors constantly flashed across their minds, basically indelible. To fight against this slaughtering machine for Xiao Kecheng was preposterous... how would he ever be worth the risk?!

Rip!!

Under the shocked glances of the Xiao Family members, Whitey grabbed Xiao Kecheng's body and flung him away casually. Then, a crispy sound echoed in everyone's ears.

A naked body twirled in the air, making a full circle, and was

then heavily tossed out of the kitchen, causing a pool of dust to shoot up.

"Agh!! You bastard..." Xiao Kecheng was simply furious. He picked himself up and hurriedly covered his private parts. Flames nearly shot out of his eyes.

Yet, Whitey was standing right by the kitchen doors. Its mechanic eyes flashed red and scanned his entire body.

Xiao Kecheng's body immediately stiffened, as if the burning flames of fury were put out by a basin of cold water.

Without another word, he turned around and rushed off. And hence one could see him dashing under the sunset with his private parts covered.

Bu Fang had already become quite acquainted with scenes like this. Let's not kid ourselves, just how many people have Whitey stripped already...?

Bu Fang studied Xiao Keyun, who was writhing about in pain on the floor. He arched his eyebrows as his eyes suddenly brightened.

"It's... about time."

In the very next moment, a reeking stench spread from Xiao Keyun's body. Grey-black grains of seeds then appeared above him.

# Chapter 266: The Pan-Fried Pork Buns of the "Beauty of Bun"

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An awful odor spread through the kitchen, causing everyone to pinch their noses in disgust. This smell was simply too repulsive for anyone to bear.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows and waved his hands before his nose. Then, he sauntered out of the kitchen and instructed calmly, "Someone watch over him. Once the toxins are driven out, he should be able to recover."

The members of the Xiao Family stared at one another blankly. At the end, only Lin Qin'Er and Xiao Yu stayed behind, with everyone else clearing out.

Xiao Yanyu, on the other hand, accompanied Bu Fang on his casual stroll in the Xiao residence garden.

The sun gradually dipped down the horizon, emitting the lasts of its dusky rays of light. The sunset stretched out the shadows of the pair, bringing with it a distinctive atmosphere.

As the sun had completely set, darkness obscured the entire sky. Sparkling stars twinkled around the two crescent moons. At last, Bu Fang and Xiao Yanyu returned to the halls of Xiao's quarter.

Xiao Keyun was already fully recovered. He had taken a shower to cleanse his body of the poisons and reeking stench. His entire physique still appeared fragile, with a pale face and bloodless lips. It was obvious that the process of toxin expulsion put him through a tortuous suffering.

However, giant smiles beamed across both Lin Qin'Er and Xiao Yu's faces. The expressions of the other family members also appeared much relieved. It was apparent that the toxins within Xiao Keyun's body had been fully purged.

"Thank you, Young Master Bu, for saving my life." Xiao Keyun

stood up from his seat. Though his body was still in a weak state, he mustered up the energy to cup his hands and bow to Bu Fang. His face was filled with gratitude.

Bu Fang merely waved his hands. It seemed like Xiao Keyun had truly recovered.

"Though your body is now rid of poison, you can probably tell that you are still quiet feeble. That is because your conditions were too severe. Now that the toxins are cleared, their side effects are still affecting you. Your cultivation level has been set back, and this retrogression means a fragile physique is inevitable," Bu Fang announced calmly.

Xiao Keyun fell silent. He was already a sixth grade Battle-Emperor, yet the healing process caused him to slip back to the echelon of fifth grade Battle-King, to an extent even weaker than before. Plus, his body had suffered total exhaustion, which meant a long rest was in place before he could regain his strength.

One could say he was hit by a huge loss this time, gaining nothing in return.

Bu Fang didn't engage in any more small talk with the Xiao Family members and immediately returned to the guest room arranged for him. He was so worn out that he directly hit the hay after taking a quick shower.

To say he had all the energy sucked out of him may be a slight exaggeration. Yet, it was true that he had just butchered a seventh grade Burst-Dragon Demonic Fish and cooked an Elixir Cuisine. These were certainly taxing tasks.

This was especially true for slaying of the Thunder Dragon Demonic Fish, an absolutely exhausting feat. This was precisely why Bu Fang did not enjoy being dragged into bloody conflicts—they were too enervating.

By dawn the next day, rays of sunshine shot through the

windows of the room. They hit the floorboards, giving out a trace of warmth.

Bu Fang got up, stretched himself and yawned. Then, he washed up and walked out of his room.

The environment of the Xiao household garden was excellent, especially the air, which was extra refreshing. The early morning sunshine cast through the cracks of the bushes, scattering glimmering golden glints all over the ground.

Bu Fang wandered through the garden, walking on the tracks made of stone. In this very moment, an unprecedented sense of relaxation washed over his body.

He had sauntered for a while before another figure from a distance slowly jogged toward him.

Xiao Yanyu stared at Bu Fang, who was his usual cold and aloof self, as he stood amidst the specks of sunlight. Her face slightly changed. The Owner Bu in this very moment exhibited a unique quality, one that she has never seen before.

However, she had to get down to business, and so snapped out of it quickly.

Bu Fang was led into the main hall of the Xiao residence by Xiao Yanyu. Not many people were here this early in the morning, but a special aroma drifted in the air.

Detecting this scent, Bu Fang immediately felt his eyes brighten. Gourmet delicacy alert!

Owner Bu, to repay you for saving uncle's life, Aunt Lin stepped into the kitchen herself to make you Pan-Fried Pork Bun..." Xiao Yanyu explained.

Bu Fang was taken by surprise, and the corners of his mouth curled up. Now, this was interesting.

Bu Fang strode into the hall and found himself a seat. Not after

long, Lin Qin'Er walked in with a plate of delicate Pan-Fried Pork Buns in her hands.

Her face was somewhat pale, and her lips also quivering.

"Young Master Bu, I know that this Pan-Fried Pork Bun is nothing compared to what you have done to save my husband's life. Consider this a small gift from us. I hope my cooking doesn't disappoint you." A soft smile smeared across Lin Qin'Er's pallid face.

Pan-Fried Pork Bun? Bu Fang's eyes sparkled as he nodded.

A plate was placed in front of him. It was not huge and there were a total of four buns inside. Each was fried to perfection, golden and crispy, as they emitted a rich fragrance.

Hot steams rose above the Pan-Fried Pork Buns. Their golden appearance was exquisite. Tiny drops of oiled sauce trickled through the buns, creating tiny bubbles.

The Pan-Fried Pork Bun was a specialty cuisine of the Southern City. Bu Fang had eaten this dish before and remembered that it tasted quite good. Its fried, crispy outermost bun had an especially delightful texture. However, that dish was also just barely satisfactory for Bu Fang.

He wondered how the highly praised but no longer available Lin Qin'Er buns would taste. Hopefully, he wouldn't be let down.

Lin Qin'Er's body was trembling a bit. She found a seat for herself after setting down the plate. She seemed slightly out of breath and looked very much enervated.

Bu Fang shot a glimpse at her, and then retreated his glance. He grabbed a pair of chopsticks and picked up a bun.

After studying it for a bit, he opened his mouth and took a big bite.

A dense, tasty hot oiled sauce oozed out of the bun after his bite.



It slid right into his mouth, sending a shiver down his body.

The flavor was undeniably marvelous. Both the fragrance of the meat and vegetables perfectly set themselves free in Bu Fang's mouth, tingling his taste buds. Bu Fang couldn't help but curve his eyes into a smile.

Indeed, it tasted much better than any of the other Pan-Fried Pork Buns he had tried in the Southern City. Besides...as he chewed and savored it carefully, he discovered something else worth mentioning.

It was the fact that Lin Qin'Er's Pan-Fried Pork Buns actually contained spirit energy. Though it was not rich in concentration, it was still perfectly reserved within the ingredients. Since this Pan-Fried Pork Bun was not made of rare ingredients, it didn't hold much spirit energy to begin with. What Lin Qin'Er had accomplished was managing to retain most of it in her dish.

This was what amazed Bu Fang the most. It surprised him that someone could make such a Pan-Fried Pork Bun.

No wonder Lin Qin'Er had that awful look on her face. It was no easy task to preserve all of the spirit energy within the ingredients. Judging by Lin Qin'Er's state, she must have exhausted a large amount of true energy in making this dish. After all, she did not have a high cultivation level or a strong physique.

In order to retain the spirit energy, one must connect with the spirit energy within the ingredients. This meant performing the Spirit Resonance, which entailed maintaining the same frequency as the spirit energies of the ingredients. Such an endeavor was a huge burden to one's energy and spirit force.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, had already mastered the control of spirit energy. Besides, his spirit force was strong enough to make it a less arduous task. For Lin Qin'Er though... it must have been laborious.

This was also probably why Xiao Keyun didn't want Lin Qin'Er making this Pan-Fried Pork Bun anymore.

"Not bad." Bu Fang, quite out of character, didn't offer any criticism of the dish. Instead, he merely uttered two words to express his thoughts.

It was by no means easy for someone with Lin Qin'Er's cultivation level to cook such a dish. Deep down, Bu Fang even felt true respect for her, since she must have gone through countless rounds of training, not to mention trial and error, to make a gourmet delicacy like this.

Flutter. The sound of pages flipping echoed in Bu Fang's mind. His eyes dimmed, sensing that another recipe has been added to the journal. It was the details procedures for cooking Pan-Fried Pork Bun.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled as he happily devoured a few more buns. After clearing the plate, he let out a long, satisfying breath.

Lin Qin'Er grinned at Bu Fang as she felt her heart fill with a swelling comfort. Seeing a smile on the face of someone who consumed her dish was one of the most gratifying experiences.

Now that everything has been settled in the Southern City, and that he had tasted the Pan-Fried Pork Bun, Bu Fang knew it was time to take off. His trip to the Southern City could be considered a success.

Though there occurred some unexpected incidents, including the men in black on top of the somewhat familiar poisonous pills... Bu Fang really couldn't care in the least. What good would come by involving himself? These were none of his business.

Thus, Bu Fang didn't stay at the Xiao residence for long and instead immediately bid farewell to Xiao Yanyu and the others before taking off with Whitey. They were ready to depart from the

Southern City.

Across the rising tides of the Dragon River, Bu Fang walked with his hands behind his back. Whitey followed his every step.

Xiao Yanyu watched as Bu Fang's figure faded, feeling somewhat dejected inside. However, she quickly concealed this sense of desolation with a cool expression. She couldn't leave the Southern City just yet, as many things remained unsettled for her family... including the reason behind the mysterious men summoning her back to the Southern City, and so on.

At the Ten-Mile Pavilion of the Southern City, starry beams glistened as a whistling breeze howled.

Bu Fang's hair danced wildly in the wind. He stepped into the circle of storm and in a split second, vanished into thin air.

# Chapter 267: As You Were Saying... Which Dish Did You Find Unsatisfying?

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The Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire.

In the empty main halls sat a silent Ji Chengxue. He clutched a letter in his hands so tightly that the pages had become wrinkled. His bloodshot eyes widened as he stared at this letter in shock.

After quite a while, as if a tight string finally loosened, Ji Chengxue sagged into the throne. It felt like all the energy in his body has been sucked out.

The letter also fluttered onto the floor.

"Dead... Chief Eunuch Lian is actually... dead." Ji Chengxue muttered with dull eyes and a bitter face. He was now filled with regret. Why did he ever approve Lian Fu's mission to personally capture Ji Chengyu, as it merely brought upon a tragedy at the end.

Ever since the late Emperor Changfeng's reign, Chief Eunuch Lian had been the seventh grade warrior protecting the Imperial City. With him there, the palace was always secure. He and Great General Xiao Meng made up the dynamic duo that safeguarded the Imperial City, effectively deterring the intrusion of sects. However, as of now... Chief Eunuch Lian, a seventh grade Battle-Saint, has fallen.

Bang!

Ji Chengxue smashed the throne with his angry fist. His face was filled with remorse and rage and his eyes were red with streaks of blood. He couldn't help but clench his teeth.

"Damn it! Ji Chengyu... No matter what has come of us, Chief Eunuch Lian was still a senior figure who watched us grow up. You actually had the nerve to kill him!"

Ji Chengyu must have played an undeniable role in Lian Fu's decease. Lian Fu was clearly out to capture Ji Chengyu, and furthermore, his death corresponded with the first traces of news on Ji Chengyu.

Was Ji Chengyu's force of influence already strong enough to eliminate a seventh grade Battle-Saint? Could it be Ji Chengyu has colluded with some kind of formidable association?

After all, Ji Chengyu had collaborated with the Joyous Union Sect, the White Bone Palace, and other warriors before. Was he now involved with some powerful party... to sabotage the Light Wind Empire?

Lian Fu's death brought Ji Chengxue an intense sense of crisis, prompting his heart to beat rapidly and fiercely.

"Reporting... Your Majesty, General Xiao Meng requests to meet!" An eunuch shouted loudly outside the main halls.

"Let him in, now!"

Ji Chengxue's voice had hardly faded when a burly figure sauntered in and stepped into the middle of the main halls.

Xiao Meng peered at Ji Chengxue's bloodshot eyes and sighed softly in his heart. Lian Fu's death was no trivial matter. The fall of a seventh grade Battle-Saint was a huge loss for the empire. However, compared to his news...

"Your Majesty, I've received some urgent messages. Hangyang County, Jianyang County, Shangxuan County and other large counties are all under the attacks of ferocious spirit beasts. It has caused a huge number of casualties and deaths. The Western Mystery City is also suffering the assault of a seventh grade spirit beast. There are some injuries and deaths there as well..."

Ji Chengxue, still immersed in the sorrow over Lian Fu's death, got a worse headache upon hearing the bad news.

With so many large counties disrupted at the same time, hell

would soon break loose in the Light Wind Empire...

Why would these spirit beasts rampage out of the blue? They have always peacefully coexisted with the human society, so why were they suddenly stirring up trouble? Ji Chengxue couldn't even convince himself that nobody was scheming behind all of this.

Though it was true that the impending spring season caused spirit beasts to become more irascible, it was still rare in the history of the Light Wind Empire to have them collectively attack human cities.

"General Xiao, send someone to further inspect the situation. Make sure we gain the most accurate intelligence. In addition, dispatch armies to these cities to help subdue the spirit beasts."

Ji Chengxue rubbed his temples and replied helplessly. That was the best he could do in the current situation.

Xiao Meng nodded. After gazing at Ji Chengxue knowingly, he turned around to leave the main halls.

Ji Chengxue pursed his lips and mumbled to himself. At last, he lifted up his head and sighed. Since the old times, emperors have always had such a burden on their shoulders. Others were brought to believe this was a rewarding position and hence fought for the throne. Yet, how many of them could ever experience the onerous duties that came with the post.

Ji Chengxue suddenly missed the gourmet delicacies and fine wines in Owner Bu's store.

Those were simpler, more carefree days—devouring delicious dishes while gulping down exquisite wine.

...

Bu Fang had returned to his store. The gust of wind faded as the glistening spots of the magic array also vanished.

Back into his own room, he finally felt a sense of comfort.

Whitey's duplication had already disappeared, not that this was something Bu Fang minded at all.

Sniffing at the somewhat rotten smell on his body, Bu Fang knitted his brows into a frown. He walked straight to the bathroom to take a shower.

Hot steams continued to rise, leaving strands of Bu Fang's hair slightly moist. After putting on a new robe, he walked out of the bathroom, feeling alive again.

Bu Fang brushed through his wet hair and left it untied. Then, he walked out of his room to go downstairs.

Having been away from the store for so many days, he was now primarily concerned with how business had fared.

It sounded quite busy in the kitchen, with the sound of chopping, frying, and pots clanging together ringing by his ears.

Rich fragrance drifted within the kitchen and the store, inducing one to take in deep breaths.

"Not bad, the two little ones have seen tremendous improvements in their cooking these days." Bu Fang nodded as a satisfied look flashed across his face. By simply smelling the food aroma spreading through the air, he could detect the level of their cooking.

He didn't step into the kitchen and instead, marched into the store.

Before even setting foot in the store, he caught the sound of a quarrel inside.

Bu Fang instantly frowned.

Arguments hardly broke in this store. Ever since the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit incident, those in the Imperial City seldom dared to make a scene here.

Perhaps the the store's name was not big enough throughout the

empire, yet in the Imperial City, even the rich and powerful weren't stupid enough to bother him.

"This old fellow travelled all the way here from the Hundred Thousand Alps and you serve me this crap? Though the taste is technically not bad, and the spirit energy contained is rich... But! This is far from all the praises I've heard about the gourmet delicacies of this store?" A rough, very much displeased, voice rang in the air.

"I already told you that Owner Bu is not here at the moment. All your dishes are cooked by the apprentices. Everybody is aware of that, so why be so picky about it?" A trace of impatience and uneasiness could be detected in Ouyang Xiaoyi's tone.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. It turned out that someone was unsatisfied with the taste of the dishes? Bu Fang refrained from expressing any opinion. Though Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu's skills have yet to reach his level, both the flavor and spirit energy within each dish still lived up to their prices.

Entering the store, Bu Fang caught sight of a bunch enjoying their meals. Ouyang Xiaoyi had her back to Bu Fang and was currently arguing with a rather chubby, white-bearded old man.

The chubby elder had a kind, even somewhat charming face, one that was impossible to truly get mad at.

Yet, Ouyang Xiao here bickered with him relentlessly.

The old man was so peeved he couldn't help but burst into a laugh, "You, little lassie, are really unreasonable. I'm just giving my complaints here, why can't you understand where I'm coming from. I'm merely stating the facts—although the dishes taste fine, they are still yards away from what I expected given all the rumors."

Ouyang Xiaoyi pursed her lips, ready to retort him. By now, she had become very defensive of the store.



Before she even opened her mouth, a calm and gentle voice rang behind her.

"Xiaoyi, stop arguing."

The chubby old man narrowed his eyes, lifting up his head to face Bu Fang. His charming, likable face flushed red.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was caught by surprise. Then, she turned around in excitement to see the slender figure of Bu Fang standing there with a head of dampen hair.

"Owner Bu! You're back!" Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes instantly lit up. She began to dart towards him eagerly but then, recalling something else, froze on her tracks and rolled her adorable eyes. She humphed at Bu Fang.

"What a surprise that you still remember this place!" Ouyang Xiaoyi puckered her lips, her cheeks puffed.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth gently curved. He walked forward and patted Ouyang Xiaoyi's head. Then, he directed his gaze at the chubby elder.

Studying the old man, Bu Fang squinted his eyes. Though he himself had rubbish combat capabilities, he still had the cultivation of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor. Relying on his cultivation, he could easily sense the formidable energy circulating within the old man's body.

Well... so what if he might be a terrifying warrior?

"As you were saying... which dish did you find unsatisfying?" Bu Fang tilted his head, gazed at the old man, and asked calmly.

## Chapter 268: The Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar

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"So, which dish did you find unsatisfying?"

Bu Fang's tone was very calm. His glance landed on the slightly chubby man, without any hint of overbearingness. It felt like a question he put forward quite at ease.

The chubby elder was taken aback. A smile quickly flashed across his face as he gazed at Bu Fang with sparkling eyes, "So, you must be the owner of this restaurant. I have long heard of your name. Seeing you today reminds me of the saying that the youthful can make great heroes."

"I am merely a chef, far from a hero." Bu Fang waved his hands and shrugged it off. This old man seemed amiable enough, not like one looking for trouble at all.

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and sat right across from the chubby elder. There were three dishes before the elder—Egg-Fried Rice, Lees Fish, and Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

All three dishes had been touched. Half of the Egg-Fried Rice was gone, the Lees Fish had been poked a few times, but only one or two pieces of the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs have been eaten.

"Heh heh, it's quite a coincidence. This old fellow also happens to be a chef. I've heard that Owner Bu's dishes are incredibly delicious and thus travelled thousands of miles to come here. Never did I expect the dishes to be so below expectations. Honestly, I'm slightly disappointed." The elder looked disillusioned as he shook his head.

Ouyang Xiaoyi, who stood behind Bu Fang, curled her lips. She obviously thought this old man was here to pick a quarrel.

To both the elder and Ouyang Xiaoyi's surprise, Bu Fang actually nodded solemnly. He converged a ball of true energy in his hands and formed a pair of chopsticks. Then, he picked up a piece of

Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and placed it into his mouth.

After chewing for a while, Bu Fang knitted his brows into a frown.

"There are many flaws in this Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. But then again, one's cooking can only improve through tireless practice. Nobody can make the perfect dish right from the start, right?" Bu Fang explained earnestly. He dissolved the true energy chopsticks and peered toward the elder.

The old man was somewhat taken aback, and then burst into a hearty laugh. Even his eyes squinted into a thin slit.

"Yes, Owner Bu speaks with reason. It turns out this old fellow has been too inflexible."

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled.

"I come from the Hundred Thousand Mountains. Ever since that lassie Ye tasted your gourmet delicacies, she went on and on about it beside my ears. I finally grew tired of all her nagging and sneaked away from home. I thought that while I'm at it, I might as well come try Owner Bu's cooking myself. Prior to this conversation, I was not convinced of your talent. Yet after Owner Bu's words, I've finally come around." The elder cackled with glee. With the wave of a hand, a yellow earthen-toned gourd materialized.

"Owner Bu, this is a treasure of mine. I'm wondering if it could be exchanged for a meal made with Owner Bu's own hands?" The old man laughed. As he shook the yellow earthen-colored gourd, the nectar inside swashed against its vessel.

Hun? Bu Fang paused for a moment and studied the gourd within the elder's hand.

The old man broke into a wide smile and pulled off the lid of the gourd. As the plug popped off, a rich, citric aroma surged out. This sharp sourness was mixed with a particular trace of sweetness,

tugging at one's heartstrings.

Bu Fang's heart, which was utterly unaffected before, now suddenly shuddered. His gaze fixated on the gourd as he drew in quick breaths.

The elder was satisfied to see Bu Fang's startled expression. Nobody could keep their cool once smelling his specially-made vinegar.

"Lassie, get us a saucer here." The elder simpered at Ouyang Xiaoyi and instructed.

Ouyang Xiaoyi couldn't help but glare her eyes. Despite so, she still walked back to the kitchen window and asked Xiao Xiaolong, who was busy inside, for a saucer.

"Oh hey, Owner Bu is back?!"

Not after long, Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu both emerged from the kitchen. The two of them looked at Bu Fang excitedly. Yu Fu still seemed rather bashful whereas Xiao Xiaolong couldn't stop chuckling.

Ouyang Xiaoyi handed the saucer to the elder, and humphed with a twitched nose.

The old man smiled softly, oblivious to Ouyang Xiaoyi's attitude. He set the saucer on the table and carefully poured a little vinegar from his gourd.

Bu Fang's heart trembled, his eyes glued to the rim of the gourd.

A thick stream of blackish red hued vinegar streamed out of the gourd's mouth. It was accompanied by peculiar waves of spirit energy, in addition to that burst of sourness.

Ouyang Xiaoyi, and everyone nearby, also detected this scent. The insides of their mouths began to numb as they salivated at a faster speed.

"Excellent vinegar!"

Bu Fang's eyes lit up. As he drew in a deep breath, the tart flavor crawled up his nostrils, tingling his entire nose with a sharp acidic sensation. Yet, at the same time, it was all incredibly gratifying.

"If I didn't guess wrong, this should be a type of fruit vinegar!" Bu Fang observed.

The elder filled the saucer with this vinegar and then retracted his gourd. After making sure it was safely plugged, he waved his hands, causing the gourd to disappear.

"Precisely correct. Owner Bu has got sharp eyes. This is a creation of mine, the 'Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar', something that this old fellow has always taken pride in." The elder waved at this saucer of vinegar and pushed it directly in front of Bu Fang.

Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, Bu Fang's heart quivered. It was most likely that this Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar was not brewed by any ordinary spirit fruit. Seeing the fluctuations of the spirit energy and its rich sour flavor, he speculated that this may be the product of eight pieces of seventh grade spirit fruits.

However, Bu Fang couldn't be so sure yet. He cautiously picked up the saucer and brought it closer to his lips. Suddenly, the critic scent exploded in the air near him, bringing with it a whiff of sweetness.

For a chef, condiments like vinegar, wine, or sauce were highly important. An exceptional serving of vinegar could add a magical touch to the dish, whereas top quality wine could give it a finer aroma.

He took a small sip of the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, and the sourness immediately drilled through his tongue. Its critic scent bloomed within his mouth and danced on his tastebuds. This was a sensation that covered his body with goosebumps. Yet, after the acidity faded, what took over was a sweetness that refreshed his heart.

That Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar felt like a cool creek trickling through his body, prompting him to close his eyes and truly savor its delicate taste. This was a flavor that lingered in both his mouth and heart for a long time.

Bu Fang's face was covered with little beads of sweat. The zesty tang of the fruit vinegar caused him to perspire involuntarily.

"Yes! Excellent vinegar!" Bu Fang fluttered open his eyelids and praised it a second time. This was truly the first time he had tasted such spectacular fruit vinegar.

"Hehe, of course. This Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar took this old fellow tens of years to brew. Eight different servings of the vinegar respectively rested in barrels made with the bark of eight spirit fruit trees. Every year, the fruit vinegar within each barrel would switch places and be intermixed with each other while I incessantly nourish it with my own spirit energy. Given all of this, it'll actually be difficult to end up with a disappointing end product!" The elder was very pleased with himself, curling his beard as he introduced his masterpiece. He was evidently comfortable with giving away the procedures, since many more intricate steps were needed to truly brew this vinegar.

Bu Fang was still immersed in the aftertaste, but didn't ask for any more. Fruit vinegars should only be savored a sip at a time. Too much all at once did no good.

Pondering over the mixture of sweetness and sourness in his mouth, Bu Fang curled his lips. He ogled the elder, with his eyes shining brighter and brighter. Mind you, this was the kind of stare that sent shivers down the latter's body.

"Sir, you mentioned you wished to try my cooking? I've been experimenting with a new dish lately and have been short of a good ingredient. Once I tasted your Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, I honestly could not contain my enthusiasm for it." Bu Fang uttered slowly.

The chubby elder's eyes widened. What did Bu Fang mean by this? Could it be he wanted to use his fruit vinegar to cook dishes?

"Owner Bu... this old fellow's vinegar is very precious. Allowing you to taste it once is already a generous move. I cannot offer it to you in bulk!" He spent years brewing this vinegar, and to be honest, there wasn't that much in volume. He simply couldn't afford to have Bu Fang squander it on dishes.

Bu Fang merely shook his head, stood up from his seat, and instructed Yu Fu to get another saucer from the kitchen.

Bu Fang placed the saucer before the elder and reassured him solemnly: "I don't need much, just a small saucer. If my new dish doesn't suit your taste, or turns out unworthy of your Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar... then I am willing to personally cook every dish there is in this restaurant for you... free of charge."

The old man was dumbstruck. Ouyang Xiaoyi, Xiao Xiaolong, and Yu Fu, all standing beside Bu Fang, also gaped with open mouths.

"Owner Bu... oh... that is too much!" The elder's eyes lit up. With a smile, he waved his hand and summoned the gourd. Then, he poured a little fruit vinegar into the saucer.

Too much my ass... Bu Fang took over this saucer of Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, twitched the corners of his mouth, and took in a deep breath.

"Please wait momentarily."

Afterwards, Bu Fang returned to the kitchen with the fruit vinegar, ready to cook his new dish.

# Chapter 269: The Dragon Liver Popsicle

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The new dish Bu Fang was preparing couldn't truly be considered new, because it was always in Bu Fang's memory. He just lacked an important ingredient to cook it, which was a table vinegar.

The dish depended completely on vinegar; the better the vinegar, the tastier it would be.

He carefully took out a pack of Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar before returning to the kitchen, which was the same as before. Two small stoves close to him gushed with steam, and Bu Fang's stove had already been neatly cleaned.

Bu Fang placed the fruit vinegar on the kitchen stove and used the Spirit Lake water to wash his fair white hands. After wiping them dry, he directly went to the refrigerator.

As he opened the refrigerator, an ice-cold air immediately rushed out. This ice-cold air contained a surging and turbulent spiritual energy.

"System, is the dragon liver used for the Dragon Liver Popsicle harvested from a real dragon?" a puzzled Bu Fang asked.

That's right, the dish which he wanted to cook this time was the one which the system had once given to him as a reward, the Dragon Liver Popsicle. He didn't cook it until now because the system would only provide him with the dragon liver. He still needed to find or brew himself the most important ingredient, the vinegar.

Excellent vinegar takes many years to brew, and Bu Fang didn't have time to waste in such arduous work such as brewing an aged vinegar. The podgy old man's Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar needed to be fermented for dozens of years, and during the process, it still needed to be separated into eight separate barrels. The vinegar in each barrel must also be switched to another barrel every year.



Such a process must be done carefully without even the slightest mistake.

It was because of all this that the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar was so precious. The brewing was extremely difficult.

Extremely satisfied with the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, Bu Fang prepared to cook the dish.

"The dragon liver the system provides is the liver of a seventh grade spirit beast called the Frozen Domain Flood Dragon. Its liver has been processed carefully to allow it to retain its dragon energy and spiritual energy. Frozen, these two have already fused together. It is as fresh as if it was just cut from that Flood Dragon," the system replied with a solemn voice.

A Flood Dragon liver... Bu Fang knitted his brows. How good would it be if it was the liver of a True Dragon.

"System, can you provide me a dragon liver of a higher grade? Such as that of a True Dragon?" Bu Fang undeterred asked.

After a long while, the system replied to Bu Fang. "A True Dragon is a spirit beast of the ninth grade and above, the host's current rank is too low to qualify for obtaining a True Dragon liver. The system recommends using another dragon's liver."

"The eighth grade Deep Sea Flood Dragon liver, exchange value: 13,000 crystals."

"The eighth grade Ice Flame Demonic Dragon liver, exchange value: 15,000 crystals."

The system suggested two types of dragon liver, but after looking at their price, Bu Fang couldn't help smacking his tongue. He shook his head and chose to forget about it.

The system could provide a higher-grade liver like the ninth grade Extreme Region Ice Dragon liver, but his current rank was too low. He still didn't have the qualification to exchange for it.

He removed the dragon liver which had been sealed by a translucent ice crystal from the refrigerator. This dragon liver was permeated with various strange and queer blood veins. Sealed in ice it seemed as if it was a beautiful amber, releasing a gorgeous luster.

Bu Fang didn't immediately break the ice crystal, but set them aside.

At this moment, it seemed like the temperature in the kitchen suddenly dropped. Bu Fang took out a spirit fruit from the system's inventory. This was a fifth rank spirit fruit. Its pulp was crisp and tender, resembling a fried, shelled peanut just off the stove.

A wisp of green smoke twirled around his hand as he summoned the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

Crack! He directly broke the spirit fruit's peel into pieces and exposed the pulp inside. Bu Fang calmly waved his kitchen knife and cut the pulp into grain-like small pieces.

Bu Fang filled a small bowl he prepared earlier with the minced pulp and ignited the stove before placing it on top and frying them. He threw some seasoning in, and it began emitting a rich, sweet fragrance.

Once it was ready, he poured the pulp into a large basin.

After being fried, the fruit pulp became translucent and sparkling, like a mass of tiny diamonds. Each piece emitted a glittering radiance.

After he finished preparing the fruit pulp, Bu Fang took the Flood Dragon liver still sealed inside the ice crystal.

He waved his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife before gently tapping it just above the center of each side of the ice crystal. Several thin fissures started spreading out from the ice crystal's center, as if they were ferocious dragon whiskers.

He revolved his true energy in his hand and placed his palm on

the ice crystal. Immediately, the dragon's chilling energy was sucked up into his palm, causing his body to shiver.

Crack!

His True Energy ferociously surged forward and drilled into those whisker-like fissures, causing the ice to fracture. Piece after piece fell off until only a completely intact dragon liver remained in his hand.

A wild and sweet fragrance spread out from the dragon liver, a special fragrance which only a dragon liver could possess.

This dragon liver was the size of a wash basin, quite small for a dragon liver. After sizing up the dragon liver, Bu Fang immediately cut a small piece off with a wave of his knife.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was extremely sharp. It was quite easy for it to cut the dragon liver, despite it being frozen for a long time. If he'd used another knife, it wouldn't have been as easy for him to cut through it.

Bu Fang continued to cut and ground the dragon liver until all that remained was a small piece the size of a palm. Despite becoming quite small, the vein and spiritual energy contained in it were as ferocious as before.

He took a translucent ice crystal and swiftly waved his kitchen knife, making a popsicle out of it. Such a thing wasn't difficult for him to accomplish with his current carving skill level.

He stuffed a third of the dragon liver with several popsicles before beginning the next step of the dish.

Using his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, he ran it along the veins of the liver, digging out all of them in process before placing them all into a small hole in the middle. Afterwards he picked up the podgy old man's Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar. The next step was going to be the most important one.

He carefully covered the newly-created fissures and the small

hole with his True Energy so that the viscous fruit vinegar he'd begin slowly pouring in wouldn't be frozen by the dragon liver's chilling energy.

After the fissures and small hole were filled with fruit vinegar, he took the minced bits of dragon liver he'd cut before and used them to cover and pad the small hole and fissures. This made the dragon liver seem completely intact from the surface, despite its insides being now full of the sweet fruit vinegar.

Even after all of this, he still hadn't finished preparing the Dragon Liver Popsicle. He took the dragon liver and put it inside the fried fruit pulp, still sparkling like diamonds. The fruit pulp moistened and completely covered the dragon liver.

When light shone upon the sparkling fruit pulp, it seemed as though it was glowing. It was as beautiful as a work of art. One couldn't help but exclaim at its perfection as they laid their eyes upon it.

Even Bu Fang himself couldn't help exclaiming after looking at this Dragon Liver Popsicle. It was truly too beautiful.

He took a round cover made out of ice and covered the Dragon Liver Popsicle he'd already placed on a white ceramic plate. A dense cold breath spread out from it, into the surrounding.

Finally, the Dragon Liver Popsicle was complete.

The Dragon Liver Popsicle was different from the rest of the dishes he'd prepared until now, it couldn't even be considered a dish. It could only be considered a dessert; one that was quite complex to prepare.

Its ingredients were precious, and the procedures for preparing it were diverse and complex. They required a high level of True Energy control, and while it didn't require a high level of knife control and carving skill, its requirements were still not low. At the very least, someone like Xiao Xiaolong or Yu Fu couldn't make

it.

Bu Fang lifted the white ceramic plate which was covered by the ice cover and leisurely left the kitchen.

The light in the store shone down upon him, and under such light, the ice cover seemed as if it was glowing.

At this moment, there were already many customers in the store, and all of them were attracted to the dish in Bu Fang's hands. Everyone raised their heads and stared at it while exclaiming.

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu stretched their necks, curiously gazing at Owner Bu's new dish.

All of his new dishes had managed to attract their curiosity and amaze them, yet they couldn't help but wonder if this new dish would also manage to shock and astonish the masses.

The podgy old man was the most curious. He was a culinary chef. Moreover, his culinary skill wasn't inferior to a Masterchef. If Ye Ziling hadn't returned and said his dishes tasted inferior to Owner Bu's dishes, he wouldn't have taken the trouble to travel a thousand miles to reach a reclusive place such as the Light Wind Empire.

Although the Light Wind Empire was a human empire, in the vast Hidden Dragon Continent, it wasn't considered anything special. It was still a small corner, even when compared to the land of Southern Border.

He narrowed his eyes and stared at the dish Bu Fang was carrying in his hand. He immediately raised his eyebrow, and with his eyesight, he could clearly make out what Bu Fang was carrying.

"Is that an ice lump?" the old man confusedly whispered.

Bu Fang walked toward the old man and placed the dish in front of him. The corners of Bu Fang's mouth rose upward and he calmly said, "This is my new dish, the Dragon Liver Popsicle. Please have a taste."

Saying this, Bu Fang lifted his slender finger and tapped the ice cover.

## Chapter 270: Another Stick Please

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Bu Fang's slender and thin finger flicked the ice cover lightly. Immediately, the cover emitted a faint cracking sound.

A beam of white true energy burst forth from Bu Fang's finger, then rumbled unrestrainedly into the ice cover. Subsequently, under everyone's astonishment, the ice cover started to become a blossoming flower bud, unfurling petal by petal.

The ice-cold chilliness within the ice cover soared like a mushroom cloud, ramming into the ceiling and surging out.

One light ray, then two blossomed densely from the white porcelain plate. Everyone's gaze reflected the delicate brilliance.

However, it had gone beyond everyone's expectations. The fragrance they had imagined did not rise up to the brilliance circulating in front of their eyes. There was no pervading strong fragrance. It was something very inconceivable because, to the majority of them, the aroma of the dish was the prerequisite they used to determine whether a dish would be delicious.

The brilliance gradually dwindled. Subsequently, everyone couldn't help but narrow their eyes as they looked at the porcelain plate. On the plate, the ice crystal had shattered into shards. In the middle of it, lay an inlaid diamond ice crystal cube.

"This... can this be eaten?"

"Could Owner Bu have made a mistake... This is an art piece, right? How is this a dish?"

"So beautiful, but can this really be eaten?"

...

The diners were all extremely puzzled. One after another, they were in a bit of doubt. There was no aroma, and upon judging its appearance, it basically did not look like a dish that could be

eaten... This was not the dish they imagined. It was not surprising that they would be so skeptical about it.

Even Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu were somewhat puzzled. They had never once seen such a weird-looking dish before either.

On the face of the slightly plump old man was an expression of astonishment. However, very quickly, this expression disappeared. He frowned and scrutinized the ice-crystal cube. He then lifted his head and looked at Bu Fang puzzledly.

"Owner Bu... What kind of dish is this?" the old man asked.

He was an experienced chef and had seen a lot of bizarre dishes before. Therefore, he was not too shocked by it. It was just that he truly couldn't tell what kind of dish this was. Hence, he asked Bu Fang directly and hoped the man would give him an explanation.

Nevertheless, Bu Fang curled up his mouth slightly as he smiled and did not speak. He pointed at the popsicle that had suddenly appeared on top of the ice crystal.

The slightly plump old man contracted his pupils as he extended his hand and picked up the popsicle. Immediately, the chilliness permeating from the popsicle made his face tremble slightly.

After he lifted the popsicle, the ice crystal cube unexpectedly came with it.

"Take a bite, you might be surprised," Bu Fang said.

This... Can this really be eaten?

The slightly plump old man glanced at Bu Fang suspiciously. When he saw Bu Fang's unperturbed look, he narrowed his eyes, opened up his mouth and took a small bite at its corner.

"Oh!"

Just as the slightly plump old man bit down, his eyes immediately widened and his pupils shrank. His face was filled with an inconceivable expression.



Xiao Xiaolong and the others were also startled. There's something odd?!

The astonishment in the old man's eyes vanished slightly as he strongly bit down on it. There was no ice-cold feeling of eating a ice cube like he had imagined. The ice crystal on the surface of the cube was not an ice cube at all.

Crunch, Crunch!

The old man took a small bite at the corner of the dish and started to chew. Immediately, there were the sounds of crunchiness of nipping into a spirit fruit. At this moment, the more the old man chewed, the more apprehensive he got. On the surface was the crunchiness of a pulp, in the middle was a strange and soft flavor like a soft mud. Within it, there was a familiar flavor mixed. It was his Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar!

That diamond-looking thing was unexpectedly a pulp... Oh! Right... it's the fifth grade Jadeite Fruit! If that fruit pulp was stir-fried, it would turn glittery and translucent like an ice crystal. Furthermore, there was a concentrated aroma in it that would blossom and burst out the moment it entered one's mouth.

The old man closed his eyes, savoring the concentrated and not greasy pulp aroma that was blossoming in his mouth. The pulp was gentle like jade and the meat paste was mellow and rich, making the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar even more sweet and sour. This caused him to be permeated into a peculiar ambience in an instant.

All of a sudden, it was as if a light ray had passed by in a flash in front of his eyes, his entire being turned rigid, when he swallowed the delicacy in his mouth down. After falling into his stomach, it seemed like a roaring Flood Dragon that was about to burst out as its leg stomped down, causing the whole mountain peak to tremble violently.

"This... Could this be a real dragon liver?!" The old man looked at

Bu Fang unconfidently while his heart was filled with shock.

Bu Fang nodded his head, answering the shock in the old man's heart.

"This is the liver of a seventh grade spirit beast, the Frozen Domain Flood Dragon. Even though it can not be compared to the tastiness of a true dragon's liver, it's compatible with the stir-fried jadeite fruit, making it even tastier. Finally... I specially added your Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, causing the taste of this dish to increase by another level. Vinegar is the key to this dish," Bu Fang said.

"Without this vinegar... I truly have no intentions of cooking this dish."

The old man nodded earnestly, somewhat proud of himself. Subsequently, his gaze shone when he looked at the cube as he bit it mouthful after mouthful. The aroma burst forth within his body, causing him to feel blessed with the desire to close his eyes. Subconsciously, he felt as if he had sat cross-legged on the back of the Flood Dragon and was following the creature as it spread its wings and soared.

Crack!

Unconsciously, the old man had already finished eating the popsicle. With a bite, he had bitten the popsicle into shards. Losing the support of true energy, the popsicle stick melted into ice-cold water.

"Delicious! Truly delicious... Old man, I had never once tasted such a peculiar delicacy before. This kind of delicacy is a good match with my fruit vinegar. Hahahaha!" The old man started to laugh carefreely.

When they saw how excited the old man had become after finishing the delicacy, the surrounding people all felt like their hearts had been messed with by something.

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu were in extreme astonishment. They looked at Bu Fang in admiration. He truly deserved to be called Owner Bu, to be able to make a multitude of bizarre things.

"Owner Bu... is it possible to make another stick for me? I will supply you with the fruit vinegar!" The old man licked his lips. He crinkled his eyes and laughed as he looked at Bu Fang.

At this moment, he was certain that Ye Ziling did not lie. Owner Bu may look young, but his culinary skills had reached a unimaginable degree. This Dragon Liver Popsicle exceeded the understanding he had for the dishes he tasted in the past as it was filled with a new and odd feeling. Furthermore, that taste... had practically left him a rich aftertaste.

"Sure, but I will be charging a fee for it. 800 crystal for a portion," Bu Fang reclined on his chair as he shot a quick glance at the old man, then his lips curled as he said.

Didn't you despise the dish for not being tasty before? Weren't you boasting arrogantly over here before?

Why don't you continue boasting?!

Bu Fang crossed his arms around his chest and looked at the old man indifferently. When the surrounding people heard the price Bu Fang quoted, they inhaled in a mouthful of cold air.

800 crystals... Was Owner Bu trying to rob people?

This was just a dish...

"Sire should have tasted the difference and peculiarity in this dish and also the true energy contained in it. There was also the tastiness of the dish and in addition to the difficulty of making the dish... It is worth 800 crystals," Bu Fang said.

The old man's complexion was in extreme pain. That's right, with his culinary standards, he was naturally able to tell the rareness in this dish. It didn't matter if it was the true energy in his body that had started to revolve faster without his knowing or the

meticulous control of true energy used to make this dish, it made him gasp in admiration.

A dish, 800 crystals... and this was also under the circumstances of him providing the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar. Indeed worth it.

"Sure! I am convinced of Owner Bu's workmanship. This is 800 crystals. I'll have to trouble Owner Bu to make another plate of it for me." The old man gritted his teeth and took out a bulging bag that he placed on the table. His gaze regarded Bu Fang luminously.

Bu Fang stood up and waved his hand casually. He put away the crystal and opened his mouth afterwards.

"If you want to eat the Dragon Liver Popsicle, please come back tomorrow. Oh... Do remember to leave behind the fruit vinegar," Bu Fang said. After he finished speaking, he turned around and walked to the kitchen.

The old man was taken aback. He did not get angry, and his smile was very straightforward. He asked Yu Fu to go to the kitchen to bring out a saucer to pour some fruit vinegar in. After that, he stored the gourd as he hummed in a minor key and left the small store.

If he said tomorrow, tomorrow it is. In any case, he was not in a rush. He was extremely interested in the Dragon Liver Popsicle. To be able to utilize his fruit vinegar in such a way on a delicacy made his heart feel somewhat itchy. He must savor the dish tomorrow and must find the technique to make it. Once he returned, he was going to try cooking it himself. This way, his fruit vinegar would have ample opportunities to shine!

After the old man left, those diners who were standing in a circle also dispersed. The business hours was also about to end for today, so Ouyang Xiaoyi and Xiao Xiaolong bid farewell to Bu Fang and left the small store. The door shutters joined together and the operations came to an end.

"Rest early. Tomorrow, I am going to inspect on your knife work and carving skills." Just as Bu Fang was about to return to his room, he spoke to Yu Fu, who was about to enter the kitchen to practice her dishes, causing the latter to be taken aback slightly.

"Owner Bu will be inspecting our knife work and carving skill..." Yu Fu's complexion was somewhat odd. Wouldn't Xiao Xiaolong be in deep sh\*t?

# Chapter 271: Shura Sect Venerable

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Light Wind Empire, Border City.

Just a few thousand miles from the shores of the Light Wind Empire, sat a towering and colossal city. The city was huge and took up a vast amount of land. The city walls were as high as the sky, so high it could block out the sun.

Border City was the biggest city and the first line of defence for the Light Wind Empire. It had a long history and was known as one of the Three Big Ancient Cities along with the Imperial City and Western Mystery City.

When seen from afar, the Border City resembled a huge statue of a War-God, giving off an ancient feel. It rested on the frontier of the Light Wind Empire, looking over the land.

On the vast plains outside Border City, there was a group of travellers. Among the group, there were energetic spirit beasts pulling the carriage, flanked by warriors astride Single Horn Spirit Horses. They were all heading for Border City.

A horn sounded off solemnly from within Border City. The sound was deafening and spreading out rapidly.

The gates of Border City opened and many fully armored soldiers marched out. They raised their hands slightly to welcome this group of people.

Ji Chengyu looked impressed but kept a poker face as he steadily rode the Single Horn Spirit Horse. He smirked when he saw all the soldiers that were there to welcome him.

The moment one entered Border City, it felt like a totally different place. The streets of Border City were totally occupied by the soldiers. Ji Chengyu entered the place and stopped at the center of a group of soldiers.

The curtains in the carriage opened and an elderly figure came

out from the carriage, with a wrinkled face and wearing a black robe. Breathing irregularly, he clasped his hands and looked at the surrounding people before inhaling lightly.

From among the soldiers, some people who also wore black robes appeared. They respectfully bowed at the elderly man.

"We pay respect to Shura Sect Venerable."

The warriors in black robes began to greet and bow in great respect for him.

Shura Sect did not belong to any of the top ten sects and was a very old sect. They were finally reformed today, in wait for the time to rise again. Light Wind Empire was the first of many stepping stones for them.

The wrinkles on the elderly man's face trembled. He waved his hands at the crowd and said, "The High Priest sent me here today. My first mission is to assist King Yu in his ascension to the throne, and secondly, to fight for the revival of Shura sect. We Shura Sect have remained in low profile for too long, and many people in the world have forgotten how great we used to be. Powerhouses in the Hundred Thousand Mountains, Wildlands and Illusory Spirit Swamp have probably forgotten about us, but soon enough, they will surely remember the fear of being dominated once more."

The Shura Sect crowd was excited; their eyes revealed their enthusiasm.

Ji Chengyu squinted as he saw this sight. His heart began to thud. He had a somber expression.

This Shura Sect... was the force behind Mahayana Island, the backing of Zhao Musheng. Now... they supported Ji Chengyu, whom will rely on them to take back the throne.

However, he knew clearly in his heart that Shura Sect was a double-edged sword, and also a very sharp one. If he did not wield it properly... he would not only sustain mere superficial wounds.

...

Wuliang Mountain was as tall as the skies. It resembled a sword that extended all the way into the sky, piercing the clouds.

Within the mountain of the Celestial Arcanum Sect, there sat an old man with white hair and brows, inside a derelict wooden two-storey house. His wrinkled hands held a few pieces of yellow talismans. All of a sudden, his eyes opened and it seemed like a ray of light had shone past them.

The yellow talismans in his hands floated up and were suspended in space, forming a unique pattern.

The old man had a serious look on his face as he took a deep breath. He held the unique pattern in his hands and pointed at the talismans.

A special blood came out from the talisman. The strong smell of the blood filled the whole wooden house. The old man was shocked; he squinted his eyes a little.

"The murderous Shura sect.... they have actually reappeared. Why is this evil sect so stubborn? It seems like the southern region will have to experience bloodshed yet again," the old man murmured and sighed.

He turned the sign on his hands and the blood color on the talisman disappeared. The old man shut his eyes, deep in thought.

"Light Wind Empire again? Why are all the bad things happening at Light Wind Empire?" the old man trembled a little, feeling a little odd.

"But this time... Light Wind Empire is in deep trouble."

.....

In the morning, the bright sun shone into the room, dispersing the coldness of the night.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and yawned comfortably as he



stretched. This room was indeed more comfortable. He got off his bed, washed up, and went to the kitchen.

Yu Fu was still not awake and Xiao Xiaolong wasn't there either.

Bu Fang stood before the stove, spun the knife, and started to practise his carving and sculpting skills. After a few days without practicing, Bu Fang was starting to miss this feeling.

After Bu Fang practiced his skills for a while, Yu Fu came down the stairs and greeted him. Then, they individually started their own practises.

"Xiao Xiaolong is not here yet? You may practice first. We will start the test once he arrives," Bu Fang said with a frown.

Yu Fu obediently nodded her head, held the ingredients she prepared and diligently started to cut the vegetables.

Bu Fang put aside the big kitchen knife and started to cook Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. Not long after, the strong aroma of the ribs filled the kitchen. Yu Fu was so aroused by the aroma. Bu Fang's culinary skills were way better than hers and it could be seen just by judging the smell of the food. She still had a long way to go.

Bu Fang opened the door and left the shop with the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

In the morning of spring, the temperature was still cool. A gust of wind blew and the aroma of the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in Bu Fang's hand dispersed; it was so tempting.

"Blacky, it's time to eat."

Bu Fang whispered, placing the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of the black dog that lay in front of the door.

Blacky lazily opened its eyes and took a look at the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of it. It sneered and did not seem as excited over the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs as it did before.

The human-like expression on this fat dog shocked Bu Fang.

What happened?

However, once Blacky sniffed the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, its eyes brightened. He stared at Bu Fang with resentment and started gorging down the plate of food, as if he had starved for many days.

Bu Fang raised his brows, patted the clean fur on Blacky and stood up to return to the shop.

As he walked toward the doorstep, he saw Xiao Xiaolong stroll past the alleyway entrance, toward the shop.

"Are you always so late? Why do you even bother practicing carving and sculpting then?" Bu Fang stared at Xiao Xiaolong and said angrily.

Xiao Xiaolong trembled and suddenly remembered that Bu Fang was already back. He was slacking off while Bu Fang was away.....

"Come into the kitchen. I will test your cutting and carving skills. If you fail, you will have to practice your cutting and sculpting skills with a heavy kitchen knife for the rest of the day."

Bu Fang had seemingly guessed something. He sighed, and with a flap of his sleeves, entered the kitchen.

Xiao Xiaolong's face was as black as charcoal.

He sorrowfully entered the kitchen and saw that the hardworking Yu Fu was practicing. He instantly felt terrible.

Bu Fang pulled over a chair to sit on, then looked at Yu Fu and Xiao Xiaolong expressionlessly. His eyes were serious and ready to judge them both.

"As my cooking disciples, I hope that you two are hardworking and will not slack off. A real chef works day and night to attain success. I hope the two of you remember this principle and will continue working hard on your culinary skills. Now we will start the test on your cutting and carving skills. The two of you will compete against each other and whoever prepares the most dishes

in an hour.... will be spared from punishment."

Bu Fang said in a low voice. He had also been a disciple once and he knew the importance of working hard.

Yu Fu and Xiao Xiaolong nodded to signify that they understood what he said.

There was a big carrot placed on the stove beside the two of them. Bu Fang wanted them to cut the carrot into small strips within an hour.

Yu Fu was fine. She was calm and did not panic.

Xiao Xiaolong, on the other hand, was different. His face was as black as charcoal and his eyes wandered around. He was worried.

# Chapter 272: Store Owner, Come Out To Die

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Spring reached the Imperial City, accompanied with spring rain. It gave the capital a peaceful and quiet atmosphere, as if it was an ancient city situated above a boundless field, simple and imposing.

The greenery was overflowing outside the Imperial City, and the vegetation was lush in both sides of the official road, as the flowers were swaying with the wind and scattering their pollen and fragrant scent.

There were all kinds of people who came from all corners of the Light Wind Empire above the official road. They were all rushing to the capital because it was the center of the empire economy, politic, and culture.

In a distant place in the sky, there was a black spot which was slowly enlarging before the naked eye. That black spot seemed only as a pitch-black mass which was rapidly rushing toward the capital. Its speed was extremely quick, and it seemed as fast as lightning.

In only a short while, the people on the official road felt that the sky was covered by a pitch-black mass and they were feeling all repressed. Such a feeling was quite familiar and they had all experienced it when black clouds covered the lands.

Some people confusedly raised their heads, and after they saw what was above them, were immediately scared limp on the ground, and almost started weeping.

There were no black clouds in the sky, but a giant spirit beast, terrifyingly big. Its open wings could almost cover the whole sky, and it emitted a heavy imposing pressure which made them feel as if their hearts would be dragged out of their bodies.

What kind of monster was that?

All of the people on the main road were scared to the ground, and

they were all cautiously and apprehensively lying there. They feared to anger this monster and end up dying terribly.

Bang!

The giant spirit beast landed before the Imperial Capital gate and raised with it, a terrifying gale. All of the guards before the gate were extremely terrified because that spirit beast was absurdly big, as if it was a small mountain.

This spirit beast was a Flood Dragon... its whole body was covered with scales which were emitting a glittering radiance under the moistening of rain, and when it slightly flapped its wings, it brought along with it another terrifying gale.

Its eyes, which were as big as lanterns, slightly rolled and locked onto the guards defending the gate.

Roar!!

The dragon roar was deafening and ear-splitting. All of the people covered their ears and strenuously bore it.

There was a human above that dragon's back. This man's whole body was made of bulging muscles and he seemed like a small hill. His gaze was ice-cold and the short hair on his head was standing upwards as if it was a mass of needles.

"The Light Wind Empire capital... Humph, no matter who dared to kill my little brother, I, Xia Yu, will let him pay for it."

This man's gaze was glittering as if he could see through everything and directly witness what was inside the capital.

He patted the head of the Flood Dragon before he jumped down from it and landed before the city gate.

A talisman appeared and floated in the winds, then absorbed that Flood Dragon in.

The man with a terrifying, valiant and bare-chested body strode toward the capital. On his way inside, a trembling young guard

tried to block his path but was directly killed by a slap from him.

"The Light Wind Empire... Where is Fang Fang's Little Store?" After Xia Yu killed the guard, his gaze, which was overflowing with killing intent, swept through everyone before locking into a slightly old guard that was scared by him and still trembling in the ground.

Under such gaze, the already frightened guard could not help blurting out Bu Fang's store location.

Fang Fang's Little Store current reputation in the Imperial City was already prominent, and there wasn't anything strange about why a common guard would know its location.

Xia Yu coldly snorted, placed his hand behind his back, and started walking toward the Imperial City, his target obviously being Fang Fang's Little Store.

...

Bu Fang was sitting on a chair and crocking his head to one side while gazing at Xiao Xiaolong, whose face was thoroughly red. The former's hand was holding a heavy kitchen knife and playing with it.

The result of the competition came out. Xiao Xiaolong was utterly defeated, which was within Bu Fang's expectation. From the simple fact that Xiao Xiaolong came in late in the morning to the store, it could be inferred how much he was goofing in normal times.

He tossed the heavy kitchen knife and it landed before Xiao Xiaolong, denting the cutting board and emitting a dull and heavy sound.

"Well... today, as well as tomorrow, you don't need to make anything, you just need to take this kitchen knife and practice your cutting techniques and carving skills. You can only stop when I'm satisfied," Bu Fang calmly said, then stood up and went away. He's

disinclined to care about Xiao Xiaolong pitiful and aggrieved appearance.

Yu Fu looked at Xiao Xiaolong with sympathy. She once secretly tried to use Bu Fang's heavy kitchen knife, but it was strenuous for him to even wave it, let alone use it to cook.

Xiao Xiaolong was quite aggrieved and indignant, but he could do nothing about it. It was a pit he dug himself, so he could only restrain his tears and jump into it.

When Bu Fang entered the store, Fatty Jin and the others came over making a ruckus, and Ouyang Xiaoyi also cheerfully arrived at the store.

"Owner Bu, good morning! We didn't see you for such a long time." Fatty Jin eyes brightened and he welcomed Bu Fang while laughing heartily.

His group of fatties also followed him and entered the shop. Ouyang Xiaoyi familiarly started recording what they ordered, to later pass the orders to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang greeted the group of fatties before nodding his head at her and returning to the kitchen. He would start cooking.

After a short while, the dishes fragrant scent fluttered from the kitchen. While Bu Fang was cooking, Yu Fu was respectfully standing beside him and trying to learn from him.

Xiao Xiaolong, on the other hand, was quite aggrieved. his both hands were strenuously holding the heavy kitchen knife, and his white face already became as red as a monkey butt from forcing himself to hold it, because that kitchen knife was really too heavy.

The store started its daily regular business.

That podgy old man from yesterday also came. From the moment he woke up, he couldn't repress himself from desiring to taste that delicacy another time. He was completely infatuated with the Dragon Liver Popsicle.

The dish of the podgy old man was quickly served out, and the cube which was as resplendent as a diamond made the customers exclaim another time at its beauty.

The sounds of footsteps transmitted from the alleyway and the figure of a man who experienced the vicissitudes of the world stepped into the store.

Ji Chengxue was wearing a simple white brocade robe and a tired expression was plastered on his face.

"Ah... Your Majesty?" Ouyang Xiaoyi was the first to notice Ji Chengxue, and she was quite surprised of his presence. Ji Chengxue was quite busy, so how come he had time to come to eat a meal in the store?

Ji Chengxue rubbed Ouyang Xiaoyi head and exhaled a breath, before looking for an empty seat and sitting down.

"Serve me one jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine along with a Fish Head Tofu Soup." Ji Chengxue gently said, the current him did not seem at all like an imposing emperor, but only a customer who came to taste a delicacy.

After Ouyang Xiaoyi carried away the orders, Ji Chengxue's gaze became dazed for a bit. He was quite pleased with the store atmosphere and was more comfortable being here.

The current Light Wind Empire had too many troubles he needed to take care of, and every day there were unceasing urgent reports sent to him. Obviously, there wouldn't be any good news in an urgent report.

All the cities were suffering from the spirit beasts threat, and the people were somewhat flurried. In some cities far from the Imperial Capital, there were even some restless people who occupied the cities and declared themselves as kings.

In just a few days, chaos and trouble started roaming the Light Wind Empire.



At such a critical time, he received the news of Lian Fu's death... Ji Chengxue was truly somewhat exhausted, both mentally and physically.

The jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine was coming. Bu Fang came out while carrying the jar of wine, sat down facing Ji Chengxue, and poured a cup for the emperor.

"Chief Eunuch Lian Fu...has died," calmly said Ji Chengxue after he emptied his cup in a single gulp and revealed a bitter smile, then he started fiddling with his cup.

Bu Fang was startled for a while. Chief Eunuch Lian? Wasn't he that eunuch who's fond of pinching his thumb and middle finger together, that eunuch who had the strength of a seventh grade Battle-Saint? He unexpectedly died?

The cultivation of that eunuch was extremely powerful, and he always protected the Imperial Palace. Now that he died... it would be a huge blow toward Ji Chengxue and even the entire empire.

He wasn't the same as he was before when he was just some small-time restaurant owner who had just arrived in the capital. Although he may not have had a good understanding toward the state of the entire continent, after he unlocked the Delicacy Map, he at the very least had a good knowledge about the Light Wind Empire and the Southern Border.

The Light Wind Empire wasn't some great power in the land of the Southern Border... and a Battle-Saint expert was an extremely important resource for the empire.

He didn't know how to comfort Ji Chengxue, and although that eunuch was stripped and sent back several times when he came to the store, Bu Fang did not have anything against him, as he was quite an interesting person.

"My condolences." Bu Fang also felt aggrieved for an inexplicable reason. He poured a cup for himself and another for Ji Chengxue,

then gulped it down.

When Bu Fang put down his cup on the table, the sound of the trembling ground transmitted from the alleyway, followed by intense whistling. A lance of steel came from far away and smashed into the alleyway floor, completely destroying the tiles which had just been repaired.

All of the customers jumped up from the fright.

Bu Fang was startled for a while and when he creased his brows, he heard the sound of friction from someone pulling the lance from the ground.

"Where is the owner of this store? Since you dared to kill my younger brother, then you should obediently come out to die."

Just as his ice-cold voice reverberated in the air, he immediately strode toward the store with an intense killing intent.

## Chapter 273: Ferocious Hall's Xia Yu, the Body of a Supreme Being

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A giant quake brought ripples that spread in all directions. There was a domineering voice shouting in anger at the store.

Bu Fang's mind went blank. Was this an indication that someone was causing trouble in the store? Which ignorant fellow still dared to make a scene in the store after that last incident?

Ji Chengxue was also stunned. He wasn't the only one; everyone else in the store was equally surprised.

All the customers knew how powerful and scary Owner Bu's store was. Many had shed blood outside the store, at the recently repaired alley. That was the blood of foolish and ignorant people.

They always believed that no one in this world would dare make a scene at Owner Bu's store again. However, soon enough, someone came knocking on trouble's door again.

Bu Fang snapped out of his blank state of mind and stayed composed. He stood up and strolled to the door. Behind the thick smoke, the shadow of a man appeared. He was big in size and tall like a mountain.

Bu Fang stared at this dark figure and felt that he was familiar.

Among the experts Whitey had killed previously... there seemed to have been someone who looked very similar to the person before him.

With a swing of the steel spear, the smoke in the alley dissipated, revealing the person. This person's body was dense with muscles. His energy was constantly circulating. He stared at Bu Fang at the door, smirked, and swung his spear to point it at Bu Fang.

"You are the owner of the store? Was it you who killed my brother?"

His voice was crystal clear and very intimidating as he questioned Bu Fang.

A strong gust of wind blew toward the shop. However, the shop was protected by the system, so the energy dissipated before it reached Bu Fang. His heart skipped a beat due to the pressure. The pressure exerted by the person in front of him was the strongest Bu Fang had ever experienced. Even the War-God from before did not measure up to him.

Xia Yu was stunned. He did not expect Bu Fang to be so composed and indifferent even under such pressure. How was this possible?

Although he wasn't a Supreme Being, he was already halfway to becoming one. His true energy cultivation was also one step away from becoming a supreme being, and his body was already at the level of one. His combat efficiency was almost there; even if he were to face the few old monsters in the Wildlands, he might be on par with them.

The pressure he exerted was not something that a normal person could withstand. Besides, this young man was only a Battle-Emperor.

Battle-Emperor? To him, killing a Battle-Emperor would be as easy as squashing an ant.

"Who's your brother..." Bu Fang nonchalantly asked this big-sized man. This triggered the outsider even more and he was prepared to finish off Bu Fang.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was also not showing him any respect. His expression made Xia Yu fly into a rage.

He took a step forward and the earth split. You caused my brother to die and yet you do not remember who he was?!

Blacky, who was lying at a corner, looked up and took a glance at this big man. It was clearly not happy with him.

Pew...

The huge Whitey was already behind Bu Fang, and its blinking red machinery eyes were locked onto Xia Yu.

Ji Chengxue also stood up and the other customers looked on stiffly.

"Hmmm... since you refuse to come out, I shall destroy your store! Let's see how you continue doing business!"

Xia Yu was chill. He jumped up with all his might, reaching a height of ten meters, as if he was floating in the sky. He raised his hands and a great amount of true energy was released from his stomach, filling the sky. It accumulated to become a True Energy Palm. The patterns on his palm were very unique and quite eye-catching.

The customers in the store were terrified; they had not seen such a scene before. Being able to accumulate a True Energy Palm in the sky... Even a Battle-Saint could not do that?! Could it be that the person before them... was a War-God?!

Oh my gosh! It's a War-God!

Bu Fang was calm as he stared blankly at Xia Yu who was in the sky. The latter seemed like he was mocking and looking down on Bu Fang. He was extremely confident that he could easily destroy the store.

He knew that there was a supreme beast in the store, but he was unfazed by that. Even if it's a supreme beast, he would dare to challenge it. Among the Godly Temples of the Wildlands, Ferocious Hall's Great Elder was fearless and impeccable!

A raging storm brewed, bringing along with it a very strong pressure. This atmosphere made all the customers in the store tremble, panic visible in their expressions.

This true energy that filled the sky looked like it was capable of destroying them. It was too horrifying.

Ji Chengxue was also scared, but as the emperor, he had to

remain calm. A weird color swirled around his eyes. This was a true expert! Indeed a strong expert. If the empire had such a person defending us, we would have nothing to fear!

Ji Chengxue took a deep breath. He had never yearned for such an expert to be by his side before.

In the past, he always thought that a Battle-Saint was the highest attainable level already, but after he met Owner Bu and all these strong people... it was then he understood that his expectations, no... the expectations of the world was too low.

A true expert... was beyond their wildest imagination.

"Detected enemy's killing intent. Purple eyes mode, on."

Boom boom!

That huge palm attacked fiercely. He was out to destroy the store.

Blacky slowly stood up; he was very irritated. Why do all these random strangers keep coming here asking for death? Why couldn't they just let this dog eat his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in peace?

However, Blacky did not get involved, because even before he could do so, a white figure flew to the sky at the speed of light.

A loud tremor was felt.

The muscles on Xia Yu's face vibrated. He had a cold look in his eyes. Even though there were many people in the store, and many innocent people living around the shop, so what? I'll just bury them with my brother!

He dealt a blow with his palm.

However, Xia Yu's eyes squinted. He felt a force opposing him, blocking his blow from destroying the whole area. The True Energy Palm was weakened by countless continuous attacks. Did the spirit beast get involved?!

"Bring it on! Let me experience how strong a spirit beast can be!"

Xia Yu cockily shouted and began to laugh. He was certain that this was the spirit beast that killed his brother. The shop owner was only a Battle-Emperor, so how would he be a match for his brother, who was a War-God!

Boom!

The True Energy Palm was negated and dissipated in the air, blowing away with the wind.

In the eyes of Xia Yu, he saw a purple light bean rushing toward him. He held his spear tightly and his muscles tightened. He rushed forward and attacked the purplish figure.

The speed of that spear... was amazing!

.....

Outside Imperial City.

Mu Sheng placed his hands behind him, looking at the towering Light Wind Empire. Two people followed behind him—they were the experts of the Ferocious Divine Hall.

He was a little afraid of this Imperial City. Although he wanted to see it destroyed, he knew that Elder Xia Yu had already taken action... This store must be destroyed no matter what, even if a spirit beast stood in their way.

The Ferocious Hall's Great Elder had obtained the body of a Supreme-Being. Destroying a shop would be a piece of cake for him.

Riiiiiiiiing.

There was a ringing sound. Sheng Mu squinted at the sky, then saw a bird that burned with flames soar across them.

Sitting on the Intense Flamed Bird, was a slightly plump old man.

The aura of the flaming bird was terrifying. This made Sheng Mu uneasy. This Light Wind Imperial City... Why was there such a being there?!

No mistaking, the slightly plump old man was the person who had finished the Dragon Liver Popsicle at Fang Fang's Little Store. He sensed the tremor that came from the city but was not affected by it. Owner Bu's store had a spirit beast, right? It should not be so easily destroyed.

The slightly plump old man laughed. He opened the lid of his gourd and took a sip of the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar.

"It would taste better if it was paired with a Dragon Liver. Let me return to Hundred Thousand Mountains to catch a Flood Dragon to try. If I succeed, hehe, I can make a fortune by selling it to the old fools in the tower..."

In the air, the slightly plump old man's evil laugh disappeared.

...

In the Imperial City, there was an explosive sound. The whole city seemed to be shaking.



# Chapter 274: Whitey's First Ever Rival

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Inside Xiao Mansion, in the Imperial Capital.

A surging energy soared like a longsword that wanted to sever the vast sky as a boundless might burst forth.

An image of an incorporeal large sword phantom condensed above the Xiao Mansion, magnificently circulating. A monstrous amount of spirit energy came together and was turned into a big spirit energy whirlpool that revolved unceasingly.

Xiao Meng, who was in his study room reading the secret letter seriously, immediately changed his complexion. Subsequently, he became ecstatic. In the blink of an eye, he rushed out of his study room and arrived at the middle of the Xiao Mansion. His gaze was directed to the secret room as happiness circulated in his eyes.

"Broke through?" On Xiao Meng's face, there were hints of excitement.

A long whistle resonated. The sharp sword energy dispersed and scattered down as if it wanted to sever the blue dome of heaven. With a crash, the secret room's door immediately opened. A tall and straight figure strode out from the secret room.

The man was like a sharp sword, and his sword was like a rainbow.

A huge change had happened to Xiao Yue's temperament. His hair was like fluttering longswords that cut the air. In his eyes, there were traces of sharpness. It was a kind of sharpness that advanced courageously and sliced everything that was in its way.

"Father... I broke through." Xiao Yue looked at Xiao Meng as he smiled. His hoarse voice resonated throughout the Xiao Mansion. Thereafter, behind Xiao Yue's back, a longsword whistled out, as if it wanted to split open the sky. Xiao Yue drove the sword forward and pointed it directly at Xiao Meng.

Xiao Meng immediately started to laugh as he stood proudly above the blue dome of heaven. He moved his fist and circulated his true energy as he collided with the sword Xiao Yue had thrust at him.

The swordsman's sword advanced courageously with an unrivaled offense. It was the consensus of cultivators that a Battle-Saint realm swordsman was an extremely formidable existence.

And now, Xiao Yue was finally also a Battle-Saint. A family with two Battle-Saints. This Xiao Family's fortune was the empire's fortune!

Boom!!

However, the happiness did not linger for long on Xiao Yue's and Xiao Meng's faces as an extremely frightening energy burst out abruptly within the Imperial City.

The energy swept out and the duo's complexion changed. They felt that their hearts were being oppressed incessantly.

"This..." The father and son duo looked at each other and gazed in the direction of the turmoil. It was where Fang Fang's Little Store was located.

Owner Bu's store... did he cause trouble again?!

...

A steel spear that shimmered in metal-cold might looked like it wanted to rip the air apart. The spear was ignited with a fiery red brilliant pattern. That grandeur was practically too frightening. Under this spear, those Battle-Saints might not be able to retaliate before getting pierced by it!

A ray of purple radiance streaked across the air. Subsequently, a slashing ray collided against the spear, causing a huge explosion.

Boom!!

A loud sound resonated. The sound wave spread out. The diners

in the small store couldn't help but cover up their own ears. It was like this sound could shatter people's eardrums.

Whitey's purple eyes flickered with cold rays as its figure somersaulted in the air, resembling a ball that was revolving in high speed as it landed on the ground with a loud bang. Thereafter, the formidable leaping force burst forth as it shot up once again.

Its hand had already been turned into a large machete that was emitting cold beams. It was extremely horrifying.

The steel spear revolved in the air. Ultimately, it abruptly flew back into the hands of Xia Yu, being caught by the bulging muscular arms. His energy was like a dragon while his eyes shone in extreme radiance. It felt somewhat inconceivable.

A long whistle resounded. Subsequently, he shot down violently like a cannonball, ramming toward the incoming Whitey.

The spear brandished down as the torn air rumbled.

Bang Bang Bang!!

Whitey and Xia Yu collided with each other in the air and in a split second they got tangled up. A person and a machine, with both of their sizes extremely huge. Spear and huge machete bombarded each other unceasingly. Whenever they rubbed against each other, bright sparks would scatter.

Xia Yu's malevolent face was extremely beserk. Numerous spear strikes rained down, resembling a downpour.

Whitey's machinery eyes flickered as the purple rays became denser. The huge machete also continued to bombard attacks as it faced the spear.

Everyone beneath them sucked in a breath of cold air and felt their hearts were in extreme oppression. This... what kind of level was this battle? Just by looking at the battle, they could already feel that their hearts shuddering in fear and a trepidation in the face of disaster.

Bu Fang leaned against the door shutters as the battle that was happening in the heavens created strong gales that caressed his jet-black hair. He stared at the battle, and within his eyes, brilliant rays were circulating, making him look unperturbed and excited.

Blacky strode around the ground with its cat steps for a while. Subsequently, he looked at the battle happening in the heavens with interest.

That human may have yet to reach the Supreme-Being realm, but his corporeal body had indeed already achieved that. His actual fighting strength was not any weaker than that of a Supreme-Being.

In the end, his small store still provoked this kind of existence... However, so what?

The old dog harrumphed and did not seem to mind it.

A loud noise resounded in the heavens as a figure was smashed down ruthlessly. It crashed onto the main street of the Imperial City, shattering the ground with a deep crater.

Fortunately, the location of the alley was rather desolate. Very little hawkers set up their stalls nearby. Even if initially there were some, they had already left this area long ago.

Smoke and dust filled the air. Whitey's purple eyes twinkled while it climbed up from the ruins as the sounds of falling debris continued.

All of a sudden, Whitey's purple eyes illuminated brightly.

Xia Yu, who was standing proudly in the heavens, stroked the knife cuts on his majestic body and grinned. His face was filled with excitement.

Shoot Shoot!

At the center of the ruins on the ground, the sounds of two cuts

echoed out. Afterwards, Xia Yu's pupils contracted as he saw that there were two formidable flying knives slicing out at high speed towards him.

Ding Ding!

Xia Yu held his steel spear and ferociously swept away the flying knives. However, the flying knives turned around and advanced toward Xia Yu once more, threatening to cut him.

Due to the fearful might from the flying knives, Xia Yu did not dare to use his body to resist it. He knew that the might on the flying knives could damage his body. Even though he did not know if the thing in front of him was a supreme beast or not, without a doubt, its fighting power was extremely dreadful!

Although this thing wasn't bursting with true energy, he still did not dare to look down on it.

"Die for me!"

Xia Yu bellowed out as he blocked the two flying knives with a strike. Then, his entire being was like a cannonball as he dived. With a loud rumble, he rammed into Whitey, who was on the ground of the long street, as they started to fight in hand-to-hand combat once more.

The location of the long street in the Imperial City had been thoroughly wrecked. The place was filled with drifting sands and loose pebbles; a layer of the ground had also been erased away. The surrounding homes all bore holes from the storm of sand and stones.

The amount of prestige the duel had attracted was extremely vast. The both of them had fought from the Long Street to the alley and from the alley back to the Long Street. This continued repeatedly.

Within the Imperial City, the guards had already sealed off the surroundings as they prohibited the masses from approaching.

Xiao Yue and Xiao Meng rushed over to watch the battle at a distant spot. The both of them couldn't help but tighten their hearts. Both sides' strength was too formidable; it was way beyond their imagination.

Xia Yu was very strong. By relying on his body, he could fight against Supreme-Beings. In the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, his position was not low. He was also the Great Elder of Ferocious Divine Hall. That hall majored in cultivating the body, therefore, his body was extremely formidable.

Whitey did not possess any true energy, but ever since it started to protect the restaurant, it had shredded countless clothes. This was the first time it met such a formidable opponent and this was also the first time it fought with someone who kept up with him so closely.

Bu Fang's eyes flickered. He was extremely flabbergasted. It seemed the enemy this time wasn't a nobody. He was even able to sense Whitey's ever-rising fierce battle technique.

A loud rumbling echoed out!

Both figures suddenly shot out, leaving behind a long and narrow gorge on the floor when they separated from each other. Xia Yu was gasping for breath violently. His body was covered in knife cuts as blood spread over his body.

The speed Whitey's purple eyes twinkled was beyond imagination. Its plump body was covered in punch marks as well as spear cuts. It was very obvious that it was having a hard time fighting.

However, compared to Xia Yu, Whitey held a bigger advantage. It would never tire. Yet, Xia Yu, after all, had a human body made of flesh. Eventually, he would tire and his state of mind would drop. Therefore, Xia Yu knew that he must not continue fighting in this manner.

Otherwise, he would be worn down to death by this puppet!

He tossed up the talisman on his hand. Immediately, the talisman blossomed in radiance in the sky and an earth-shattering huge figure suddenly appeared in the middle of the sky.

A loud and clear dragon cry resonated throughout the nine heavens as it spread out to the whole Imperial City. The great prestige of the Flood Dragon pressured down, causing the whole Light Wind Imperial City to sink into a panic.

"Hahaha! Your toy is very strong and I, Xia Yu, admit that I can not do anything to you. But with me tangling it, what other methods does your restaurant have? If my elder brother Tyrant wanted to destroy your restaurant, he could have done so with ease! Killing off my younger brother... I want you to pay with your life!"

Xia Yu tightened the grip on his spear. He pointed out with his spear and the pressure whizzed out as he laughed incessantly.

His eyes were filled with malevolence and self-confidence.

In the sky behind him, a sinister looking pinnacle eighth grade spirit beast was stretching out its enormous calluses. It was a Wildlands Flood Dragon!

# Chapter 275: It's Obvious that Dragon Meat's Sweet 'n' Sour Rib Will Be More Delicious

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Although a Flood Dragon wasn't a true dragon, the blood of dragons flowed through its veins, so it would have a high position among spiritual beasts.

The Flood Dragon whose dark scales emitted a glittering glow flapped its wing and gave rise to a terrifying gale, then opened its mouth and emitted a deafening roar.

A Flood Dragon's appearance resembled that of a hideous big lizard with wings, and there was a huge difference between it and a true dragon, however, despite this, it was still one of the spiritual beasts at the top of the food chain.

The dragon's deafening roar resounded through the whole Imperial City, and caused all of the commoners in the capital to shiver and limp down to the ground while they tremblingly looked at the giant monster in the sky. For them, the arrival of such a fearsome creature to the capital was tantamount to its doom.

Bu Fang looked at the wild, giant, savage Flood Dragon, and his eyes slightly brightened and he couldn't help feeling excited. This giant lizard was..... unexpectedly, a Flood Dragon?

It was said that Flood Dragons' livers were quite delicious.

Xia Yu tightly grasped his steel lance in his hand and pointed it at Whitey. His eyes were full of excitement and he zealously looked at the store.

"Tyrant Brother! Raze this store!"

Xia Yu widely opened his eyes and bellowed before fiercely throwing his lance out, which went after Whitey while emitting a sharp whistling sound, accompanied by a sonic boom. He also



instantly and abruptly burst out after it, shattering the tiles on the floor in his wake.

Whitey's eyes glittered as it waved his machete arm and chopped towards the oncoming Xia Yu.

Ding!

A crisp sound echoed when the steel lance was sent flying away by Whitey's chop, however, it changed direction midway and returned back to Xia Yu's hands. The muscles on them abruptly bulged out as he held his lance and thrust it toward Whitey once again.

Both of them seemed to morph into two black shadows as they intertwined together and started another round of fighting.

All of the observers clearly noticed that Xia Yu's condition was worsening along with the passing of time. That was because he was just a human after all, and he couldn't sustain his peak state for a long period; precisely the reason why he summoned the savage Flood Dragon to help him.

However, to him, it was fine as long as he was stalling this thing which was possibly a supreme beast, because the others weren't a threat to his Flood Dragon, and everything would be destroyed under his Tyrant Brother's powerful draconic power.

When he thought of this, Xia Yu couldn't stop himself from laughing boldly and loudly, and along with it, his moves also became more and more terrifying as he sent blow after blow with a might comparable to Mount Tai.

However, if Xia Yu took a look at the complexion of the people in the store, he would definitely find out that something was amiss.

It was because the people in the store, including Owner Bu, weren't at all frightened, despite the fact that they faced a Flood Dragon at the peak of the eighth grade, and although many of them felt a little oppressed under its aura, there wasn't any fear or

dread in their eyes. What appeared instead was a strange and amused gaze.

The Flood Dragon's scarlet eyes, which were as big as lanterns, rolled and looked into the store. Eighth grade spiritual beasts would already have become enlightened, and as Xia Yu's partner, it understood clearly what he wanted.

Destroying a store was a simple and easy task for an eighth grade Flood Dragon. It wouldn't be at all difficult for him to even move a hill if he was ordered to.

The Flood Dragon stretched its neck and ferociously roared at the store. Its dragon roar spread out like a ripple toward the store and oppressed it.

Bang!!

A ball of scarlet flame which seemed capable of igniting the void burst out from the Flood Dragon's mouth. This was the so-called the dragon's breath. It was a sort of innate ability which all spiritual beasts from the dragon race possessed.

Bang Bang!

The fire quickly spread out as if it was blocked by something. A slight trace of ruthlessness flashed through the Flood Dragon lantern-like eyes before it ferociously pounced toward the store and spouted out a waterfall-like torrent of scarlet dragon's breath.

That dragon's breath seemed to be able to burn down everything in its path, and many customers in the store weren't able to remain calm and unperturbed when they faced such a breath which was pouring down toward them like a raging river. Many of them were scared and fell to the ground.

Ji Chengxue was after all an emperor, so he was still able to remain calm and composed when he faced such a scene, although his face became deathly pale without any trace of blood in it.

This scarlet dragon's breath was the only thing filling his eyes

and it made him feel how insignificant and weak he was, and he couldn't help but recall many helpless situations which he faced after he became an emperor, and which he lacked the strength to solve.

No matter if it was Zhao Musheng who once caused trouble at the emperor's funeral or the groups of seventh grade Battle-Saints and eighth grade War-Gods which appeared one after another after the news of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit appearance spread out, all of them made him clearly see through this world.

It was only experts who were truly... supreme!

The dragon's breath ferociously pounced toward them and gave rise to strong squalls of flames, which burned down many houses beside the store.

"Stupid lizard, don't spout your saliva toward this lord dog. Swallow it back!"

When that scarlet dragon's breath was just about to reach the store, a soft and slightly exasperated male voice resounded.

There was a small and negligible black dog standing before the store. This dog's mouth suddenly became immense and a deafening bark echoed from it, accompanied with a dreadful force.

All of the people were dumbstruck.

In the store, Ouyang Xiaoyi hid behind Bu Fang's back while her small flushed face excitedly looked at Blacky.

"Blacky will finally fight."

Although Blacky's bark was powerful and resounding, it seemed only funny and comical compared to the deafening dragon's roar. However, a scene which shocked the masses quickly unfolded out.

The dragon's breath spouted by the Flood Dragon, which seemed capable of destroying the heavens and wiping the earth, unexpectedly stopped and like a reverse waterfall went back

toward the Flood Dragon just because of such a simple bark.

After it suffered the brunt of its own dragon's breath, the giant Flood Dragon started fiercely flapping its wing and randomly waving its claws while unceasingly roaring. The unceasing sound of jeering and laughing immediately echoed out...

A faint smell of roasted meat spread around, along with a slight stink of something charred.

After the dragon's breath dissipated, the giant dragon reappeared, and the tyranny in its eyes was becoming denser and denser. Its head was almost roasted, and many of its scales were roasted until they fell off.

Suffering the brunt of its own dragon's breath... What kind of great humiliation was that?

Are those damned humans mocking this lord dragon?

They must die! They must die!

The savage Flood Dragon was utterly enraged. It shook the wings in its back and pounced toward the store. Since its dragon's breath couldn't burn it, then the dragon would directly destroy it!

This Flood Dragon which was as big as a hill could even destroy a mountain, let alone a small restaurant.

In another side, Xia Yu and Whitey's got caught in a stalemate, sparks were flying everywhere and rumbling sounds were unceasingly resounding and echoing in everyone's ears.

However, compared to their fight, the Flood Dragon whose body was as big as a hill and was rushing toward them seemed more oppressive, shocking and dreadful.

Roar!

The dragon's body descended, and as the winds ferociously howled, the Flood Dragon's eyes burst out with a cruel glint... Be destroyed!

The Flood Dragon's ugly face was getting closer and closer, and they could even clearly smell the scent of the roasted parts in its head.

The customers with frail mind were already scared to the point of feeling their hearts rising up to their throat and all of them subconsciously closed their eyes.

However, even though they waited for a long while, they still didn't hear the sound of impact.

A sharp wind blew up Bu Fang's hair, who carelessly leaned against the door frame.

"Don't damage its corpse, the liver of an eight grade dragon is quite valuable... and its meat must be tasty." Bu Fang looked at what was before him, and the corners of his mouth rose up as he calmly said this.

All of the people were stunned for a while after hearing that, and when they raised their heads and saw what was before them, every single one of them widened their eyes.

The giant body of a Flood Dragon was before them, not budging at all.

There was a tiny figure standing above the head of the Flood Dragon, and it was only a small dot compared to the dragon's giant body.

Blacky floated mid-air and put its small and delicate front paws above the Flood Dragon giant face while it excitedly gazed at it.

"Who cares about the dragon liver... It's obvious that it's the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib made from dragon meat that will be the most delicious."

## Chapter 276: Xia Yu in Utter Despair

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The Wildlands Flood Dragon turned stiff as a rock as it set its large eyeballs on the black dog that was obstructing him from the front of his nose. Before the colossal monster that was this dragon, the black dog seemed more like a housefly than anything. Even the dragon's eyes were bigger than him.

Roar!!

Livid, white air puffed out from its nostril and a cold radiance was emitted as it growled, showing its grotesque and sharp teeth. The Flood Dragon extended its scaly wings and started to thrash up, swirling up a myriad of gales. It brought forth a large amount of strength and started to push its body forward, having a strong will to crush the puny little puppy. However, regardless of how hard the Flood Dragon flapped its wings, it was still unable to move forward by even a fraction. Like a majestic mountain with its peak reaching way over the heavens, the hellhound did not budge.

"Noisy!"

The black dog frowned in irritation as the dragon roared. Thanks to that annoying lizard's constant roaring, his ears were ringing from all that ruckus --didn't that lizard know how tone deaf its roars were?

Subsequently, he sent his exquisite dog paw at the Flood Dragon, making its huge body tremble backward. Blacky's eyes shrunk as its dog paw increasingly enlarged, eventually becoming as enormous as the dragon's head.

In an instant, tremendous pressure exploded out as it shrouded the Flood Dragon. It was the kind of pressure that caused it to tremble. When the extremely fierce Flood Dragon, who had thought itself to be unsurpassable existence, felt such power, it felt immensely intimidated.

Thereafter, the dog paw that was fluttering in the wind slapped down as it smashed the dragon's head ruthlessly onto the ground, producing a rumbling sound in the long streets of the imperial capital. Drowned in pain, the Flood Dragon raised its head out from the floor, with bits of bricks tumbling onto the floor.

Roar!

The Flood Dragon bellowed out an indignant roar once again.

Bang!!

Blacky responded with only his paw, directly slapping the head of the Flood Dragon once again, and sending it back to the ground. The powerful hellhound strode in a graceful manner as it jumped. It leisurely walked above the Wildlands Flood Dragon and indolently harrumphed.

Wuh-PSSSH!!

Whitey sliced into the back of Xia Yu. Blood splattered out instantly. An enormous force pounded out as Xia Yu was turned into an artillery shell that shot out ferociously and rammed onto the wall, causing it to turn into ruins. Whitey's purple eyes flickered as he landed on the floor akin to a heavy boulder.

Xia Yu emerged out from the ruins, violently gasping for air. He was struggling. This was the first time he had felt so much pain in his whole lifetime.

He walked in the direction of Brother Tyrant while his eyes shrunk as he sucked in a breath of cold air. He had thought that Brother Tyrant had already wiped the restaurant into flat ground. After all, violent fluctuations had come from that direction.

However, at this moment, Xia Yu saw with his own eyes Brother Tyrant, a spiritual beast of the eighth grade who was not any weaker than him, beaten on the ground and not daring to move even an inch.

"How is this even possible?!" Xia Yu's eyes contracted as he cried

out in shock. How did Brother Tyrant, a beast who did not hold even the slightest degree of fear when he came across other powerful beings, turned into such a sorry figure?

Panic, an unfamiliar feeling to Xia Yu, filled his mind. Didn't they say that there was only one supreme beast in this restaurant? Then, what was the situation happening before his eyes? He had already brought forth all his strength to hinder the supreme beast... What kind of situation was happening at Brother Tyrant's side?

Whitey's purple eyes twinkled as it waved the machete on his hand and pointed it directly at Xia Yu. His figure once again burst off as he skimmed over.

Xia Yu clenched his teeth and thought, "To be able to defeat Brother Tyrant, there must have been another supreme beast with such invincible powers. This is simply too frightening. What exactly is the origin of this restaurant?"

The spear blocked Whitey's attack as Xia Yu whistled out. A true energy armor began to cover Xia Yu's body. He couldn't continue being entangled with Whitey like this any longer. The spear thrust out in a myriad of spear images, whizzing out as if it had been turned into a hurricane, unexpectedly causing Whitey to retreat forcefully.

Xia Yu took out a talisman, waving it at the direction Brother Tyrant. When he saw how Brother Tyrant's state of mind had been clearly beaten up into mush, he knew that he must quickly revoke him back into the Beast Tamer Talisman. If not, Brother Tyrant might just die there. A superior Flood Dragon at the pinnacle of the eighth grade was too precious!

Blacky elegantly strode and stepped on top of the Wildlands Flood Dragon's head. All of a sudden, he felt peculiar fluctuations emerging from the dragon's body, as if something wanted to suck the dragon away.



"Humph!"

Blacky shot a quick glance at Xia Yu who was pinching on the talisman. He harrumphed coldly. Thereafter, he lifted up his hind legs and stamped on the dragon's head ruthlessly.

Buzz...

Kacha!!

Xia Yu's complexion faded. Instantly, a needling stab of pain transmitted through his brain. Subsequently, blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth, his figure retreating two steps whilst staggering.

Whitey whizzed over, and its violet eyes flickered while it chopped out with his knife, almost slicing Xia Yu into two. Blood squirted and splattered everywhere. Xia Yu managed to utter a miserable bawl as he pinched onto the talisman that had already been ruptured inch by inch.

Xia Yu finally knew the feeling of pure horror. He looked at the dog with its head still turned up as it continued to trot all over the back of the Flood Dragon's body with its cat-like grace. He shuddered. What kind of f\*cked up dog was that?

The Flood Dragon's head was like a balloon that was being trampled on until it was deflated. Blood flowed out of its mouth. Though its brain did not explode, his life energy had already disappeared.

Blacky's stomps had shattered the Beast Tamer Talisman along with the Spirit Formation Array that lay in the depths of the Flood Dragon's brain, that had long been turned into a pool of mud. If it weren't for Bu Fang, the vicious hellhound would have completely destroyed the body of the once-supreme beast.

Lord dog harrumphed. He was never interested in the lizard who flaunted its dragon race. Therefore, he was not in the least merciful when it came to the big lizard who had the audacity to act

tough in front of him.

Xia Yu shivered from head to toe as pain panged in his heart. He had been relying on his eighth grade Flood Dragon in order for his position to never lower in the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. If he were to ever lose the Flood Dragon, his position would surely plummet.

"Damn it! Damn it!!" Xia Yu's mountain-like body fervently trembled and in his eyes there was strong regret.

A long hiss echoed. The distracted Whitey was sent flying back as Xia Yu did not hold back in the slightest and focused all of his power onto his fist, giving out only a single punch.

Xia Yu took a quick glance at the lifeless body of his companion. He did not have any signs of hesitation as he turned around and ascended into the sky. He was trying to flee! He knew well of the underestimation he placed on the restaurant's strength and defenses. The merciless and unmeasurably strong mutt had caused any bit of confidence in him to be crushed into bits and that swelling steel puppet had left him feeling helpless as he learned that no attack had proved to affect the puppet in the slightest. He was truly at his wit's end.

Swish! Swish!

Two flying knives whistled over once again as it sliced onto his back. Floating in the wide sky, Xia Yu spat out mouthfuls of blood. His eyes were bloodshot as he grabbed onto the two flying knives and ripped them out, leaving his back covered with warm blood and cuts.

He ferociously tossed the flying knives along with his steel spear. With a mental command, the spear immediately became like a runic flame, resembling a luminous burning arrow, ignited whilst advancing directly toward Whitey.

Bang!!

The ground instantly exploded as towering billows surged.

Blacky swept his gaze lazily at the stumbling Xia Yu who was planning to escape in mid-air. Nevertheless, it did not have any desire to attack. He was just an ant. So what if he had escaped? So long as the dragon meat was left behind, everything would be great.

However, just as Blacky had twisted its head around, a reckless howl of laughter from Xia Yu resounded above the vault of heavens.

Subsequently, a sparkling and translucent jade talisman fell down while swaying from the vault of heavens as it flew toward the restaurant.

On the Jade Talisman, peculiar fluctuations spread out with a loud bang. In a flash, a vast Formation Array took shape above the sky. Within the Formation Array, frightening destructive energy was lingering. The energy sped towards the restaurant as it came crushing over.

Bloodstains covered Xia Yu's body. He stared at the exploding jade talisman and the Flood Dragon's corpse, eyes filled with distress.

"Since I am unable to defeat you, I will kill you all with an explosion! This is... Hidden Dragon King Hall's Formation Array Spirit Talisman that was drawn by a Supreme-Being. Damn it! You may kill my brother and slaughter my dragon, but you will die for it!!"

After tossing out the Formation Array, Xia Yu no longer hesitated. He dared not to even look back as he burst off toward the outside of the imperial capital. He knew that very quickly half of the city would be completely turned into ruins. After all, the Formation Array Spirit Talisman, made by a Supreme-Being, was as frightening as a nightmare!

...

Outside of the imperial capital, on a vast field, a group of Single-Horned Spirit Beasts draped in fish scales sped over. Their speed was like lightning as they pulled open a huge yellow line on the vast field. If one looked closely at the yellow line, they would realize that the yellow line was surging smoke and dust that they created.

A carriage, with a coffin being dragged from behind, stopped before the band of beasts. Those who were riding the Single-Horned Spirit Beasts were all experts draped in black gowns. Their objective was the lofty imperial capital that was situated at the center of the vast field.

High above in the heavens, an Intense Sun Bird that was covered in flames all over its body swooshed past swiftly as its cry spread in all directions. The slightly plump old man seated cross-legged was abruptly taken aback. He lowered his head and took a peek, witnessing a pitch-black and awe-inspiring carriage as well as the Single-Horned Spirit Beasts. The old man was somewhat slightly puzzled as he frowned.

All of a sudden, the speeding troops slowly came to a stop. The carriage curtain was pried open and an aged figure strode out from it. He stood on top of the carriage as he raised his head and looked at the Intense Sun Bird. The plump old man was thrown off guard, suspicion rising.

"Honored Sir, in another half a daytime, we will arrive at the capital of the Light Wind Empire," respectfully said a black-gowned expert to the old man.

The aged figure nodded his head indifferently and continued to stare at the Intense Sun Bird "Hundred Thousand Mountains Clear Sky Pagoda experts... Never had I expected to bump into them so quickly. Could it be that the Shura Sect plans have been exposed? No... that should be impossible. It's probably just a mere

coincidence."

"Let's continue with our journey. According to King Yu's instruction, after we send this eunuch's corpse back to the imperial capital, I would still need to head over to the Light Wind Empire imperial capital to retrieve a treasure."

# Chapter 277: The Fall of Supreme-Being-Bodied Xia Yu!

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A talisman rocked in the air like a blinding ball of fire. Scorching heat and formidable energy fluctuated around the talisman, forming a massive magic array beyond the sky. A mystifying wave circulated and surged toward the store with vigor.

This was a very frightening wave of energy, one that instilled fear and desperation in the hearts of everyone in the Imperial City. The fluctuations were akin to a demon crawling out of the abyss, trying to engulf all, and hence deepening the dread in one's heart.

Ji Chengxue stared dully at the talisman shining like the blazing sun. Its glare hurt his eyes so much that they were overflowing with tears. However, he simply couldn't control his own body as he let the teardrops fall while breathing heavily. He was indeed suppressed by the force of that intimidating energy.

The tiny ball of fire began to emit a destructive force, filling one with hopelessness.

Even Bu Fang widened his eyes and drew in a deep breath.

"A spirit talisman created by a Supreme-Being? So that is a magic array... how terrifying!" Bu Fang's heart trembled heavily. A blast from the array exploded in the air like a bomb, and its destructibility frightened Bu Fang.

Magic arrays were nothing new to him, since he traveled through the system's transport array all the time. But this erupting magic array suddenly reminded Bu Fang of the military bombs from his previous lifetime. This was something that completely renewed his perceptions of magic arrays.

Bang Bang!!

Ripples spread from the exploding magic array. As they scattered, they set off strong rushes of wind.

Blacky narrowed its eyes, scanned the surrounding, and growled. He strode elegantly, strutting his signature catwalk, and rose from the back of the gigantic Flood Dragon. Then, he sauntered toward the exploding talisman that was glowing like a scorching sun.

The quavering talisman drew nearer Blacky, as the latter also casually strolled toward the former.

Blacky's fur flapped violently against the howling winds. He raised his delicate doggy paw as a cold white light flashed across his eyes. Then, it was as if the entire world was swept away and time was compressed into a single moment. A translucent shield appeared, confining the talisman within.

The energy of the talisman continued to be compressed until it was all pressed into a crystal ball. Its harsh glare was blinding to the naked eye.

Gently patting this smooth round talisman like a rubber ball, Blacky curled his mouth. Then, with a casual flung, tossed the ball away with his delicate paws. The glittering ball traveled like a stream of light, slitting through the sky as if a shooting star, and with a twinkle, disappeared into thin air.

Bang!!

Even those outside of the Imperial City could hear the loud explosion going off from afar. The grounds shook as a fine wisp of dark smoke rose up in the air.

Back on all fours down on the pavement, Blacky yawned and headed back to the store. He found a comfortable spot and lay down, no longer bothered to deal with anything else.

The nearby crowds were dumbstruck and astonished, shooting bewildered glances at the Lord Dog lying on the floor.

To start, everyone could clearly sense the terrifying energy of the spirit runes from earlier, and many even thought that their ends were near—in the sense of death by explosion. But this Lord Dog

merely smacked away the spirit rune with a dainty paw.

There was still a dull look in Ji Chengxue's eyes, but alas he let out a sigh of relief, taking in the euphoria of barely escaping their doom.

Yet even amidst these happy sentiments, he realized his longing for more power and stronger warriors.

"If we have this kind of a formidable existence protecting the empire, why ever worry about any eighth grade War-Gods?!"

The father and son duo of the Xiao Family regarded Blacky with even more reverence. This was a Supreme Beast... an unrivaled Supreme Beast! Blacky had only intervened a few times before, yet none was as shocking as today. They had finally realized today the unimaginable powers of a Supreme Beast.

The sound of light footsteps echoed as Bu Fang sauntered out of the store, appearing completely unflustered.

He approached the humungous Flood Dragon, patted its lifeless body, and curled the corners of his mouth. Then, he proceeded to store the Flood Dragon's remains in the system's dimensional bag.

After finishing the task, Bu Fang clapped his hands contently. He twisted his head to look at the lingering crowds behind and retreated to the store.

"The store is open as usual. We welcome any customers." Bu Fang's cool voice rang and snapped everyone below out of their deep thoughts. But alas, nobody was in the mood to dine at this moment, and so they all bid goodbye to Bu Fang and left.

Not after long, the store became very empty.

Bu Fang wasn't terribly bothered by this. He cast a glance at Blacky, who was lying on the ground, then turned around and stepped into the kitchen.

Ji Chengxue returned to the Imperial Palace. Xiao Yue and Xiao



Meng also arrived at the main halls.

Though Xiao Yue's recent breakthrough to seventh grade Battle-Saint was technically excellent news to the empire at this time, nobody felt any slight trace of cheerfulness after having experienced the battle just then.

Before that dreadful force of power, a seventh grade Battle-Saint was incompetent. Xiao Yue's own excitement about his breakthrough also vanished, leaving behind only a thirst for more strength.

...

Xia Yu, covered in blood, was fleeing away at full speed. His face was grave and his eyes were filled with terror.

Horrifying! Way too horrifying!

That black dog... What on earth was it? It actually disabled the explosion of a Supreme-Being's spirit rune. That was a spirit rune created by the Magic Array Supreme-Being!

It was a spirit rune that belonged to the Magic Array Supreme-Being of the Hidden Dragon Imperial Court. He managed to acquire one solely by a lucky coincidence and had deemed it his trump card ever since. Even an actual Supreme-Being could be beaten half to death by the rune's powers, yet that black dog...

Realizing this, Xia Yu's entire body trembled, not even a shred of hope or courage remained in his heart.

He suffered a huge loss this time. Not only did he waste his most precious Supreme Spirit Rune, he was also severely injured. His body was in so much pain that every muscle throbbed.

Like a blood red streak of light slitting across the sky, his figure sprinted out of the Imperial City.

Suddenly, his eyes froze as he peered afar. In a great distance, he noticed a storm of dust and smoke spinning toward him.

Perhaps these were people heading to the Imperial City. Xia Yu couldn't be bothered to deal with them now since he was badly hurt and needed to escape and recover.

Xia Yu never thought that the very people he planned to let pass would invoke him instead.

The line of wagons from below slowed down. Then, the sound of bowstrings being plucked blasted in the air. As the whistling continued, a pitch black arrow darted out at an unbelievable speed.

"Another one seeking for death!!"

Xia Yu was fuming. These ignorant, reckless folks from below dared to irk him!

Though he was heavily wounded, he was still the Great Elder of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, not to mention a warrior whose physical body reached the level of a Supreme-Being. How could he remain unmoved at such a provocation?

With an angry howl, the bloody Xia Yu thrust a punch down below. It was as if the air was compressed. His strike crashed against the pitch black arrow with a loud smack.

Bang!!

After an explosion, the curtains to the wagon below suddenly moved. Out came a figure that dashed into the sky, stepping on clouds.

"What a surprise... We happened to encounter a warrior from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. You seem to be... badly injured?"

A faint voice of mockery spread down from the sky. Xia Yu's pupil shrank when he discovered the pitch-black arrow piercing through his shield of air and charging directly toward him. With a splatter, blood burst out as the arrow pierced his body!

A trace of terror flashed across Xia Yu's eyes. He peered toward the elder with an astonished face, feeling awfully distressed deep

down.

"Half a Supreme-Being?!"

The hunched-back old man sneered derisively, his eyes instantly glistening, "Since you happened to bump into this old fellow... forget about ever leaving."

In a split second, another black arrow appeared in the elder's hands. It was as black as ink and emitted a chilled, gloomy energy. The old man plucked the bowstring, sending several arrows after Xia Yu. The arrows darted forward with a force of pressure that nearly stifled him.

Swoosh Swoosh!!

Forced to dodge the arrows under much pain, Xia Yu couldn't duck them all. After all, he was severely injured in his fight with Whitey. His body was hit by three more arrows. As blood splattered everywhere, he lost his balance and fell from the air.

Xia Yu bellowed loudly, not willing to accept this!

Another dark arrow darted forward, crackling like blazing flames, and pierced right through Xia Yu's head, killing him instantly.

The Great Elder of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, the Supreme-Being-bodied Xia Yu, was no more.

The hunch-backed elder leaped down the sky and landed on his feet. He put away his black bow and walked over to Xia Yu's body with hands behind his back. A deep hole was created in the ground. Scattered rocks rolled around it.

The old man bent down and coughed, his force of energy fluctuating.

"True to the name of a warrior with the body of a Supreme-Being. If he weren't badly injured, killing him would be much more difficult." The Venerable Master chuckled softly. Then, he raised

his hands and began to draw a bizarre magic array over Xia Yu's corpse.

"The corpse of a man with the body of a Supreme-Being... how delightful!" The Venerable Master looked ecstatic as a blood-red Labyrinth Array materialized.

As the magic array twisted and turned, a shrieking phantom spirit was physically pulled out of Xia Yu's dead body,

Xia Yu's phantom spirit seemed to be howling ferociously, but not a sound could be heard.

The old man licked his lips, groped for a spirit rune in his pocket, and used it to absorb Xia Yu's spiritual essence.

"Alas... We should hurry and retrieve the Departed Soul Orb. It is a semi-divine tool needed to preserve the spiritual essence. But for the semi-divine tool of our Shura Sect to be lost in this small empire... is quite unexpected." The Venerable Master sighed softly, and with the wave of his hand, stored away Xia Yu's corpse.

The corpse of a warrior with a Supreme-Being's body was certainly a rare and precious resource for the Shura Sect. It made perfectly good material for creating puppets for the sect.

The men in black nearby watched in awe as the Venerable Master returned to the wagon.

"Let's continue our journey. The destination is the Light Wind Empire. It's about time we take back what is rightfully ours."

## Chapter 278: Upheaval in The Imperial City

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The night has fallen, returning the bustling Imperial City to its most tranquil state. Hanging in the sky are two crescent moons emitting chilling beams of light, as if covering the earth with a gossamer veil.

Under the cold moonlight, the rubbles on the streets only made the Imperial City look more desolate. There was scarcely any people around, only a couple of workers cleaning up the debris and fixing the destroyed pavement.

Fang Fang's Little Store, in the kitchen.

With squinted eyes, Bu Fang twirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand and diced up a slab of dragon meat. He lit the fire and heated the pot. Then, he summoned a surge of true energy from within and cooked this dragon meat the same way he made his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

Though this was merely the flesh of an eighth grade Flood Dragon, under the nourishment of spirit energy, its meat offered an indescribable texture and a truly intoxicating taste.

Sticking out his tongue, Blacky ogled at the aromatic Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Meat Ribs that Bu Fang had just scooped out of the pot.

Dragon meat... it must be absolutely delicious!

Bu Fang tasted a piece and became helplessly intoxicated with this gourmet delicacy. The dragon meat had a wonderful texture, very springy and incredibly succulent.

He placed this plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs before Blacky, who had held back the entire night and couldn't wait to dig into the porcelain bowl. He wolfed down the contents inside with pleasure.

The flesh of large reptiles always tasted wonderful, not to mention that they became even more delicious under Bu Fang's

magical touch.

Watching as Blacky devoured the ribs, Bu Fang curled his lips. At the same time, he felt it unfortunate that he didn't have the appetizing fruit vinegar to make Dragon Liver Popsicle with an eight grade Flood Dragon's liver. But that is that. This gourmet delicacy demanded an excellent fruit vinegar, without which would simply ruin the dish.

Bu Fang secretly decided that he must find time to brew his own fruit vinegar. However, that was a task for the far future.

After practicing some other dishes, Bu Fang called it a day. He returned to his room and prepared to sleep. He needed to maintain the quality of his rest to ensure he would constantly be in the best conditions. Maintaining a focused mind was certainly conducive to his cooking.

Not after long, a steady stream of snores resounded from Bu Fang's room.

...

The Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire, main halls.

Lights flickered beside the fluttering shadows inside the main halls.

Numerous ministers of the empire had convened here to discuss state affairs. The Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire had been shaken by a storm, instilling anxiety and fear in each and every minister.

As the powerholders of the Imperial City, they naturally understood the tense situation of the Light Wind Empire. All seven regions have fallen into mayhem—there were spirit beasts attacking cities and rebel forces revolting.

For these folks, it was simply something unimaginable. Nobody had anticipated the empire to break down and fall into chaos in such a short time.

Ji Chengxue, though a new emperor, was certainly no incompetent ruler. Ever since taking the throne, he had been cautious and attentive, tending to state affairs in an orderly manner. Such a degree of bedlam was uncalled for.

The father-son party from the Xiao family sat cross-legged in the halls with their eyes closed, completely impervious to the incessant quarrels nearby.

Ji Chengxue, situated in the upper tiers of the halls, rubbed his brows. He observed the confrontations and deliberations between his ministers down below, and emitted a long, helpless breath.

Suddenly.

Dong!

There was a loud crash that sounded much like a heavy stomp. Afterwards, a eunuch rushed into the halls, looking flurried.

"Your... Your Majesty, there's someone outside... with a coffin, asking for an audience with Your Majesty!" The eunuch, with terror written all over his face, reported in a panic. Carrying a coffin into the palace, now who was this audacious...

Ji Chengxue instantly propped up his body as the Xiao family members fluttered open their eyelids.

The atmosphere outside of the main halls was dreary. The sound of heavy footsteps echoed in the air as numerous figures sauntered into the halls. They came in with a pitch black coffin in their hands.

A chilled wind suddenly began howling within the halls, utterly silencing the chattering ministers, who now almost didn't dare to breathe.

Four shadows, all dressed in black and with bamboo hats covering their faces, strolled into the main halls.

Under the scrutiny of everyone inside, they slowly wandered to

the center of the main halls. With a loud thud, they dropped the coffin onto the ground, causing the floor of the halls to rattle.

"Under the orders of King Yu, we have delivered the coffin."

A raspy voice rang from one among the group. Then, the four gestured to Ji Chengxue, who sat high up in the halls, with cupped hands to express their minimal courtesy. Then, they turned around, ready to leave the main halls.

"This is sheer effrontery! How outrageous!"

Xiao Meng glowered with eyes that nearly shot lasers and ferociously smacked down with his palm. With a bellow, he dashed after the four men withdrawing from the main halls. The palace guards immediately followed his steps.

Ji Chengxue paid no attention to Xiao Meng, who was chasing after the intruders. Instead, he walked down from his throne with a blank face and approached the coffin.

Xiao Yue rushed forward to shield Ji Chengxue from any potential danger hidden within the coffin. However, when he pushed open the lid, there were no planted traps. They were delivered a simple coffin.

Yet when everyone caught a glimpse of the body lying inside, they fell into a deep silence.

The figure resting quietly inside was a heavily wounded Lian Fu with bloody gashes tore through his chest. He who was once a majestic seventh grade Battle-Saint was now only an ice-cold corpse.

Xiao Yue held his tongue and sighed softly. He had no idea how to console Ji Chengxue.

As suspected, this was the doing of King Yu. The fall of Chief Eunuch Lian was a crime committed by Ji Chengyu.

It didn't take long for Xiao Meng to return. His somber face was



covered with sweat. After a light round with the four men, he realized that none was easy to beat. He couldn't gain the upper hand on such short notice and besides, the other party had no interest in fighting with him. Since they were determined to get away, he had no choice but to come back.

Xiao Meng also caught sight of Lian Fu's corpse and emitted a grave sigh.

"Give Chief Eunuch Lian's body a proper burial." A voice finally broke the prolonged silence within the halls. This was Ji Chengxue ordering for Lian Fu's body to be taken away.

Boom Boom Bang!

A thunderous noise caused the main halls to shake. Everyone inside was seized with terror and charged out of the halls one after another.

Helpless guards completely overwrought bolted in.

"Your Majesty! The national treasury has been robbed!"

The lips of these guards shivered. To have a state's treasury robbed was simply an unthinkable concept. There were more than thousands of guards patrolling the national treasury. Under such circumstances, being raided was a huge blow to the reputation and dignity of the Light Wind Empire.

This news drained the blood from Ji Chengxue's face. At present, the national treasury was the last backbone of the Light Wind Empire. They could not afford to suffer such a huge loss.

The crowd scurried to the national treasury in trepidation only to see a large hole smashed through the heavily guarded, but now completely distorted gates.

They drew in sharp breaths, scared out of their wits in witnessing this sight.

Not after long, Ji Chengxue emerged from the national treasury.

He breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Your Majesty, is anything missing from the national treasury?" Xiao Meng asked with scrunched brows.

"The money is all here, but one item is lost." Ji Chengxue was somewhat relieved but still looked toward Xiao Meng with a bitter smile. Then, he uttered slowly: "What has gone missing is the Departed Soul Orb."

"Huhn? The Departed Soul Orb? The one that Zhao Musheng stole but later discarded?" Xiao Meng was taken aback as he asked in confusion.

"Yes, but judging by this, the thieves must have been members of a sect. The Departed Soul Orb is a treasure of the sects anyway. Retrieving it by force... is somewhat understandable."

There was a sour expression on Ji Chengxue's face. The national treasury easily at other people's disposal. This was a complete trample over the Light Wind Empire's dignity. Yet at the same time, one could now be certain that the raiders must have intimidating cultivation levels.

"In any case, the Departed Soul Orb still counts as a semi-divine tool. What do its new bearers... have in mind?" Xiao Meng squinted his eyes and pondered with a heavy heart.

...

An inn within the Imperial City.

The wrinkle-faced Shura Sect Venerable played with a gray orb the size of a fist. The orb was smooth to the touch, and on its surface were intricate patterns of mystifying lines.

"The Departed Soul Orb... is finally mine." The muscles on the Venerable Master's face shook as he laughed uncontrollably.

Outside, the streets of the Imperial City fell into disorder, with guards treading through the crowds and keeping vigilant watch of

the city.

Carefully extracting a talisman from his pocket, the Venerable Master curled his lips and crushed it into pieces. It instantly impelled a howling silhouette spirit with snarling claws to float out.

The Venerable Master flicked a disdainful glance at this spirit while lifting up the Departed Soul Orb in his hand. He focused his mind and prompted a strong force to burst out of the orb, sucking in the spirit of a brawling Xia Yu.

Terror filled the eyes of Xia Yu's spirit, but his entire silhouette disappeared after a split second.

Having absorbed Xia Yu's spirit, the lines of patterns on the Departed Soul Orb began to radiate. As it glimmered, black smoke circulated within.

"I thought I'd have to massacre an entire city as the stimulus for awakening the Departed Soul Orb. Who knew I would come across someone with the body of a Supreme-Being and capture his spirit. Though we're not working with a true Supreme-Being here, he did suffice as a catalyst for reviving the Departed Soul Orb." The Venerable Master squinted his eyes into a smirk.

"The great rejuvenation of my Shura Sect... has finally been initiated..."

...

For the next two weeks, everyone in the Imperial City remained in a state of anxiety.

However, none of this affected Bu Fang at all. He continued to open for business every day, practice his cutting and carving techniques, train Yu Fu and Xiao Xiaolong's cooking, test their grasp of the dishes, and so on.

Whenever he had a break, he would sprawl over a chair by the entrance, gaze at the sky, and take a comfortable nap.

During this half of the month, the entire Light Wind Empire had sunk into utter chaos. Battles and revolts sprang up everywhere as the armies under Ji Chengyu's command continued to roll in. In reality, they had already conquered much of the empire's territory, already occupying a huge region.

For the emperor himself, this was a painful reality. Xiao Meng was sent off to the battlefields, leading his men to resist and suppress Ji Chengyu's troops. Xiao Yue, on the other hand, stayed behind to safeguard the Imperial City.

During this troubled period of the Light Wind Empire, those from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands also retreated. They weren't in a much better mood than the emperor of the Light Wind Empire, since the Great Elder Xia Yu who had accompanied their trip to the empire... had fallen!

The death of a Great Elder in the Godly Temple of the Wildlands stirred up pandemonium amongst themselves.

Throughout this havoc, Bu Fang lay comfily before the entrance to his restaurant. Suddenly, he opened his sleepy eyes and triggered a new temporary task assigned by the system.

This time, the final reward for the assignment caused Bu Fang's heart to pound with excitement.

## Chapter 279: A Unique Temporary Task

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"Temporary Task: The host shall head to the Western Mystery City and join the armed forces as the army chef. During this period, please cook three dishes that the system deems satisfactory, but only with the available ingredients.

"The task reward: ten percent increase in your true energy cultivation, as well as one fragment of the God of Cooking Set (To become a chef at the highest level of the food chain, the God of Cooking in the Fantasy World, you must be able to cook gourmet delicacies even under the most difficult conditions. There are no limits when it comes to cultivating one's cooking skills. Work hard, young man)."

Bu Fang slouched in the chair before the entrance of the store, but his mind was ringing with the solemn voice of the system.

He forced open his sleepy eyes into a thin slit, and then suddenly widened them. His eyes lit up.

"Huh? Temporary task?" Bu Fang was taken aback as it had been a while since he last received a temporary assignment from the system. This sudden ambush almost made him jump up in surprise. The contents of this assignment also came as a shock to him.

"Join the armed forces and become the army chef?" Bu Fang's face was filled with perplexity as he blurted this out. His heart was filled with skepticism and puzzlement.

"Army chef, as in a cook that trails the forces? So basically a military chef. The system wants me to join the army... I mean, cook food for the army?"

Bu Fang widened his eyes as he smacked his lips. In all honesty, he was not pleased with this arrangement as being an army chef was no easy task. Not only did he need to keep up with the pace of

the army and join their expedition... there was also the possibility of being forced onto the battlefield. Bu Fang felt extremely reluctant.

In his perspective... what did this even have to do with becoming the God of Cooking? Wasn't it enough to stay in the kitchen and work on one's dishes? Why was it necessary to join the army and tire himself to death?

Bu Fang's mouth twitched. Nonetheless, the system's reward this time was very enticing.

"Ten percent increase in my true energy cultivation, on top of one fragment of the God of Cooking Set... the prizes are attractive!" Bu Fang weighed as his heart thudded with excitement.

A ten percent increase in true energy cultivation could save Bu Fang a lot of time and energy. For someone eager to advance one's cultivation level as fast as possible, Bu Fang found the offer very practical.

Then there was the fragment of the God of Cooking Set, something that especially tickled Bu Fang's heart. As of that moment, he had collected two of three fragments. He thought he'd have to wait until his next advancement in cultivation to receive another piece. This sudden task was truly unexpected.

Bu Fang leaned back into his chair and stared at the sky blankly, debating with himself inside.

The sound of footsteps resounded in the small alleyway. Xiao Yanyu and her brother, Xiao Yue, made their way through.

Xiao Yanyu had returned to the Imperial City a couple of days ago since everything back in the Southern City was finally settled. Though the Xiao family in the Southern City gained nothing from the great battle, and even suffered some losses, fortunately, it was nothing too unbearable.

Xiao Xianyu stayed a couple more days in the Southern City and

then departed for the Imperial City. Now that the entire Light Wind Empire had fallen into chaos, with the uprising of wars everywhere, Xiao Meng was anxious for her safety and requested for her return.

Yet once Xiao Yanyu returned to the capital, Xiao Meng was immediately off to the battlegrounds.

"Owner Bu, please give me a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine."

Xiao Yue stepped into the store and found a familiar seat. He made his order with a raspy voice, beckoning at Bu Fang, who was lying on a chair before the front door.

Xiao Yanyu also ordered a couple of dishes with Ouyang Xiaoyi.

Bu Fang stood up from his chair, stretched himself, and took a couple of steps with hands behind his back. Then, he nodded at Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Meng before stepping into the kitchen.

Inside, Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu were cooking away. Their skills had clearly improved over time. Though they still couldn't compare with Bu Fang, they had reached a level that Bu Fang deemed basically acceptable.

Pulling out his knife, Bu Fang began to prepare the ingredients. With his mind totally focused, he had become even more proficient with his knife skills, allowing him to process the ingredients more efficiently and swiftly.

Bu Fang did feel like his knife techniques reached a bottleneck since he had already fulfilled the Meteor Knife Technique Proficiency.

He lit up the fire and heated the pot, with movements flowing like streams of water. The dishes were quickly cooked under his hands. An intoxicating aroma drifted out of the kitchen and pervaded the air within the store.

Not after long, Bu Fang finished up and placed the dishes on the kitchen window, to be carried off by Ouyang Xiaoyi.

Bu Fang wiped his hands and carried a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine out of the kitchen. He approached Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Yue's table and handed the wine jar to the latter.

Xiao Yue popped open the lid on the wine jar and poured himself a cup, happily taking a sip.

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and sat across from them as he calmly studied the two.

Xiao Meng's expedition did bring the Imperial City much good news. After leaving the capital, he had traveled through many counties and suppressed countless rebels. This was certainly a positive break from all the bad news received by the Imperial City.

Ji Chengxue was somewhat reassured but also knew that it was not the time to relax. Xiao Meng had yet to encounter Ji Chengyu's forces. Given the solid backbone supporting Ji Chengyu, one couldn't easily tell how powerful his armies were. If Xiao Meng lost to him, then the whole empire would face a truly bitter struggle.

Bu Fang chatted with Xiao Yue extensively. Since he had decided to join the forces as an army chef, he needed to gain some basic understanding of military operations. Though Xiao Yue did not frequently stay in the army himself, he was still more knowledgeable in this area than Bu Fang.

The two talked about many things. Bu Fang asked the questions and Xiao Yue provided the answers. Xiao Yue, however, was also somewhat puzzled at Bu Fang's many inquiries about the army today.

As the conversation wrapped up, the wine drunk, and dishes eaten, the two bid farewell to Bu Fang and left the store.

Customers came and went throughout the day. As the store's fame grew, its business also flourished. With business thriving, Bu Fang was also closer to advancing his cultivation.

A day's business had finally ended. The exhausted Ouyang Xiaoyi



and Xiao Xiaolong bid farewell to Bu Fang. Yu Fu also retired to her room for some rest.

By nightfall, the lights within the store's kitchen still flickered brightly. Bu Fang was practicing a very familiar dish. As an ambitious chef, he had the habit of practicing his dishes every day to ensure they were maintained at the highest quality.

"System, when can I set off for the Western Mystery City? How do I join the army?" Bu Fang had already returned to his room and took a shower. He wiped his damp hair as he asked the system.

"In two days, the system will activate the teleportation array. As for how to join the army, that is the host's responsibility," the system replied solemnly.

Bu Fang curled the corners of his mouth. So basically he had to find a way to sneak into the army himself? This was the first time he realized how... unreliable was this system.

Just thinking about this gave Bu Fang a headache. Join the army... how? Would the army just take him in? Why would they even do that?

Blinking his eyes, Bu Fang suddenly felt like this trip to the Western Mystery City was one hazy conundrum.

Unable to come up with a good solution, Bu Fang flopped onto his bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Compared to beating his head against the wall, sleep was much more important.

Two days passed by in a flash.

During this time the store operated as usual. He also completed his daily cooking practices.

"Um... I'm leaving the store again in a bit. This is for my own cooking training. As to when I'm coming back, I cannot be certain. The store's business will fall on your shoulders." Bu Fang

instructed Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu, who were in the kitchen, in a serious tone.

"Once I get back, I'll teach you new dishes."

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu's eyes instantly sparkled. The former patted his chest and confidently promised to look after the store.

Yu Fu also nodded gently to Bu Fang's instructions.

Bu Fang patted Xiao Xiaolong's shoulders and nodded his head, throwing him a reassuring glance: "Work hard, young man. I'll test your knife skills, carving techniques, and cooking abilities once I get back. A punishment is in place for whoever loses."

Again... Xiao Xiaolong's face froze, looking like he was banished to hell. He was knowledgeable of the punishment. Even as he recalled it now, his heart trembled and his wrists even throbbed with pain.

Yu Fu, in seeing Xiao Xiaolong's long face, couldn't help but burst into a laugh.

Bu Fang bid them farewell and returned to his own room.

"The second stop of the Delicacy Map, the Western Mystery City, activated."

The system's stern voice rang. Then, with his sharp eyes, Bu Fang noticed that a white dot appeared in the air. The dot began to circulate, drawing out a mystifying array.

Bu Fang was no longer awed by it since he had traveled through this array multiple times already.

"The second stop of the Delicacy Map? There's also a temporary assignment in the mix." Bu Fang muttered quietly. Then, the array swirling in the air finally materialized.

A wild wind whistled, obscuring Bu Fang's figure.

In the very next moment, the stormy wind became motionless. Peace and tranquility were restored to the room, but Bu Fang's

body was nowhere to be seen.

## Chapter 280: Owner Bu Joins the Army

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The Western Mystery City, located in the northwestern region of the Light Wind Empire, was an ancient city with a long history. This was a city that survived through the numerous devastations of each dynasty turnover.

This old city, akin to an aged man, was situated on the boundless plains of the northeastern grassland. It was the largest city in the northern region of the Light Wind Empire and acted as a significant military stronghold connecting the Northwest Plain to the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

Outside the Western Mystery City, above the ancient roads where storms of dust swirled and danced, a gust of wind blew and stirred the flying specks of dirt.

When the fierce wind ceased whistling, two figures slowly emerged from the yellow dust. One of them had a pair of eyes flickering red beams, in a way that was extremely forbidding.

"Cough Cough..."

Bu Fang covered his mouth and nose with one hand while the other hand waved incessantly to disperse the circling smoke that made him choke.

"The environment here left much to be desired," Bu Fang thought to himself with a frown.

After quite a walk, the swarms of dust floating around finally rested. Whitey's duplication followed Bu Fang's steps with eyes flickering red.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's belly, then lifted his head, and peered toward the lofty large city emitting a majestic sense of the older times. That was a city that made him breathe heavily due to the awe-inspiring pressure of a majestic city with such a long history.

That was the Western Mystery City. Bu Fang's eyes sparkled

faintly. This was the destination of his journey, since he was set to join the army of the Western Mystery City and become a mess cook, which was essentially a military chef.

The man and robot trekked through the vast plain and finally reached the city gates after quite a while. The city gates were towering, almost equally grand as those of the Imperial City. Countless soldiers were on duty, guarding the entrance.

The soldiers were different from those of the Imperial City, at least absolutely dissimilar in their sense of determination. In their eyes were a kind of sharpness that didn't exist in the guards of the Imperial City. There was a sense of fierceness that Bu Fang couldn't quite describe.

Perhaps people were relatively bolder in the northwestern region, and therefore naturally cultivated soldiers with a greater sense of valiancy.

Worn out by the long walk, Bu Fang was covered with dust. Alongside Whitey, he entered the Western Mystery City with other travel-worn folks.

Once he arrived, Bu Fang decided to familiarize himself with the local customs and cultures of the Western Mystery City. He found an inn first since it was impractical to expect being immediately accepted into the army as a cook. He was a stranger here after all.

Bu Fang spent around a day and a half wandering in the city and even tried quite a few gourmet delicacies. The specialty dishes here were simple and plain, not as fancy as those in the Southern City.

There was an abundance of wheaten food, as well as the simple, unembellished kind of barbecue. Bu Fang tried them all and found them distinctive in taste.

However, he didn't encounter any gourmet delicacies worthy of being recorded in his recipe journal, which was quite a pity. He nonetheless recognized that he had yet to try all the delicious foods

around here.

However, he had no time to seek them all out. He needed to find an army to join as soon as possible.

Bu Fang sat by the window of a bustling restaurant, savoring northwestern gourmet delicacies whilst enjoying the gorgeous scenery of the city. The security around here was excellent as patrolling soldiers with long spears could be seen in the city at all times.

Bu Fang called for the waiter, took out a golden coin, and handed it to this rugged man with a crippled leg.

"Sir... this is too much." The husky man immediately peered at Bu Fang with some perplexity. A golden coin for a meal... Now, this refined young man was well off.

"Not really. Other than the cost of the meal, consider the spare change a payment for answering my following questions," Bu Fang said calmly.

The waiter's eyes instantly lit up. He looked toward Bu Fang and patted his own chest, "You are generous, dear sir. Just ask me. I won't miss any details as long as I know the answer."

Bu Fang pondered for a short while, gazed at the waiter and opened his mouth: "How many armies are there in the Western Mystery City?"

The waiter was taken aback by Bu Fang's question. He eyed Bu Fang with scrunched eyebrows and replied: "Sir, there is only one army in our Western Mystery City, which is the Western Mystery Army that all men yearn for in the northwest."

"Huh? All men in the northwest yearn to join it? Is this Western Mystery Army really as good as you say?"

"To be honest, I was once a soldier in the Western Mystery Army. But one of my legs was paralyzed in a battle. Afterwards, I had to quit the army and become a restaurant waiter," he explained and

patted his disabled leg.

"If it weren't for this lame leg, I would have definitely stayed in the army until the last drop of my blood dried! I heard that the empire has sunk into chaos lately and that war might erupt again... Nobody knows how many of my fellow comrades will die on the battlefields."

Regret and dismay were stamped across the waiter's face.

Bu Fang kept his silence. He wasn't familiar with such matters. Since this waiter had served in the army before, it must be only natural that he was overcome with emotions.

The Western Mystery Army... it sounded pretty distinguished.

"Can you tell me more about this Western Mystery Army?" Bu Fang asked.

"Yeah, of course. The Western Mystery Army is the most well-known troop in our Western Mystery City because it is the major force that protects the city," the waiter continued. "Because of the city's unique geographic location, we suffer all kinds of hazards every year. Sometimes spirit beasts that roam out of the Hundred Thousand Mountains would threaten the Western Mystery City. Issues like these need to be settled by the Western Mystery Army. Each time, the savage beasts would be slaughtered by the Western Mystery Army so that they don't jeopardize the safety of the city's residents.

"Besides, the Great General of the Western Mystery City, also the eldest son of the Western Mystery City Lord, general Kong Xuan, has a formidable cultivation level. It is said that he has recently reached a breakthrough to the echelon of Battle-Saint and has become the strongest warrior in the Western Mystery City. With him here, our city is definitely more invincible!"

"This is not an exaggeration. The Western Mystery Army will not be at a disadvantage even in the face of the Imperial Army!"

The waiter went on and on. He was obviously very familiar with the Western Mystery Army and took great pride in it. He unknowingly patted his chest proudly from time to time as he recounted these tales.

Bu Fang listened to him carefully and nodded along sometimes.

"Here is the last question..." Bu Fang paused and peered at the waiter before continuing: "If I want to join the Western Mystery Army... how should I go about it?"

"What? Sir, you want to join the Western Mystery Army?"

The burly man before him instantly widened his eyes, staring at Bu Fang with utter astonishment. This pale-faced, gigolo-like of a man... with such smooth and refined skin, evidently came from a rich household. Why was he even interested in joining the Western Mystery Army?

Bu Fang smacked his lips and handed another gold coin to the man: "My objective in joining the army is certainly to train myself and make myself stronger."

The muscular waiter's eyes sparkled when he saw another gold coin. He stored it away without batting an eyelid and puffed his chest as he guaranteed Bu Fang this: "Sir, since you trust me so much, I'll cut straight to the chase. It is not difficult to join the forces. With the war going on, army recruitment won't stop. However, to genuinely be part of the Western Mystery Army is not a piece of cake. Here, I personally know some fellows in the troop. I can take you there tomorrow and put in a good word, just so they can cut you some slack, haha."

Bu Fang was taken aback, but then he nodded as the corners of his mouth curled.

The waiter rubbed his head in a good-natured way and then staggered away, dragging behind his crippled leg.

Bu Fang returned to the restaurant the very next day and found



the waiter waiting for him by the entrance.

"Sir, let's go. I've already asked for a half-day-long break. I'll accompany you there. By the way, you can call me Er Niu." The burly man smiled.

Bu Fang nodded and followed behind Er Niu. The two then headed toward a certain direction in the Western Mystery City.

The city was vast in size, but the recruitment center was not far from them. Therefore, they decided to go on foot. After around one hour, they finally arrived at the place that Er Niu mentioned.

The recruitment center was in a large building. It rested in front of a mansion and at the gate stood a long queue.

"Sir, do you see this? Everyone here wants to join the army but more than ninety percent of them will be allocated to some small campsite. It's pretty difficult to join the genuine Western Mystery Army. Let me go and ask around for you, but I cannot guarantee anything." Er Niu stated seriously.

Then, Er Niu lugged his crippled leg and walked toward the group of soldiers. Bu Fang watched Er Niu's movements, realizing that he was indeed acquainted with this place. At the moment, he was conversing with an armored soldier.

Not after long, Er Niu brought over that soldier.

This soldier carried a somewhat domineering manner. He held his head high and squeezed his hands behind his back. Er Niu stood by him, smiling from ear to ear.

"Chief Liu, this is the young man I told you about. He wants to join the Western Mystery Army, so..."

"Want to enlist in the Western Mystery Army? Heck, who doesn't want to join us... Why should I let him through the back door?" Chief Liu glimpsed at Bu Fang's gentle, refined appearance and the strange puppet behind him. Then, he shot a glance at Er Niu and questioned him.

Bu Fang knitted his eyebrows. What was going on here?

"You lad... want to join the Western Mystery Army? Of course, there is a way... but, don't you need to show me some sincerity?" Boss Liu sneered coldly.

Er Niu instantly glowered. He already gave Liu a golden coin for this!

Bu Fang cast a look at Er Niu's expression and realized instantly that the fellow before his eyes considered him gullible and wanted to rip him off. Once he got his money, whether he'd live up to his promises was another story.

However, Bu Fang couldn't really be bothered and simply responded calmly: "Just make sure of the arrangements first, money is not a problem."

Bu Fang fished out a couple more golden coins from his pocket and played with them in his hands. The shining coins clicked and attracted Chief Liu and Er Niu's gazes.

Chief Liu's eyes instantly glistened as the beaming smile on his face grew wider and wider.

He stretched out a hand in hope of grabbing the golden coins, but of course, snatching things from Bu Fang was never an easy feat.

"Not a problem, not a problem. I'm the right person to consult if you want to join the Western Mystery Army! Er Niu, you may head back now. This young master, please follow me." Chief Liu coughed softly and drew his hands behind his back. He instructed Er Niu and then led Bu Fang into the mansion.

Er Niu wasn't suspicious of anything. He and Chief Liu were old comrades on the battlefield. Though Chief Liu was indeed a greedy man, their military bonds remained. Er Niu was sure that Liu would make the right arrangements for Young Master Bu.

Therefore, he bid goodbye to Bu Fang and stumbled away with his lame leg.

Little did he notice Chief Liu's narrowed eyes as he twisted away his head. A cold sneer smeared across Liu's face.

## Chapter 281: So I Can't Even Strike Back?

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The mansion opened up a whole new world. As it turned out, they had only just entered the gate to the entrance, within which was a large drill ground. There were numerous armored soldiers training hard and dripping with sweat inside.

"You see, that's the drill ground of the Western Mystery Army. Whoever is allowed to train there belongs to the real crack division. One must pass high-bar tests before joining it and most people have very little chance of succeeding." Chief Liu walked ahead of Bu Fang, hands behind his back. He held his head high as he announced proudly.

Bu Fang cast a blank look at the soldiers in that field. These soldiers had decent degrees of cultivation. Most of them were about the level of third grade Battle-Maniac, therefore rightfully considered as the essential part of the Western Mystery Army.

Nonetheless, Bu Fang had no interest in this whatsoever. His goal was to join the Cooks' Army Unit and become a military chef. What he cared about most right now was completing the task as soon as possible and then obtaining the last fragment of the God of Cooking set.

As someone who owned the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Bu Fang knew perfectly well how powerful was this God of Cooking set. Therefore, he held high expectations about the second item of the cooking set. If anything, this item would definitely advance his cooking skills tremendously, enabling him to make more delicious dishes.

Immersed in his own thoughts, Bu Fang became rather absent-minded. For a moment there, he didn't hear a thing Chief Liu just said.

He trailed behind Chief Liu and found himself walking for a long time. They eventually passed by the drill ground and arrived at a

remote location in the mansion. This particular site was quite a mess, with tiny pieces of crushed stones scattered all over the ground.

Chief Liu, on the other hand, came to a halt. He turned around and peered at Bu Fang with a guile smile.

Bu Fang was caught by surprise. Why did the man suddenly stop?

He knitted his brows, scanning the desolate surrounding and the pavement full of crushed rocks. This was evidently not the army's registration center.

This Chief Liu... was up to no good.

A flurry of footsteps echoed in the air as a commotion suddenly stirred up. A swarm of roguish young men suddenly appeared behind Bu Fang.

These dark-skinned young lads stared at Bu Fang with mischievous looks.

"Hey, Chief Liu, you've got another idiot who wants to join the Western Mystery Army."

"Huh, look at his fine skin. He looks like the young master of some wealthy family."

"A spoiled young master from a rich family is perfect. He must have a lot of money on him. We may earn a lot this round!"

...

Noisy chatters rang in this seemingly discarded corner and reverberated through the air in a frightening sense.

Whitey, who had followed Bu Fang, raised its chubby palms and touched its bald head, with its robotic eyes flickering red.

Chief Liu curled his lips and narrowed his eyes at Bu Fang. He found a large stone, parted his legs and sat down, peering at Bu Fang calmly.

"Young man, it's not difficult to join the army. Just don't ever think you can rely on special privileges. Our Western Mystery Army is a genuine troop that does the real thing—slaughtering enemies and fighting for our lives on the battlefields. A spoiled young master like you can never bear such hardships. I am doing this for your own sake." Chief Liu threw a taunting look at Bu Fang.

"We are merely considering what is best for your personal safety. So... be a lamb and do as I say, fork over your money. We'll all have a laugh and then you can be on your way."

Chief Liu peered at Bu Fang with a trace of contempt in his eyes. He had seen his fair share of rich young men like Bu Fang, with their delicate skin and fair complexions. Obviously, this was also not their first swindle.

These rich kids were fragile and refined, and most likely had never seen real blood. To be honest, they could serve at most as cannon fodder, not only sacrificing themselves needlessly but also dragging down others in the army. Therefore, these pretty faces often failed to pass the usual selection test and resorted to paying kickbacks instead.

Once they passed through the disgraceful back door, they fell into Chief Liu's hands. When it came to easy targets as such, Chief Liu would never show any mercy. The heist must go on.

Bu Fang did not panic at all. Though he was encircled by a gang of rascal young men, he kept his cool. In fact, this incredibly calm composure erased the smirk off of Chief Liu's face.

Bu Fang scrunched his brows into a frown. He wasn't the least bit unsettled by this crowd of soldiers who merely had the cultivation of third grade Battle-Maniac. Even without Whitey's help, he could easily crush them in a heartbeat given his current cultivation level.

However, he was concerned with whether this Chief Liu could let him join the army, especially the Cooks' Army Unit. If not, he'd

have to find another way. And that would be very bothersome.

"Are you pretending to be deaf? Didn't you hear what the chief just said, hurry up and take out your money!" A bald fellow suddenly glared his eyes. He dashed a few steps closer to Bu Fang and uttered maliciously through his clenched teeth.

Nonetheless, Bu Fang merely shot him a glance and continued to ignore him. He turned to Chief Liu and asked him calmly, "Can you arrange a position for me in the army?"

Chief Liu was taken aback, and so were the others. Then, they all cracked up.

The bald young soldier roared with laughter, staring at Bu Fang as if he were an idiot.

"Chief Liu, this is the dumbest one you've got so far. He's still thinking about joining the army despite the current circumstances..." The bald young man simply couldn't stop chortling.

It also took Chief Liu a while to stop laughing. Then, he goggled at Bu Fang and uttered, "Of course I can. But why would I? A useless young man from a rich family like you would only be dead weight to the army!"

"Uh... so you mean you're able to make the arrangement, right?" Bu Fang asked solemnly.

"Definitely. I'm the leader of a small division, after all. Making such arrangements... Wait a second, how does this concern you? Just turn over all your gold coins and get lost!" Chief Liu furrowed his brows and waved his hands dismissively.

That bald soldier immediately cracked his lips into a smile. He clenched his hands into fists, crackling his bones.

"You lad, be smart and listen to us. I have seen a lot of pale-faced gigolos like you... Hand over the gold coins and we might spare you the beating, otherwise..."

"Or what?" Bu Fang eyed this bald young man coldly.

"Or you take my punch!" The bald young lad didn't expect Bu Fang to have the guts to glare at him in a situation like this. He was badly outnumbered right now!

Reckless idiot! The bald young man snorted coldly and thrust his fist at Bu Fang's refined face. If there was one thing he hated, it was pale-faced gigolos more handsome than him!

Bang!

However, the bald lad's face immediately froze upon realizing that his punch was blocked.

Long fingers and a warm palm grabbed the bald young man's fist, astonishing everyone nearby and sending shivers down their spines.

"What... Old Zhang's cultivation level is at third grade Battle-Maniac. How could his fist be caught by a pretty face without a trace of true energy on him?" Chief Liu's heart sank. He was getting a bad feeling about all this.

Crack!

Bu Fang's complexion remained unflustered. Exerting only a slight force, he easily snapped broken the young man's arm. As he released his hand, the bald young man immediately crouched onto the floor, wailing miserably.

Bang!

Bu Fang showed no mercy and aimed a good kick at the young man's chest. The latter was flung back for several meters, crashing into the pavement right before Chief Liu's feet.

The bald young man howled incessantly on the floor. Blood trickled out from his lips and his face looked awfully bruised.

The others immediately became enraged. They didn't anticipate a pale-faced gigolo, who had no true energy fluctuating in his body,



to fight back. This move was an utter display of disrespect to them.

"Who told you to strike him back? Damn it! You're courting death!"

Another young man yelled at Bu Fang ferociously.

Bu Fang was so dumbstruck by these ridiculous words he suddenly found the situation amusing. So he wasn't allowed to strike back in defense? What kind of nonsense was that... These folks certainly had a bizarre sense of logic.

Turning around to peer at the hollering young man, Bu Fang shifted his body and gave him a kick as well. The fellow was immediately knocked onto the ground, struggling to breathe.

Chief Liu's eyes froze. Bu Fang's two simple strikes made him realize... that this pretty face had been properly trained!

However, before he could open his mouth, his gang had already charged toward Bu Fang out of fury.

Then, a domineering force of pressure surged out of the composed young lad.

That force of pressure...

Boom!

Even Chief Liu fell down on all fours. His face paled... this force of pressure completely dissolved his courage to fight back.

This overwhelming force of true energy was incredibly daunting, one that was even stronger than that of their general.

This young man before their eyes... who on earth was he?

Why would someone like him who seeks to join the army... even need to resort to special privileges? What kind of sick joke was this?!

As Bu Fang emitted the force of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor, everyone nearby fell to their knees. Though Bu Fang did not have

the most impressive combat capabilities, the pressure he emitted was authentically formidable.

"Whitey, strip them all and toss them out. Just leave behind the Chief since I still have some questions for him."

Bu Fang instructed calmly.

Whitey's mechanic eyes flashed red before dashing out like a gust of wind.

Swoosh, Rippp...

Alongside terrible screams and cries, bodies were flung from this discarded corner one after another and landed on the drill ground outside.

These fellows were all stripped clean and felt the cold breeze brushing against their lower bodies.

They picked themselves up, and with hands covering their private parts, fled hurriedly. They all glanced at Whitey as if it was some psychotic freak.

The fellow with the fractured arm was even more pathetic. He had to scurry away with only one hand covering himself as he wailed miserably.

Chief Liu was beyond petrified. He immediately knelt to the floor, his eyes filled with terror.

"Sen... Senior! I apologize wholeheartedly!" Chief Liu looked like he was about to burst into tears. The force of energy on this young man was totally different from that of the rich kids before. Someone like this seeking to pass through the back door... Wasn't he just there to toy with them?

Bu Fang approached Chief Liu and withdrew his pressure. He was extremely calm and unperturbed as he glanced down at Chief Liu, who was still on his knees.

"Since you said you can help me join the army, then make the

arrangements... Consider it redemption for your earlier sins."

Bu Fang declared.

Chief Liu's heart skipped a beat, but he immediately patted his chest and made his promise. A strong warrior like the one before him was very much welcomed to the army. Heck, he might even be rewarded for referring someone as strong as Bu Fang.

Yet Bu Fang's following words caused his body to become stiff. He gaped with a mouth so wide open that an egg would fit inside.

"Alright... remember to assign me to the Cooks' Army Unit of the Western Mystery Army. As in the division with all the military chefs, understood?" Bu Fang gazed at Chief Liu and announced seriously.

# Chapter 282: To Bear the Pot or to Chop the Wood

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Dahe Region, Chunhui City.

This was one of the more prosperous cities in Light Wind Empire. It was very reputable, with an extremely developed economy and a high population. Although it was not as good as the three big ancient cities, it was still one of the most distinguished cities in the Light Wind Empire.

However, the usual bustle of this thriving big city was nowhere to be seen today as a panicked atmosphere descended upon it, cast by the numerous lit beacons throughout the city. All the citizens hid anxiously in their respective houses, shivering in fear.

The towering city walls of Chunhui City had long been mottled with cracks. Throngs of solemn-looking soldiers stood above it, each more mentally worn out than the other.

Outside the city, on the mountains and plains were military flags swaying amidst the winds, peppered with violent and fierce screams. Throughout the battlefields, throng clashed against throng in a messy mix of metals, humans and blood-fuelled emotions.

As Ji Chengyu sat solemnly atop his Scaled War Unicorn, he held up his longsword to the winds and yelled at the top of his lungs.

Then, the legion of soldiers behind him charged toward the patchwork Chunhui City walls, morale high and emotions burning—like a fierce tiger who was about to rip everything apart. In that very moment, Chunhui City turned into a injured prey for the tiger that was Ji Chengyu's frenzied army.

Up ahead, the heavy city gate of Chunhui City creaked, and from within, a sea of armored cavalymen charged out. If one were to look at them now, they would instead see a sharp dagger thrown

right at the heart of Ji Chengyu's army.

Both sides collided with each other with a loud rumble while high above on the city walls countless arrows rained down on the helpless soldiers below. Mere moments later, the first metallic wave clangs echoed through the rolling battlefield before being consumed in a chaotic mix of shouts, weapons colliding and bodies crumpling to the floor, each no longer distinguishable from the other.

Their ferocious killing intent soared, as if it wanted to dissolve the clouds above the heavens.

Soldier after soldier fell in the ensuing bloodbath, but none of the red-eyed survivors bore them any heed as they continued waving their instruments of death.

This was war...

High above in the heavens, several hundreds of meters up....

A figure donned in a black gown sat cross-legged there. The swift and fierce wind violently blew over the heavy stench of blood and killing intent from the ground. His gown fluttered. The Venerable Master of the Shura Sect opened up his eyes slightly. His true energy suffused the air as he clasped a gray pearl in his hand.

That pearl was emitting a barely discernible fluctuation—brilliant rays flickered on it and the magic array on its surface seemed to glow in response as if it had recovered.

A faint attractive force flowed out from the pearl, stealthily but continuously extracting the souls streaming out from the battlefield beneath. Along with them came the killing intent and resentment they held in life, all mixed together in a horrifying amalgamation as they were sucked into the pearl one after another.

Throughout all that, the Departed Soul Orb energy expanded unceasingly, becoming increasingly dreadful by the second.

The Venerable Master's eyes shone with fanatic glee as he gazed at ever-growing rays. He puckered his lips as he licked those withered lips of his.

...

Ultimately, Chief Liu still arranged for Bu Fang to enter the army. However, unlike what was promised in his sincere pledge, the army he was dispatched to wasn't some elite division of the Western Mystery Army.

"Senior... this is the Third Corp that this lowly one belongs to. You should know that for a lowly person like this one... How could he possibly have the authority to send someone into the elite corp directly?" Said Chief Liu as he bent forward, face filled with fear.

He was truly afraid. The pretty boy in front of him now was no ordinary lad but an existence that vastly outmatched him. That pressure... even thinking about it brought fear to his heart.

"Western Mystery Army's Third Corps? Didn't you say that Western Mystery City only has one army?" Bu Fang said as he looked at Chief Liu in suspicion.

"Indeed, there is only one army in Western Mystery, but the army is divided into three corps. The First Corp is the elite force of Western Mystery Army, the Second Corp is the main force... the Third Corps is where this one belongs to..." As Chief Liu reached the end of his sentence, his face turned somewhat embarrassed.

Bu Fang frowned. By now, he roughly got the gist of the situation. The Third Corps was probably the worst force in the whole Western Mystery Army.

Still, Bu Fang did not feel anything regrettable about this. His objective was simply to enter the force, and cultivate his culinary skills in order to complete the system's mission and obtain the reward.

As for which corp he was assigned to, he actually didn't care at

all.

"Senior, while this lowly one might hail from the Third Corp... he still considers himself a part of the Western Mystery Army. For a powerful expert such as Senior... is there even a need to enter by the back door? Senior can just look for our general directly... wouldn't that be better?" As Chief Liu looked at the tall and thin figure of Bu Fang, he couldn't help but voice out the doubt in his heart.

A formidable existence like Bu Fang could just look for General Kongxuan directly to get an even better position, that much he could guarantee. Furthermore and more importantly... this person actually specifically requested to join the Cooks' Army Unit, but that was the place for chefs. What was an expert like him even doing there in the first place?

Bu Fang took the token from Chief Liu's hand and shot him an indifferent glance as he said,

"Don't worry, I don't have any evil intentions. I am just a chef who is here to gain some experience and to experience the feeling of being an army chef. If I truly wished to enter the army and serve the empire, wouldn't I just directly find the emperor instead? I merely do not wish to cause a stir. After I'm done experiencing the life of an army cook and have tempered my culinary skills, I will depart. I will not do anything that will jeopardize the Western Mystery Army."

Having said all that, he left without bothering about the stunned Chief Liu. There lay the recruitment point for the Third Corp that Chief Liu belonged to.

Looking at Bu Fang's departing figure, Chief Liu's face muscles couldn't help but twitch. He hesitated for quite some time before turning around and departing to find the Third Corp's commanding general.

Even though he had no idea how strong Bu Fang's cultivation

truly was, such a formidable expert joining their forces... was a matter he still needed to report. After all, he was still a soldier of the Western Mystery Army.

Yet unexpectedly, the Third Corp's commanding general did not seem to care about this matter. Even though Chief Liu already did his best to describe Bu Fang as someone who was extremely powerful, the commanding general had only displayed a modicum of regret.

"According to your description, that youth might be a Battle-Spirit. For someone like him to deal with a bunch of untrained bums like you guys is as simple as lifting up a finger. However, for a Battle-Spirit to run off to be a cook in the Cooks' Army is indeed somewhat a pity. Just have someone watch over him."

"In a few days' time, our Third Corp will have to follow General Kongxuan out of the city for an expedition. Remember to have your subordinates be prepared. Also, get the cooks to prepare a feast for the men!" said the Western Mystery Army's Third Corp's General, Zhuyue. Having said all that, he chased Chief Liu away.

Chief Liu was stupefied. What Battle-Spirit... the pressure that pretty boy gave out, that fighting strength... it wasn't something that could be compared to a Battle-Spirit's!

Chief Liu's face was stifled red. He did not expect his report to be disregarded in this way.

...

"You want to join our Third Corp's Cooks' Army?"

A old man took the token in Bu Fang's hand and examined it. Subsequently, he stared at Bu Fang in doubt.

Just because those in the Cooks' Army Unit were chefs, that didn't mean they had it any easier than the warriors. In fact, their hardships were incomparable to that of ordinary soldiers. During their march, they had to carry a large steel wok by hand while



carrying their kitchenware and guarding the provisions of the army. At times, when they were set upon by enemies who targeted their rations, they had to take to the fields themselves.

That was why very few joined the Cooks' Army.

Especially not someone like Bu Fang, the kind of youngster... who looked so fair and delicate. With just a look, one could tell that this lad was a young master of a rich family.

Even so, Bu Fang nodded seriously and the old man had no choice but to accept the application seeing as the token was real. Although he was in doubt as to why Bu Fang would want to join the Cooks' Army Unit, he approved his application. After all... beggars couldn't be choosers. The Cooks' Army had always been starving for more cooks, especially the Cooks' Army of the Third Corp.

Bu Fang followed the old man into the army camp. This camp could not be counted as being very big. In fact, when compared to the previous army camps he saw before, this camp looked somewhat shabby and small.

Clang Clang Clang!

The moment the old man entered the barracks, he picked up a large wok and started to hit it with a ladle.

Very quickly, from the barracks, a group of soldiers wearing linen military uniforms and an apron raced out. Among this group of soldiers, there were those who were very young and those who were very old. Yet there was hardly any who could be considered young and fit.

Giving them a rough headcount, Bu Fang estimated the entire unit to be around hundreds of people. While that might have sounded like a lot, it was actually very normal. After all, they had to prepare enough food for tens of thousands of soldiers.

"Old Zhang, what's with the d\*mn hitting? Can't you just speak instead? Every day, you hit on that wok of yours. I swear it will

break sooner or later!"

A loud voice resonated out from the barrack entrance. Subsequently, numerous figures strode over.

"Hey, Captain. Can't you see that a newcomer is joining us? We have to welcome him at least, right?" Old Zhang stopped hitting the pot and smiled.

That somewhat senior-looking middle-aged man narrowed his eyes as his gaze fell onto Bu Fang, who was behind Old Zhang. His eyebrow jumped and his heart was somewhat flabbergasted.

"You are the newcomer who joined our Cooks' Army Unit? Do you know the rules of our Cooks' Army Unit, then?" The middle-aged man curled his lips as he sized Bu Fang up.

The surrounding people immediately remained calm and composed while smiling rather subtly.

Bu Fang looked at the middle-aged man nonchalantly and shook his head.

"The rule is that you will have to show us some of your skills. If your culinary skills meet the standards, I will assign a wok to you, and you will be allowed to cook. But if it is not... tsk tsk, you will have to obediently chop a few months of firewood!" Said the middle-aged man as he narrowed his eyes and licked his lips.

# Chapter 283: Simple Conditions, Ordinary Ingredients

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The moment those words left the middle-aged man's mouth, many of the surrounding soldiers immediately started to laugh. Non-stop laughter resonated throughout the whole barracks, bringing along traces of ridicule.

Many of them looked at Bu Fang with a somewhat sympathetic expression because they had all experienced this before. They had all thought that once they entered the Cooks' Army Unit, they were only left with having to cook dishes. It turned out that over there one needed qualifications to even cook as well.

This middle-aged man was their Cooks' Army Unit Captain, Wei Dafu. His culinary skills were very exquisite, and the taste of his food was very savory. He was extremely strict with his evaluation toward dishes. Frequently, a lot of people would be scolded by him to the point of them starting to have doubts about their life. Previously, when they just joined the barracks, they had all been messed by this middle-aged man before.

Wei Dafu looked at Bu Fang mockingly. It had been a long time since a newcomer joined the Cooks' Army Unit. Never would he expect that someone new would be joining them today. This finally allowed some entertainment to their bored-to-death lifestyle.

Bu Fang widened his eyes and glanced at Wei Dafu in astonishment. It was very obvious that Bu Fang could tell the malicious intent Wei Dafu was harboring. However, he did not seem to care much about it. Wasn't it just cooking dishes? Simple.

"Showcasing some of my skills?" Bu Fang opened his mouth and said nonchalantly.

"Right. I am the captain of this Cooks' Army Unit. It's my responsibility to take good care of all the ingredients that are given

to us. You have to know that in the Cooks' Army Unit, the food we provide is very important. If the taste of the dish is good, the soldiers who ate it would become extremely energetic. Only then would they have the energy and strength to fight the war. If the taste of the dish is bad... they would not be able to even eat the rice, so much that they might even have diarrhea. You tell me, how am I supposed to battle then?"

Wei Dafu waved the steel ladle in his hand as he spoke a lengthy piece of theory with convictions. In short, he wanted to test Bu Fang's culinary skills.

"Alright. Give me a spot to cook and provide me with the ingredients too." Bu Fang was too lazy to listen to Wei Dafu's neverending speech. He waved his hand straightaway and interrupted him.

Unhappiness flashed past Wei Dafu's face. This newcomer was a little arrogant; he actually dared to interrupt his speech.

However, Wei Dafu did not cause any difficulties for Bu Fang. Only his complexion turned slightly dark as he beckoned.

Behind him, an innocently looking youth who was still wearing his apron came before Bu Fang while carrying a large steel wok.

A wooden handled black kitchen knife, a few pottery bowls, a bucket of clear water and also a sack of mysterious ingredients.

"Here. The ingredients and kitchen wares are all here. Let us see how great the culinary skills of our newcomer are," Wei Dafu crossed his arms as he laughed coldly.

The surrounding people also looked over with interest. That youth who still possessed the innocence was also looking at Bu Fang curiously. In fact, he did not think highly of Bu Fang in his heart because even if a regular chef were to come over to the barracks to cook, they would not be able to cook a dish properly for their first time.

It was because the disparity between a march and kitchen environment was too big. If they wished to produce a good dish, they would need to go through a process of adaptation.

This was precisely why that innocent youth did not think of Bu Fang highly. Similarly, the surrounding people also did not think very highly of Bu Fang because they knew that even if Bu Fang was able to produce a dish, it would still be criticised by Wei Dafu to the point of making it seem worthless. When the time came, he would be shooed away to chop firewood. They had seen this sort of things numerous times and had long gotten used to it.

The majority of them was more of looking forward to Bu Fang's being ridiculed. They wanted to see the ashamed and awkward face of Bu Fang's, under the onslaught of Wei Dafu's poisonous tongue.

Bu Fang did not care about the others' attitude. He was originally someone who did not care about other people's views. He walked to the side of kitchenware and frowned. All these kitchenwares were truly somewhat simple and crude. It was simple and crude even when compared to the snake-man tribe.

However, all of these was forgivable. After all, these were the chefs of the marching troops. At any point in time, they had to be mobile and could only build some last minute cooking points on the spot.

Bu Fang relaxed his eyebrows as the corner of his mouth curled up. He squatted down and opened up the sack, taking a look at the kinds of ingredients Wei Dafu had prepared for him.

The moment he opened up the sack, the astringent fresh smell of soil assaulted his nostrils. That sack of bag was actually loaded with mushrooms. Among the mushrooms, there was also a mix of a few bundled up ordinary vegetables as well as a few potatoes.

All these were simple ingredients. This was the first time Bu Fang had came across such simple ingredients since he came over to this different world.

"Do you guys usually use these ingredients to make dishes?" Bu Fang could not help but lift his head and look at Wei Dafu in astonishment. All these were ordinary ingredients! As the soldiers of marching troops, their cultivation might not be very high but their bodies were still filled with true energy.

These ordinary ingredients were simply unable to satisfy their hunger. It did not even have the capability to make up for the loss of the true energy in their bodies.

"Why do you care so much? Do you think that the current you have the capability to touch those spirit energy ingredients? You should first use these ordinary ingredients and produce a dish that could satisfy me before speaking." The corner of Wei Dafu's mouth twitched as he glimpsed at Bu Fang and said.

"These are our Cooks' Army Unit's spare ingredients. Usually, during the wartime, once we face a problem of insufficient spirit energy ingredients, we would use these ordinary ingredients to allay their hunger," that innocent youth said.

Wei Dafu immediately glared at that youth, causing the latter to withdraw his neck as he stuck out his tongue.

Bu Fang nodded. He understood that Wei Dafu's intention was to use these ordinary ingredients to test him. Specifically speaking, it could be said as making things difficult for him. After all, it needed real skills to be able to use ordinary ingredients to produce a delicacy.

He stood up, moving his feet. He kicked the scattered wooden sticks that were on the ground. Immediately, those wooden sticks floated up one after another, Bu Fang flung casually, causing these wooden sticks to fall onto the floor in a secure manner.

He positioned the steel wok, and very quickly, it took the form of a simple small stove.

These movements were somewhat unripe but still caused the

surrounding people's eyes to brighten up. This pretty boy actually possessed some skills!

That innocent youth became excited.

After positioning the wok, Bu Fang started to process those ingredients in the sack. He took out all the ingredients in it and separated them respectively.

He picked up the black kitchen knife with the wooden handle. The feeling of it was a lot worse compared to Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

He displayed some cool knife skills, then picked up a potato and tossed it up. Subsequently, the kitchen knife revolved as it sliced extremely flashily. Under everyone's astonishment, he peeled off all the potato skin. With the kitchen knife, Bu Fang slapped the falling potato, that landed into the wok.

Below the pot, he had placed a washed clean wooden frame. Fresh water was placed beneath the wooden frame as these potatoes were being steamed on top.

He ignited the fire, heating up the pot. He covered it with a wooden pot lid and placed his palm above it.

"What's this kid trying to do? Steam the potatoes? Humph... insignificant talent."

Bu Fang's movements were very flashy. Wei Dafu only narrowed his eyes and shook his head. His heart was somewhat in disdain.

However, the position Bu Fang used to steam the potatoes was somewhat weird. Why did he need to use a hand to cover the pot lid?

Bu Fang's free hand was holding the kitchen knife as he started to process the mushrooms he had already washed cleanly.

Processing the ingredients single-handedly?

The surrounding people cried out in surprise. This hand of Bu

Fang's should have some training in the fundamentals.

Bu Fang was very calm. He held the kitchen knife, and his wrist was extremely nimble. With just a casual flick, a mushroom flew up. And while it was mid-air, he rapidly sliced it into pieces.

Everyone only felt dazzled by it. Before they realized, the already sliced mushroom was placed into the ceramic pot in an orderly and neat manner.

Wei Dafu bare his teeth slightly. This pretty boy's knife work was indeed... very decent! But... so what if he possessed knife work? Only by producing tasty food would it be the king's path!

Rumble!

The sweet scent of cooked potatoes wafted out. Nevertheless, Bu Fang did not uncover the pot. After he also sliced the bundled up vegetables, the pot lid under his hand started to vibrate violently. Only then did he uncover the pot.

Hazy water vapor soared up from the pot as it boiled. The potatoes' sweet scent was mixed in it.

The potatoes inside the pot were all steamed to the point of looking golden yellow. Its color and luster were extremely good-looking. The surrounding people, especially the innocent youth, cried out in surprise. These were the best-looking steamed potatoes they had ever seen. They felt as if it was gold that was emitting its golden brilliance.

Wei Dafu smacked his lips and mumbled, "No matter how good the steamed potatoes look, it is still a potato... No creativity!"

It was as if Bu Fang had heard Wei Dafu's thoughts, as he lifted up his head and shot him a glance. The corner of his mouth curled up, and then, with his palm covered in true energy, Bu Fang unexpectedly took out those potatoes one after another and placed them into a ceramic pot. Thereafter, Bu Fang put out an action that left everyone around him in shock.



With his fist, he pounded into the ceramic pot that was filled with the golden yellow potatoes.

## Chapter 284: Mesmerizing Sour Spicy Soup

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"What is he trying to do?!"

"Is he crazy! That punch was so strong this ceramic pot almost shattered!"

"You call that cooking? It's more like a comedy show?"

...

Bu Fang smashing the pot affected all the people who were looking at him. They were shocked and their faces turned pale. That act of smashing was so rude and reckless, how could this be called cooking?

Wei Dafu was taken aback and snorted. That blow dealt by Bu Fang was so powerful, he could imagine how badly damaged the ceramic pot became and also how the steamed golden potato ended up... It's a pity that the perfectly steamed potato had been ruined and wasted!

However, what's even more shocking was that the punch by Bu Fang that landed inside the ceramic pot did not destroy it. There wasn't even any loud noise created.

Bu Fang's punch was filled with true energy and it was as if it sunk into the pot. He controlled the use of his true energy precisely and the potato was shattered without damaging the pot. Only a rare few would be able to control their true energy with such precision.

That punch landed on the potato and it was mashed up, sticking onto the fist of Bu Fang as he lifted it up. Bu Fang hit it repeatedly as if he bore a grudge against it.

However, each punch he delivered did not damage the fragile ceramic pot. The surrounding crowd was astonished by that.

The innocent young man was astounded as he opened his mouth

widely. He smelled the surrounding air that was filled with a strong potato fragrance. This was the smell of the steamed potato after it had been mashed and that aromatic fragrance covered the whole area.

Bu Fang hit it with a few more punches, but his expression remained the same throughout. He was more serious and it seemed as if he had to be precise with every single hit as the amount of true energy used had to be controlled. It was the same situation when he made the Thousand Wrapped Silk Year Cake for the first time.

As he landed each hit, the true energy dissipated into the mashed potato and added a unique texture to it.

As the true energy dissipated, the lump of mashed potato that was sticking on his fist landed back into the pot. Steam could be seen coming out from it.

Bu Fang stopped handling the mashed potato. He took down the wooden rack from the pot and poured clean water into the pot after he washed it. This was for him to make soup instead of steaming the potato.

He placed the diced mushroom into the boiling pot and stirred it with a steel ladle. The aroma of the mushroom came out from the pot and Bu Fang had a pleasant look on his face.

As the mushroom soup boiled, Bu Fang grabbed the mashed potato, took a handful from it, then dropped it into the pot. It sank into the bottom of the pot of rich and flavourful mushroom soup.

Bu Fang continued doing that at high speeds and the portions of mashed potato he rolled in were small yet round.

Bu Fang covered the lid of the pot once all the mashed potato was placed in. He concentrated and controlled the true energy, observing the condition of the dish in the pot. True energy was channeled into the pot to control every slight change to the ingredients.

True energy culinary was his specialty and now that his true energy cultivation was high, using this small amount of true energy was a piece of cake for him.

As the soup in the pot turned yellow-orange, it gave off a strong fragrance. This smell was the result of the perfect combination between the mushroom and the potato.

The soup was boiling and filled with bubbles. The originally clear liquid became thick and as Bu Fang stirred and scooped the soup with a steel ladle, the silky and creamy soup slid down it.

He tasted the soup and its pure yet rich flavor filled his mouth. There was a rich fragrance of a dish made with mushrooms. He added the vegetable he had cut previously into the soup, adding some colors to it. This made the soup look more appealing.

As the soup simmered, Bu Fang added some vinegar and chili sauce. He was supposed to add chili instead, but as it was not prepared, he replaced it with chili sauce.

Although there were little ingredients, all the condiments were available. This made the job much easier for Bu Fang.

He took a clean ceramic bowl and poured the soup into it. The rich flavor of the soup along with the sour taste of the vinegar filled the surrounding air. It was mouthwatering. The people around gulped as they stared at the bowl of soup.

The smell of the soup alone was irresistible. This dish would definitely not taste bad!

"Sour Spicy Soup, please give it a try."

Bu Fang delivered the ceramic bowl to Wei Dafu and he looked lost as he accepted the bowl from Bu Fang. He then regained his senses and gave Bu Fang a look of shock.

Bu Fang was a proficient cook with superb culinary skills. He was even more experienced than some of the old chefs. For a man of his age, this was truly amazing.

However, he quickly turned his attention to the bowl of Sour Spicy Soup in his hands.

The soup was yellow-orange in color with bits of green vegetables floating on it. The black and white color of the mushroom created a contrast in colors and it was embellished by the golden yellow colored potato.

Aesthetic wise, this Sour Spicy Soup did not look too exquisite, but the fragrance of the food was too alluring.

He scooped the soup with the porcelain ladle and the silky smooth soup strongly attracted Wei Dafu. The piping hot soup went down his throat smoothly and into his stomach. His mouth was instantly filled with the rich flavors of the mushroom and potato. There was also a slight sour taste and spiciness, and his eyes brightened up uncontrollably.

Yummy!

He finished the soup in one gulp and irresistibly took another scoop of soup. This time the ladle was filled with the mushrooms. The mushroom bits were tender and chewy. Wei Dafu gaped as it was hot.

With a slurp, sweat covered the tip of his nose due to the refreshing sour taste.

"Feels great!"

Wei Dafu was amazed and took yet another scoop. This time he wanted to try the golden yellow mashed potato—it was the part he was most curious about.

After cooking the potato, it was covered with a layer of transparent skin. That layer of skin was smooth and soft. It could be bitten through easily and once bitten, the mashed potato burst out from within, filling his mouth.

It seemed soft like tofu yet sturdy like sand.

This two conflicting ingredient, along with a spicy and sour taste surged up in Wei Dafu's brain. At the moment, his mind went blank.

After finishing one big bowl of Sour Spicy Soup, Wei Dafu's lips turned red and there was even more sweat on the tip of his nose.

"Phew... Phew..."

He panted. However, Wei Dafu felt great and relaxed. The spicy and sour taste of this soup complemented each other very well. He was mesmerized by it. He imagined himself wandering around the soup and the black and white mushroom as a fair and beautiful lady who was using her tender hands to caress his body.

The extravagant taste of the mashed potato had given him an experience out of this world.

He finished the last drop of soup in the ceramic pot and before long that look of enchantment disappeared. He instantly had a stoned face and he blushed.

Many around him looked at him in surprise. Wei Dafu's being mesmerized by the soup shocked all of them. This was the first time they saw such an expression on his face.

"I..." Wei Dafu tried to explain himself. He was supposed to criticize the food and embarrass the young man... In the end, he was convinced instead.

He then straightened his face and pointed toward the pot of boiling soup. The aromatic soup made him gulp uncontrollably.

"This soup... the handling of the ingredient.... errr, condiments.... errr that...."

He tried to be picky but could not utter a word out of his usually foul mouth and sharp tongues. This embarrassing moment made him blush even more.

"Big brother, Can I... try a bowl of soup?"

The innocent young man could not take it anymore. The fragrance of it was too irresistible. To that, Bu Fang did not reject and signaled them to get a bowl for themselves. At that moment, the surrounding people dropped whatever they were doing and rushed forward. They were all fighting to get a bowl of the soup for themselves.

"Wow! So good! This spiciness... this sour taste!"

"How could this mushroom be so tender yet chewy... I'm falling in love with it!"

"This is potato? What's with the smooth and tender texture mixed with an extravagant taste? How did he do it? Amazing!"

...

Words of amazement repeated continuously and soon filled the whole Cooks' Army Unit Barracks.

Those who drank Bu Fang's Sour and Spicy Soup were flabbergasted, totally mesmerized by it.

The innocent young man finished his bowl of soup and sneakily tried to get another bowl.

Bu Fang smirked and wiped the water off his hands. His gaze landed on Wei Dafu, who was trying to control his craving. He murmured, "How was it? Are you satisfied with my skills?"

## Chapter 285: In Cold Storage

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The innocent young man grabbed the ceramic bowl and finished yet another bowl of Sour Spicy Soup. The soup was so hot that his lips were stained red. he panted repeatedly and sweat formed on the tip of his nose.

This Sour Spicy Soup was too delicious. It was hard to imagine that it was made from such simple ingredients.

If the ingredients contained spirit energy, the innocent young man could still understand. However... these were just normal everyday ingredients; they did not contain any spirit energy.

The food made with this kind of ingredient actually tasted better than those that contained spirit energy. This was abnormal and beyond what the innocent young man could comprehend.

At that moment, Wei Dafu did not look too good. This was because Bu Fang's mocking look had made him turn red. He felt very embarrassed. It was like a slap on his face when a newbie challenged his authority in the Cooks' Army Unit.

This was unforgivable. That's like challenging a tiger in its den—it was seeking death!

Although... the dish he made was extremely tasty, he did not have any right to be so arrogant. No matter how delectable it was, this dish was still made from basic ingredients.

"I admit... your dish is delicious, but please do not think that a tasty dish would give you the right to be presumptuous. You need to realize... we are now at the Cooks' Army Unit. We face the most undesirable cooking environment but we must still provide the soldiers with a satisfying meal, a meal that allows the soldiers to stay motivated!" said Wei Dafu with a straight face.

His voice was not loud but very authoritative. This made everyone who had just tasted Bu Fang's soup to stop all of their



actions and stare at both of them without daring to make any noise.

Many of them were very impressed by Bu Fang because he was the first ever newcomer to cook a dish that Wei's foul mouth could not criticize. However, they also realized that Bu Fang will not have such an easy time from today on. After all, this was the Cooks' Army Unit, not a normal kitchen.

"Hmmm... you cook very well, huh? That's great... I shall not make it hard for you. After all, every talent in the Cooks' Army Unit is a treasure. I give you permission to cook. However, since you are able to bring the best out of ordinary ingredients, you shall be in charge of cooking all ordinary ingredients," Wei Dafu squinted his eyes and exclaimed.

The surrounding people were all stunned and looked at Bu Fang. They felt sorry for him. That innocent young man also pitied Bu Fang.

"Our Cooks' Army Unit deals mainly with spirit energy ingredients. No matter how tasty your dish that was made from ordinary ingredient is... the soldiers will not eat them. This newcomer... what a pity."

Many felt sorry for him and sighed.

They knew clearly in their hearts that Bu Fang knew how to cook with spirit energy ingredients. He might even be able to create even more delicious dishes with spirit energy ingredients. After all, such ingredients had much better texture than ordinary ones.

Upon hearing what Wei Dafu said, Bu Fang frowned uncontrollably. He could only cook ordinary ingredients? As he looked at that proud and smirking Wei Dafu, Bu Fang nodded his head slightly. He actually agreed.

Wei Dafu was astonished. He folded his arms, waiting for Bu Fang to bootlick him. After all, if he only cooked ordinary

ingredient in the Cooks' Army Unit, it was the same as being sidelined.

"Hmmm! Arrogant young fellow, know your limit, young man! Let's wait till your basic dish gets neglected, then you will come over to ask for my forgiveness.... At the time, I might not even forgive you!"

Wei Dafu thought in his mind.

"Long Cai, bring this kid to collect the steel pot, then bring him to the unit that he belongs to. Have Xiao Huang who's in charge of cooking of basic ingredients to cook spirit energy ingredients instead," Wei Dafu stared at Bu Fang expressionlessly. He then looked at the innocent young man, instructed him, and left for his tent with his steel ladle in hand.

Long Cai looked on as Wei Dafu walked away. He put down the ceramic bowl as he stuck out his tongue.

"Please follow me," Long Cai exclaimed as he started to walk off. "I am Long Cai, the youngest member of the Cooks' Army Unit. What's your name? The Sour Spicy Soup you made just now tasted superb... I've never tasted a basic dish that's so delicious."

Long Cai introduced himself to Bu Fang and stared at him with glittering eyes.

"I am Bu Fang," he nodded, indicating the end of his introduction.

It was normal for his dish to be tasty, so Bu Fang was not particularly shocked by Long Cai's words. Those who tasted his dish before were all left in a state of astonishment, so he was already used to it.

"Eh... Although you have been deployed in the unit that is in charge of ordinary dishes, do not be disappointed. Uncle Wei's personality is like that. Give him some time to think it through. I'm sure he will swap you back soon. After all, your culinary skills

are top notch... you are definitely one of the top five chefs in the unit!" Long Cai joked, trying to lighten the mood in this awkward atmosphere.

"Okay."

Bu Fang followed Long Cai with a poker face. He was not bothered by the feelings of Wei Dafu. To him, Wei Dafu was nothing.

Be it culinary skills or capabilities... Bu Fang was way better in both aspects.

However, Bu Fang was still there to train himself. It would be better to keep a low profile. Once he completed the mission and received the reward, he would leave.

"Yes... this is the unit that you belong to. It's all ordinary ingredient in there. Every time the Cooks' Army Unit cooks, you must prepare an ordinary dish. That's the rule," Long Cai said as he pointed at an old and damaged tent that was quite a distance away from them.

Bu Fang frowned but soon relaxed. He accepted it with a nod of his head and walked toward the tent.

"Please hold on. I'll pass you the equipment." Long Cai shouted at Bu Fang, who was about to walk off.

He went into one of the tents beside him and quickly sprinted out. He came out holding a big black pot. Inside the pot was a kitchen knife with a wooden handle and a steel ladle.

"This is your future equipment in the Cooks' Army Unit. Please do not spoil it or you will have to apply for a new one, which will be very troublesome. You will also be reprimanded by Uncle Wei," Long Cai cautioned him.

However, Bu Fang held the seemingly heavy black pot and nodded, "I understand."

"Hehe, I picked a good pot for you. The quality is pretty good. Don't worry too much, I hope you will leave this basic ingredient unit soon. At that time, I must have a good taste of the spirit energy delicacies that you make!" Long Cai smiled foolishly while touching his head.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows, looked at this weird fellow, smirked, and left for the tent without saying a word.

Long Cai did not stop Bu Fang this time. He stared at Bu Fang's back, sighed, and left.

Although he said that there was a chance that Bu Fang could return to the unit where spirit energy ingredients were used, according to Uncle Wei's temperament, Bu Fang might have to spend at least a year or so before he would have a chance to leave.

Bu Fang naturally had no idea what Long Cai was thinking as he stepped into the tent. The tent was filled with many ingredients. He could smell a musty, light smell of vegetables.

There were many ingredients in the tent. There was meat and vegetable, not lacking in any way. But just as Long Cai mentioned, the ingredients here... were all ordinary ingredients.

Bu Fang calmly settled down in this tent and started his journey in the Cooks' Army Unit.

The morning of the next day, Bu Fang woke up from his simple and crude bed. He only sat on it and did not lie down to sleep. He had a bit of an obsessive disorder.... It would take time for him to get used to the bed.

Bu Fang barely opened his eyes. The sound of a steel ladle and pot colliding repeatedly could be heard from outside the tent.

Dang Dang Dang!!

Then, he heard a rough voice.

"All of you get up and start preparing to move off!"

## Chapter 286: A Big Pot of Dishes

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The intense collision between an iron ladle and a pan caused a racket that reverberated throughout the cook's camps, and in a short while, the peaceful camp became rowdy.

In a rustle, people rubbed their sleepy eyes and came out from their tents.

Bu Fang came out of his tent as well and slowly headed in the direction the crowd was gathered. The army's soldiers gathered together regularly. Although it was Bu Fang's first time in the army, he still had some knowledge about it. Only the army cooks struck a pan to call for a gathering.

The hat worn by the tender youngster, Long Cai, was tilted to the side; he was still really drowsy. The lit firewood situated in the middle of the camp emitted faint crackling sounds that reverberated throughout the surroundings.

A huge iron pot, propped on a wooden frame, roasted on a fire and emitted rumbling sounds, spouting streams of steam which contained spirit energy and possessed a faint fragrant scent.

At this moment, Wei Dafu who carried an iron pan with him, struck it loudly and incessantly. His face carried a faint trace of anger as he regarded the sluggish mass in front of him, so he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Quickly! Quickly! Don't presume that the army cooks aren't true soldiers, pull yourself together and gather around, quickly."

Immediately they heard his words, the cooks sobered up and stood in formation.

Bu Fang calmly followed behind the others and stood amongst them.

This left Wei Dafu—who had narrowed his eyes—quite disappointed; after all, he sought an excuse to scold the arrogant

kid and didn't expect Bu Fang to get up this quickly and line up. Usually, common newcomers slept in until noon.

However, this didn't concern him too much, so he snorted coldly and focused his attention on the other cooks who stood before him.

"Puff your chest out. We just received the general's order yesterday. Our Third Corp will set up tomorrow to confront the enemy, so the general ordered us to make sumptuous dishes and satisfy the soldiers in order to raise their spirits, so they can come back triumphant." Wei Dafu hollered with hands placed behind his back.

As soon as they heard that, the cooks began to chatter noisily. A lot of them were excited because an opportunity to display their skills had finally presented itself.

"Therefore... you all should know what I am about to say: properly prepare today's dishes, don't disgrace our Cooks' Army Unit, and don't cause the soldiers to resentfully say something like 'what the hell is this trash' when they taste our dishes. If that happens, you won't only have disgraced yourself, but you will also have disgraced me, so you all should cook properly." Wei Dafu reiterated in a loud voice.

All the cooks puffed out their chests, and their eyes gleamed with confidence.

Even the kid, Long Cai, puffed out his chest in excitement.

"Good, Long Cai... follow them and distribute the congee to each camp. After you come back, you can start cooking like the others. The rest of you should immediately return back to your camps and start cooking. If I'm not satisfied with today's dishes, all of you will have to chop wood for an entire month."

Immediately, Long Cai's complexion sank. Although he was unwilling, he still obediently carried the iron pot emitting streams

of steam and left the camp—along with the robust cooks.

Bu Fang placed his hands behind his back and turned around slowly; he planned to return to his camp.

However, Wei Dafu's shout stopped him in his tracks.

"Kid, I am watching you closely. If your dish isn't chosen by any of the soldiers, then hehe... You should know what you will face! At that time, you will know the consequences of being arrogant before me, Wei Dafu," he snorted coldly at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gazed at him for a while and curled the corners of his lips upwards. He regarded Wei Dafu the same way he would regard a fool, and Bu Fang was too lazy to argue with him, so he simply turned back and returned to his camp.

He found an assortment of ingredients spread on the ground. Although they were all common ingredients, there were complete sets of different vegetables and meat.

He chose some ingredients, from the pile, which seemed to be of a better quality than the others and weighed them with his hands. Shortly afterward, he set a wooden frame down, placed a pot on it and began his preparations to cook.

For Bu Fang, it didn't matter if his ingredients had been meticulously prepared or not, he was confident about his skill. Every dish he prepared could satisfy his customers, and leave them full of praise.

Calmly, he held onto the wooden frame, waved the knife in his hand and focused his gaze on the ingredients he had chosen. It was easy for him to cook with the common ingredients. Swiftly, his knife swished around and sparkled under the glow of the flames.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

He completely processed the ingredients in several breaths. He was already quite proficient in the use of the Meteor Cutting Technique, so it was really easy for him to process such ordinary

ingredients. Once he had completely processed them, Bu Fang began his preparations to cook them.

First, he heated the pot and then poured oil into it. The oil he used was normal and didn't contain any trace of true energy. This time, the ingredients he used were truly ordinary.

Although the Cooks' Army Unit used spiritual ingredients to cook, they were unable to perfectly preserve the spiritual energy within them—the way Bu Fang could. Instead, they caused the spiritual energy within to flow out. However, this was quite understandable. After all, it was a feat that a lot of master chefs from big restaurants couldn't achieve—let alone the army cooks.

Bu Fang was used to cooking with his True Energy. Although this skill was more useful when spiritual ingredients are used, there wasn't much of a difference for Bu Fang, and this was due to the strength of his spiritual energy. No changes in the ingredients could escape his senses.

The sounds of frying echoed all around, thick smoke permeated the sky, and the fragrance of various dishes wafted throughout the camps of the Cooks' Army Unit.

The dishes that had been prepared by the cooks didn't vary too much. This was because they needed to cook a lot of food, so it would be difficult for them if they chose to prepare complex dishes.

A lot of them only had to make one dish. Therefore, in the end, only several dishes would be available to choose from.

The shrieks of spiritual beasts reverberated throughout the camp. There were some low-grade spiritual beasts being slaughtered, to serve as dishes which would nourish the soldiers' bodies. It could be said that the army cooks had pulled out all the stops—for today's dishes.

This time, Bu Fang only made one dish, so it was prepared



quickly. A short while later, he covered the sumptuous dish on a tray with a lid that sealed the fragrance and prevented it from permeating the surroundings—like the others did.

As soon as he was done, Bu Fang sat cross-legged on his bed, closed his eyes and meditated on his culinary studies while he waited for the others to finish.

A short while later, the sound of an iron ladle striking an iron pot could be heard. Bu Fang opened his eyes, and they contained a trace of excitement.

The first dish he prepared as a member of the Cooks' Army Unit would finally be judged.

However, Bu Fang wasn't worried at all because he had confidence in his skill. He came down from his bed, lifted the huge pot and went out of his tent. As for Whitey, Bu Fang left it in the tent, so it waited there obediently.

When he reached the place where the cooks had gathered, Bu Fang saw some huge pots being hoisted by some cooks while others had placed theirs on the ground. All the pots emitted a strong fragrance which permeated the entire camp.

The cooks were flushed and their foreheads dripped with sweat. It was obvious they were all excited—having finished making their dishes.

"Kid, you should walk a bit faster. Everyone here is waiting for you," Wei Dafu glanced at Bu Fang and said resentfully.

Bu Fang's pot—compared to the others—wasn't considered big, so the other cooks didn't pay much attention to it. After all, the soldiers didn't care for ordinary dishes and might let them go to waste, so they had only allocated a small pot for Bu Fang.

Despite Wei Dafu's snide remarks, Bu Fang calmly walked toward them while carrying his pot.

This made Wei Dafu quite aggrieved, but he snorted coldly and

switched his attention to the others.

"Good! You all can now prepare to serve your dishes."

"Hah!"

The cooks roared as they lifted their heavy pots and walked outside.

## Chapter 287: Mapo Tofu

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The Third Corps of the Western Mystery Army was the weakest of the lot. They couldn't be compared to The Fist Corps who were the elites of the army. The Third Corps fell short of others, especially in terms of the cultivation, tenacity, and stability of their soldiers. However, The Third Corps remained an official army unit whose troops were trained orderly.

The army cooks raised their pots high up. The pots emitted surges of steam that were filled with rich fragrances that wafted through the air. The blend of delicious aromas made evident the delicious dishes in the pots, and the efforts their cooks put into making them. Some of the dishes were prepared from the meat of precious spirit beasts. This was to ensure that the soldiers of the Third Corps attained top shape after eating them, so they would be at their prime when confronting the enemy.

Thump!

Inside the camp, the heavy pots were placed down, and their rich fragrance immediately permeated the entire surroundings.

Some armored soldiers from the camp shot curious glances at the pots. Although they were quite curious about the contents, they didn't seem to expect much. This made Wei Dafu, who had quietly paid attention to the soldiers' expression, quite angry.

However, he felt quite helpless about this. The soldiers of the Third Corp were already tired of eating their regular dishes, but they may feel curious and excited about dishes that had been specially prepared. This was because specially prepared dishes didn't taste bad at all and they weren't consumed by the soldiers often. Regularly prepared dishes seemed almost tasteless in the soldiers' eyes.

They wouldn't be able to satisfy the taste buds of the soldiers unless they came up with a new dish, and the cooks had no way of

achieving that.

The Third Corps' Commander, Zhu Yue, placed his hands behind his back and walked leisurely toward Wei Dafu. Several armored adjutants followed beside him.

Immediately, Wei Dafu bent his body and saluted him respectfully before retreating to the side.

"This is good, well done. Divide these dishes among the soldiers, and let them eat to their heart's content." Zhu Yue instructed with a satisfied smile on his face. Although the quality of the Cooks' Army Unit's dishes was the same, it was already a luxury for these soldiers to be able to eat to their heart's content.

Wei Dafu complied and arranged for the cooks to serve the sumptuous dishes. The soldiers noisily flocked toward the cooks, surrounded the pots hungrily and began to order food in excitement.

Wei Dafu and the others worked hard. The soldiers were quite fond of their spirit energy dishes. Not only did they taste great, but they also helped preserve their True Energy in its peak state, so how could the soldiers not love it?

Bu Fang calmly looked at the soldiers—ravaging dishes like a pack of hungry wolves—before putting his small pot down. His pot was still sealed with a lid, so the aroma didn't leak out at all.

Just as Wei Dafu had predicted, the soldiers only focused on the spirit energy dishes. No one paid attention to Bu Fang's pot, that contained an ordinary dish.

The soldiers didn't even glance in Bu Fang's direction for one second. The disparity between their regard for the other dishes and his dish was huge.

Wei Dafu had a huge smile on his face the entire time. He either ladened bowls with food and handed them to the soldiers, or patrolled with hands behind his back. While patrolling, he couldn't

help but smile as he looked at the cooks bustling about.

His gaze fell on Bu Fang, who stood quietly in a corner. His pot was covered by a lid which sealed its aroma completely. He seemed quite pitiful standing there—all alone.

"Do you see this... it's obvious that no one would pay attention to it. If your dish isn't eaten by anyone, then, I will properly take care of you when we return to our camp." Wei Dafu walked toward Bu Fang, his hands behind his back. He took a look at Bu Fang's pitiful appearance and burst out in laughter.

There was a huge difference between ordinary dishes and spirit energy dishes; it was an irrefutable fact. This was evident from the disparity in the amount of activity that both Wei Dafu and Bu Fang had attracted.

Bu Fang shot a glance at the smug Wei Dafu and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. His expression hadn't changed a bit while the soldiers fought over the dishes made by the other cooks.

Although those soldiers seemed excited, Bu Fang could clearly tell they weren't truly pleased with it. It was obvious that the soldiers had already tasted these dishes many times in the past.

"I'll let the soldiers entertain themselves with the other dishes, for now; otherwise, my dish will be completely devoured in no time," Bu Fang said calmly, a confident smile on his face, as he shot a glance at Wei Dafu.

As if he felt the glance, Wei Dafu's body stiffened for a second, then he sneered with disdain: "Kid, you're really overconfident... There is a huge disparity between ordinary dishes and spirit dishes. Your confidence only showcases your ignorance."

"Ah... Ignorance?" The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upwards.

After that, he paid Wei Dafu no mind, grasped the lid of his pot and lifted it.

Immediately, a pillar of steam burst forth from the pot and shot into the sky—like a mushroom cloud. An overwhelmingly rich fragrance gushed out from the pot, like an erupting volcano, and threw the entire camp into chaos.

The fragrance swept through the entire camp, like a whirlwind, and caused its inhabitants to come to a standstill. The camp was quiet and the soldiers stood still as if they hadn't been fighting over food just moments ago.

They all perceived the strange but rich fragrance and licked their lips; the excessively rich fragrance had greatly stimulated their taste buds.

Bu Fang took a deep breath and, immediately, his face became flushed. Excited, he peered into his pot.

A smell that was rich, spicy, and well, albeit a little rough, escaped out of the pot and into his face. It was the smell of countless pieces of tofu that trembled in the soup — like they were perfectly cut pieces of gelatin.

It was Mapo Tofu... spicy, rough and sweet Mapo Tofu!

It looked really tasty and caused everyone who perceived its pleasant aroma to swallow their saliva. As soon as the fragrance from Bu Fang's dish permeated every nook and cranny of the camp, Wei Dafu's body stiffened. "This fragrance enveloping the camp... what the hell is it?"

Nursing a bad premonition, Wei Dafu turned around and found all the soldiers, who had just fought over other dishes, surrounding Bu Fang and completely sealing him in a tight circle. The soldiers all had longing expressions and smacked their lips fervently.

"This aroma is really fragrant! Ah! I never perceived an aroma this rich before..."

"What kind of dish is this? It isn't something I have eaten before.

Is it a new recipe researched by the army cooks?"

"This sweet and spicy... My God, it has completely aroused my appetite; I can't bear it anymore!"

...

The soldiers chatted nonstop as they stared at the Mapo Tofu with glittering eyes and longing expressions.

"Well? This pot is quite small... Could it be that this dish was made with ordinary ingredients?" The soldiers easily deduced, after all, they were familiar with the army cooks' routine, so they could tell what kind of ingredients were used from the size of the pot.

Once they heard this, disappointment sprouted on the soldiers' faces and their longing waned. After all, the dish had been made using ordinary ingredients.

Despite all that, Bu Fang maintained a composed demeanor. A dish's aroma played an important role in bringing attention to the dish. After all, the customers perceive the aroma first, and it has the ability to stimulate their appetites.

The Mapo Tofu's fragrance was sufficiently rich. There were many types of fragrant dishes, however, the soldiers needed a dish that would improve their mental states; a sweet and spicy dish was the best choice, so Bu Fang chose the Mapo Tofu.

Although the ingredients he used were normal, they still achieved the desired effect.

Bu Fang looked at the soldiers, who were initially excited but now shook their heads in regret, and smiled. He used an iron ladle to scoop the Mapo Tofu into a bowl. The piping hot bowl exuded a thick steam coupled with a rich fragrance.

Bu Fang handed the bowl to the soldier closer to him and smiled calmly. "Here, have a taste."

The soldier received the dish without much thought, making evident the fact that he was still curious.

Wei Dafu watched all this play out with round eyes and raged inwardly, "Why did you take it? Where are your morals and principles? You should eat dishes made with spiritual energy ingredients to maintain optimum condition!"

The soldier anxiously stared at the bowl in his hand. The rosy and tender Mapo Tofu emanated a spicy and numbing fragrance that stimulated his taste buds and attracted his gaze.

Trembling visibly, he used a spoon and scooped up a piece of tofu. He blew at the steam emanating from the tofu and swallowed the piece—under the gazes of everyone.



## Chapter 288: Newcomer, Did You Think That You Could Ascend to the Sky?

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The Mapo Tofu was spicy, numbing, crisp and sweet. The moment it entered the soldier's mouth, his eyes widened. His head started to feel numb and the hairs on his body stood erect. At the same time, every single pore on his body widened.

"Oh! My! God!"

The feeling after putting the Mapo Tofu in his mouth was quite strange. It was as though there were thousands of small hands caressing and teasing his whole body. He felt as if his mouth was holding onto a fragrance bomb. His lips nearly lost all feeling, and at the same time, he felt as though the piece of Mapo Tofu was a slab of hot iron on his tongue. Such a feeling was truly indescribable.

He didn't even have the time to chew onto the piece of Mapo Tofu before it slid down his throat. Moving down into his stomach, it gave him a burning sensation.

"It's too spicy! However, there is a kind of sweetness hidden behind the spice." The eyes of this soldier became moist, as he gasped for breath with this ruddy lips. The tip of his nose became red and he felt as though his whole body was burning up and about to erupt. It was as if he was experiencing the head in the middle of the volcano.

All of the surrounding soldiers anxiously looked their fellow comrade who was the first to eat the Mapo Tofu. They were all curious about the taste of this Mapo Tofu which had an extremely tempting smell. They were ready to devour bowls after bowls of this Mapo Tofu after smelling the aroma coming from it.

The dishes served in the Western Mystery City were mostly spicy and sweet. It was difficult for them to resist the temptation of a

spicy dish when it was placed in front of them. However, the only point which made them hesitate to put the food in their mouth was the fact that the Mapo Tofu was prepared with ordinary ingredients.

If this Mapo Tofu was made from spiritual ingredients, they would have already started fighting over it. Moreover, they would fight over it crazily, even if they had to put their lives on the line.

"This taste... Humhum... It's really too sweet!" The soldier who was the first to try the Mapo Tofu already had a numb mouth. The numbness had already made its way to his tongue, and the soldier stuttered in his speech. The intense spiciness of the Mapo Tofu was no joke.

The eyes of the surrounding soldiers immediately brightened. They swallowed their saliva simultaneously as they stared at the Mapo Tofu in front of them. They were like a pack of hungry wolves staring at their prey.

Who cares if it was a spiritual energy dish or not! They only cared whether the dish tastes good. Only fools would miss a good meal.

"Serve me one piece!"

"I'll have a piece too! I was always fond of spicy food."

"Hurry up and serve me a piece of Mapo Tofu! I can't bear the hunger anymore!."

Shouts and angry arguments broke out and it echoed continuously. All of the soldiers crowded before Bu Fang as they ordered their Mapo Tofu. They were all excited and couldn't help but shout out their orders. They were unable to resist the temptation any longer after one of their fellow comrades tried the delicious Mapo Tofu in front of them.

They were already at the edge of the endurance when they smelt the fragrance coming from the Mapo Tofu.

Wei Dafu's complexion immediately changed. A disgusted

expression appeared on his face. How could this group of people behave like this? Weren't they all soldiers? It didn't matter how good the dish tasted, it was only an ordinary dish made from ordinary ingredients. As long as a dish wasn't made from spirit energy ingredients, it wouldn't be able to improve anyone's condition to their best state. If they were to go into the battlefield in suboptimal conditions, then... It was an important matter which concerned their life and death!

"All of you shouldn't fight over it... It's just a dish made from ordinary ingredients." Wei Dafu looked at the group of bustling soldiers and he couldn't help but open his mouth to advise them.

"Slurp! What the f\*ck? It's so sweet!"

Just when Wei Dafu finished speaking, a soldier beside him swallowed a piece of Mapo Tofu with a slurping sound. The moment he tasted it, he gave a loud shout which caused some of the food residue in his mouth to spray out. Coincidentally, the food residue landed on Wei Dafu's face.

The spicy and numbing feeling instantly affected Wei Dafu. What the f\*ck! Wei Dafu's tears nearly flowed out as the spicy food irritated his skin and made it feel as though his skin was on fire.

Running to a corner, Wei Dafu tried to use his hands in order to rub off the food residue on his face. He wanted to get rid of the scalding pain on his face as soon as possible.

Raising his head, he saw the scene before him. His mouth opened wide and his eyes became filled with incredulity.

This...

All of the soldiers' faces were filled with happiness as they narrowed their eyes and gasped for breath. They licked their rosy lips as beads of sweat formed at the tip of their noses.

Wei Dafu had almost never seen such happy expressions on the soldiers' face. Even if they ate the dishes he personally cooked,

they were never this happy. Although the soldiers loved to eat the dishes he prepared, they never revealed such a satisfied expression when eating his dishes.

Could it be that... This something tofu was extremely delicious?

At this moment, even Wei Dafu couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

Bu Fang's pottery was quite small, and in a short while, all of his Mapo Tofu was gone. It was served to the hungry soldiers, who had even licked the bottom of their bowls after eating their food.

At this moment, the soldiers which were far away noticed a crowd of soldiers surrounding Bu Fang. They rushed over curiously in order to find out what had happened, and were surprised when they saw the appearance of the soldiers surrounding him.

"There was delicious food here? What the f\*ck! You bastard! Why didn't any of you call us over?"

"F\*ck! What do you mean? Everything is gone?"

"What the f\*ck? Did all of you go crazy? Why did you guys eat a dish made up of ordinary ingredients with such relish? Are all of you planning to die on the battlefield?"

....

The soldiers in the camp started arguing and chatting with each other. The soldiers who ate Bu Fang's dish were unwilling to be outdone as they discovered an astonishing fact. After consuming Bu Fang's Mapo Tofu, their breaths became stable and steady. Their body seemed to possess boundless strength, and even the speed of the True Energy revolving within their bodies became faster.

As for the condition of their bodies... It had unexpectedly reached their best state! It was as if they ate spirit energy dishes rather than ordinary food.

It was truly unfathomable!

The soldiers who had just finished licking the bottom of their bowls looked at Bu Fang with a glistering and passionate gaze.

"He's able to use ordinary ingredients to make such a delicacy. It was even able to improve the condition of our bodies..."

When did such an impressive chef appear in the army's kitchen?

As Wei Dafu clenched his teeth, the surrounding cooks also furrowed their brows as they stared at Bu Fang. The newcomer's dish attracted all of the soldiers' attention and no one was interested in the dishes the other chefs made. Even for those who were already eating, they were not thinking about the food at all. It seemed as though their mind was preoccupied with other thoughts.

The appearance of the soldiers who were eating dishes from other chefs showed a great deal of disrespect. After all, all of the dishes were prepared meticulously by other chefs. This caused much unhappiness among all the other chefs.

"What are all of you doing? Are you guys eating or fighting on the battlefield? Am I too lenient and tolerant toward everyone?"

The commander Zhu Yue wore a serious face as he placed his hands behind his back. He slowly made his way toward the crowd. He furrowed his brows and looked at the soldiers who were arguing as though they were in a market. He was dissatisfied with their performance and scolded all of them.

After they were scolded by the commander, all of the soldiers who were causing a ruckus immediately became obedient and quiet. They went over to choose other spirit energy dishes to eat.

It was the same for the soldiers who ate the Mapo Tofu. As there were only a few pieces of Mapo Tofu, they only had the opportunity to grab a taste of it. It was impossible for them to eat to their heart's content.

When those soldiers ate other spirit energy dishes, their complexion became ugly. They felt as though they were eating tasteless dried food.

"Pah! What the hell is this thing? It's horrible!"

"Is this food made to feed pigs? It's too gross... Not to mention the fact that the spice in this dish makes it no different from plain water!"

"Why are the skills of the current cooks so bad? The dishes they make are becoming more and more horrible!"

After eating a mouthful of the other spiritual dishes, the soldiers who ate the Mapo Tofu couldn't help but complain. Although their voices weren't loud, their words were heard clearly by the other army cooks.

Wei Dafu was angered to the point that his face became distorted.

Their repayment for the dishes which they meticulously prepared was "what the hell is this thing"? What happened to their taste buds? Was it because they ate a bowl of that Mapo Tofu?

It wasn't only Wei Dafu who had a disgusted expression on his face. The other cooks also had the same reaction. After thinking about the possible reasons, they simultaneously looked toward Bu Fang with a hostile gaze.

Facing their gazes, Bu Fang wasn't flurried at all, neither did he care about their vicious gazes.

"Is it my fault that the dishes I made turned out to be delicious? Why are all of you blaming me?"

"Why you don't want to eat it? If all of you are not interested in eating, hurry up and pack up! Get ready to move out!" Zhu Yue took a bowl of food, swept his gaze over the soldiers whose face was full of resentment and said in a cold voice.

After the commander expressed his dissatisfaction, no matter

how unwilling the soldiers were, they obediently ate their food. After all, people were like iron on the battlefield. The food they ate was like the steel they were made from. If they didn't eat their fill, they would definitely end up dead on the battlefield.

Wei Dafu's chest was heaving up and down, and the surrounding cooks seemed as though their skins were trembling. All of them made their way toward Bu Fang.

Those who approached Bu Fang were old and experienced army cooks. They were all resentful of Bu Fang due to the humiliation they had just suffered.

They completely surrounded him to form an invisible pressure around him. They wanted to force him to lower his head so that he could show his respects toward his seniors.

He was just a trivial newcomer. Was he thinking of ascending to the sky?

# Chapter 289: Why Should I Care if You are Uncomfortable?

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Bu Fang calmly covered his pot with a lid made of wood. After sealing it, he carried it out without caring about the cold gazes the other cooks gave him.

The other cooks were extremely angry as the dishes they prepared with utmost care were suppressed by Bu Fang's dish. Not to mention the fact that Bu Fang's dish was made from ordinary ingredients. This was an outright humiliation to the other cooks.

However, no matter how angry they were, they didn't attack Bu Fang. After all, they were in another group's camp and the commander, Zhu, was standing not too far away. Even if they wanted to teach Bu Fang a lesson, they had to wait till they returned to their own camp.

Therefore the only thing the other cooks could do was to snort at him coldly. They also glared at Bu Fang with eyes that didn't harbor good intentions.

Wei Dafu was extremely shocked by Bu Fang's skill. However, his shock was quickly suppressed by him as he knew that the tallest tree in a forest would always be ravaged by the wind. Such a statement was applicable everywhere, and Bu Fang's splendid performance had already attracted many jealous and wary gazes.

Bu Fang's life among the army cooks would just get more and more difficult from now on. It might even reach the stage where it would be difficult for Bu Fang to take a single step out.

However, Bu Fang wasn't concerned about any of this at all.

The only change in his expression was when he furrowed his brows. Ignoring the sharp gazes from the other cooks, he lifted his pot and left the camp. The pot was empty and it was justifiable for him to return to his own tent.



After witnessing Bu Fang's empty pot, Wei Dafu could feel his face heating up. He was starting to feel embarrassed as he was the one who was skeptical about Bu Fang's dish in the first place. He had ferociously said that if Bu Fang's dish wasn't eaten by anyone, he would ruthlessly punish him. However, the results made Wei Dafu choke on his words. It seemed as though his words gave him a sharp slap on his own face.

Not only was Bu Fang's dish eaten, but it was also the first to be eaten completely.

Comparing yourself to another person would truly... make you choke yourself in anger.

"Are the dishes made by this kid.... really that good?" Wei Dafu's head was already starting to spin.

Bu Fang carried his pot as he walked back to his camp. After stretching lazily, he sat down cross-legged on his bed. He thought about the ingredients which didn't have the slightest trace of spirit energy in them and he couldn't help but furrow his brows. He thought about the different ways he could have cooked the ingredients.

While Bu Fang was deep in his thoughts, mealtime ended and the other cooks started returning to the camp.

The atmosphere in the camp instantly became awkward.

Long Cai was the first one who came over to Bu Fang. He was also the first one to give Bu Fang a kind warning. Bu Fang's dish stole the limelight of all the other cooks and thus the dishes prepared by them were not well received by the soldiers.

Currently, the old cooks wanted to give Bu Fang a hard time.

Bu Fang's response gave Long Cai a shock. He stared at Bu Fang dumbfounded when he realized that Bu Fang wasn't the least bit worried about the other cooks. With a calm expression, Bu Fang remained on his bed.

Wei Dafu placed his hands behind his back as he followed the other cooks who were making their way toward Bu Fang's tent. They eventually squeezed their way into Bu Fang's tent.

"What kind of smell is this? It's obviously the smell of some kind of poison! What kind of good dish could be made inside such a run-down place?"

"Tsk Tsk Tsk... All of you, come over and look at this. The vegetable seems to be rotten and the stench of the rotten vegetables is stinking up the room. Someone actually dares to use such ingredients to prepare food. This is truly shameless."

"Where are his moral and principles? If the soldiers develop a stomachache after eating food made from this place, it would be a huge problem! What would we do then? "

...

The moment the group of cooks came into Bu Fang's tent, they started criticizing and picking fault with him. It was evident that everyone was extremely annoyed with Bu Fang for stealing their limelight.

Bu Fang was a newcomer and a youngster. Yet all of them were experienced cooks and they were suppressed by such a youngster. This made all of them quite unhappy.

Long Cai was angry with the other cooks for picking on Bu Fang, but he had no way to stop them. Although he was young, he had been in the army for quite some time. He heard the stories about how the older cooks would take advantage of their own seniority to suppress the newer cooks. However, this was the first time he actually saw it happening.

He felt a bit disgusted by them. Their current appearance caused goosebumps on his entire body.

Bu Fang was living in the camp where the ordinary ingredients were stored. As they were ordinary ingredients, they had a much

shorter shelf life compared to spirit ingredients. Of course, it was normal for some of them to rot. Bu Fang had no idea why they were putting up such a pretentious act in front of him.

Could it be because his dish was accepted by most of the soldiers?

It was easy for a human's mind to lose its harmony. The moment their sanity was lost, they would exhibit disgusting behavior.

Bu Fang calmly swept this group of people with his calm gaze. There wasn't a shred of emotion behind his gaze.

The only thing Bu Fang did was to stare at the rest of the cooks with his cold gaze. He stared at them till all the buzz stopped. The rest of the cooks couldn't help but close their mouth after looking at Bu Fang's cold eyes.

Bu Fang possessed an unfathomable imposing aura which made them slightly cower in fear.

Wei Dafu walked out from the crowd of cooks as he stood before Bu Fang. Facing Bu Fang, a disgruntled expression appeared on his face.

"Kid... I admit that your cooking is truly impressive. However, you shouldn't run around rampantly here. Your attitude would make many people uncomfortable, do you understand? If people are uncomfortable with you here, they would make your life difficult. Your days here wouldn't be good at all," Wei Dafu said.

"Why should I care if all of you are comfortable or not? The mission of a chef is to make dishes to please his customers. It is not to cook dishes to please people like you. Moreover, who do you think you are? All of you think that you are so great... Why must I care about what you guys want?"

With a calm expression on his face, he easily rebuked Wei Dafu. It was his first time meeting such unreasonable people. The reason they were picking on him was due to the fact that he cooked delicious food and caught the soldiers' attention. Did they think of

suppressing him just because his dish was the most popular?

Was the imperial capital's black-hearted Owner Bu... this easy to suppress and bully?

"Now... except Long Cai, the rest of you should all get out of my tent. Otherwise..." Bu Fang lightly shouted.

The mechanical eyes of Whitey, which stood in the corner of the tent, immediately glittered with a red light. Whitey's eyes swept through the faces of all the cooks with a vicious look.

"What the f\*ck! This kid is truly too arrogant. I'm not going to take this lying down, I'll beat him to death."

A big man which was wearing a military uniform made from linen under his apron walked out from the crowd. He was the most robust among the cooks, and although his cooking wasn't the best, he had the strongest body and cultivation among them.

Arriving in front of Bu Fang, this person gave the table beside him a slap. With a single slap, the table split into several pieces.

As there was already someone taking the initiative to cause trouble, the others followed him and started to cry out angrily and indignantly.

All of them stared at Bu Fang with an angry expression. They were all unhappy with Bu Fang as the dishes they prepared with sweat and effort were suppressed by a dish made from ordinary ingredients. Not to mention the fact that the dish was made by a kid much younger than them.

That kind... that kind of trash dish, what qualifications and right did it have to suppress their dishes?

Long Cai's tender face quickly became pale. He looked at the group of people who were behaving aggressively and overbearing toward Bu Fang. He cowered in fear toward where Bu Fang was positioned.

At this moment, Bu Fang and Long Cai seemed like the passengers of a small boat floating before giant waves. They seemed to be enduring the huge waves crashing toward them and overbearing winds battering against them at the same time. It seemed as though the anger of the other cooks were vast giant waves which were about to overturn their little boat. Bu Fang seemed to be completely suppressed at the moment.

"I said... stop causing trouble in my tent. Otherwise, you shouldn't blame me for being merciless."

Bu Fang stood up from the bed and snapped at all of them.

The robust-looking cook stared at Bu Fang as he took another step toward him. He reached his hand out to grab Bu Fang's collar, wanting to teach Bu Fang a lesson. This kind of insolent and rude newcomer should be properly taught a lesson. He actually dared to steal his seniors' limelight!

Bu Fang stared at him and lifted his slender hand. With a light slap, he slapped away the hand of the robust cook.

A resounding and crisp sound immediately resounded in the room. That robust cook instantly felt as though his hands had swelled up and the intense pain caused beads of sweat to form on his forehead.

"Whitey... strip this group of people who are causing trouble. After you are done, throw them out," Bu Fang calmly said.

Two red eyes behind Bu Fang immediately shone brightly and Whitey's clone appeared. Its glittering red eyes looked toward the cooks surrounding Bu Fang.

"Snort! Stop with your tricks. What are you trying to achieve with this trivial and worn out puppet?" Wei Dafu snorted coldly with disdain as he looked at Whitey.

Whitey seemed quite ordinary and Wei Dafu had seen many puppets like this. In his years as an army cook, he came in touch

with many strange and odd sects during the army's campaigns. One of the sects was specialized in making puppets such as the one beside Bu Fang.

Wei Dafu wasn't worried at all as he thought that puppets like this didn't have any kind of fighting prowess. However, he was astonished as the sound of clothes tearing resounded the moment he finished his sentence.

Rip!

A crisp sound rang out. It was accompanied by a white shadow flying away. The sound caused by a heavy object falling on the floor resounded not too long after, outside the tent.

Everyone blanked out as they simultaneously turned their heads. As they looked outside the tent, they saw a robust and huge naked man covering his crotch as his entire body trembled. He was struggling to stand up, and he looked extremely pitiful.

As the corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upwards, he patted Whitey's round belly. Crawling back to his bed, he sat cross-legged on it as he ignored the rest of the cooks.

His gaze was still calm and composed like a flowing cloud.

# Chapter 290: Segregated

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"You... how dare you?!"

Wei Dafu looked at the robust man who got thrown out of the tent after being stripped bare. Immediately, his heart shuddered while the finger that was pointing out trembled, and his face was showing an implausible expression.

How could he dare to throw him out? For what reason did he dare to throw him out?

This was the first time he had met such an unreasonable newcomer, the first time he met such a savage newcomer!

Wei Dafu was furious, he felt as though he was slapped in the face; utterly embarrassed. That lump of steel that Bu Fang brought did not spare any consideration to his feelings.

The robust man thrown outside of the tent stood up tottering. There was a mingling of green and red color on his face. He was depressed to the point of almost vomiting blood. This f\*cker... he would go so far as to tear off someone else's clothes? Is there a need to be so berserk?

"Kid... Just wait!" The robust man looked at Bu Fang who was sitting cross-legged on the bed. He wanted to leave behind some ruthless words but he sensed a red ray sweeping past him. Immediately, even his buttock had also started trembling as he looked at Whitey in terror.

Even though he was a chef in Cooks' Army Unit, he still had a certain level of cultivation. Once he picked up a weapon, he could also become a soldier who was able to go into battle. However, when facing Whitey, he could not even figure out what had exactly happened and was already stripped bare and thrown out.

Being stripped bare was not something terrifying. The crucial point was that he did not even know how did he get stripped!

Inside the tent, dead silence took over for a while. Then, questioning voices resounded one after another. The Cooks' Army Unit members all displayed an angry look. This newcomer unexpectedly really dare to retaliate? Did he really think that just because he could cook a few dishes of delicacies he could become complacent? He had actually made a move on the old man!

"Kid, you are looking for death? You actually dare to make a move on us, your seniors?"

"Humph! A newcomer is always newcomer. You actually dare to make a move on us. Do you want to chop firewood for your whole life?"

"This savage newcomer, we have to teach him a lesson! Otherwise, he would never know how to be respectful to his seniors!"

...

Chattering sounds circled within the tent unceasingly. It forced Bu Fang to open up his eyes. He frowned and displayed traces of annoyance.

"Those who were being clamorous... strip them bare and throw them out."

Bu Fang said unsympathetically and his tone was extremely cold. Facing these people, he did not have any slightest intention of being modest.

Some people had been truly angered by Bu Fang. "The way this kid spoke... is too savage, isn't it? Could it be that he really think that we don't have anyone here who would be able to discipline him?"

A few of their expressions turned fierce as they shouted while dashing toward the direction Bu Fang was at.

However, very quickly... they realized something was amiss. After they had dashed out, they felt that they were as if treading on



clouds and had unexpectedly been flung up. Their body streaked across the skies in an elegant arc and their view, which was supposed to be them advancing, had unexpectedly turned to them retreating.

"I..."

Bang Bang!

Sounds of heavy objects landing onto the ground resounded consecutively. Those two who had planned to deal with Bu Fang were similarly stripped bare and thrown out of the tent. They looked like other two scarlet red figures crawling up from the floor awkwardly.

Wei Dafu expression congealed slightly. "How audacious!!"

Just as he had opened his mouth and was planning to interrogate Bu Fang, he realized that the red-eyed Whitey had already appeared in front of him before him knowing it. It lifted up his collar and threw him out. His body rotated in the air and his shirt was also in the midst of rotating as he got stripped bare.

Got stripped bare... damn it!

Bang... Wei Dafu was stupefied. From the start to the end, he was stupefied. Only when he landed on the ground and felt a severe pain did he understand that he had been stripped bare and was thrown out.

Inside the tent, the grumbling of questions and curses at that very instant was put to a stop. They seemed like male ducks whose throats had been grabbed, with their eyes open wide and their faces filled with terror.

Wei Dafu, Captain Wei, who had the most experience in the Cooks' Army Unit and was also the most proficient in culinary skills, had also unexpectedly been thrown out by Bu Fang's steel puppet. Furthermore, he was also stripped bare as well...

Everyone's body trembled while there was endless excitement in

Long Cai eyes.

Wei Dafu crawled up from the floor and covered his crotch. He was utterly discomfited while his eyes were filled with hatred.

"Brat! Just you wait!! From today onwards, you just have to stay here, in this ordinary ingredients camp obediently. Don't even think of touching the hair of spirit energy ingredients!"

"Long Cai, what are you laughing at?! Do you also feel like staying in this ordinary ingredients camp?!"

Wei Dafu was angered to the point of stomping around but he did not dare to make any of his actions wide. Therefore, it appeared rather comical, causing Long Cai to want to laugh, but he didn't dare to.

"Scram!" Bu Fang opened up his eyes and there were traces of impatience in it. Ever since he had joined the Cook's Army Unit, this Wei Dafu had been opposing him unceasingly... Bu Fang was already somewhat stupefied. What was he up to?

However, at that moment, it was no longer important as to what he was up to. Bu Fang was already impatient and did not give him any face.

The people inside the tent were like water as they retreated. They knew that it was impossible for them to use force to deal with Bu Fang because that lump of steel was way too strong. But since using force was out of the question, then they would isolate him, leaving him alone!

Everyone was given an order to not have a single bit of interaction with Bu Fang...

To have been isolated in the army, this was practically something too awful for a lot of people.

However, Bu Fang was indifferent toward it.

Ultimately, Long Cai also glimpsed at Bu Fang worriedly and left.

Very quickly, the insides of the tent became very quiet and cold.

...

Dang Dang Dang!!

Sounds of striking the pot resonated. Subsequently, Wei Dafu's ice-cold voice spread throughout the entire camp.

"Get ready to march off. Quickly fall-in for me. Carry your equipment well and bring along your tools. We are moving off!"

Rustling!

In the midst of chaos, there were orderly sounds being resonated. Subsequently, figure after figure exited out from the tents.

On the back of these people, they were carrying black steel woks as they lined up according to their team within the camp.

At the very start, they got Bu Fang to carry the wok... and Bu Fang had rejected it. He could have completely kept this black wok into the system's storage space. However, because this time he was undergoing the mission, the system's storage space had been sealed off, not allowing him to use the ingredients inside the system's storage space. As far as this problem was concerned, it had become a headache for Bu Fang.

Therefore, he had no choice but to follow the Cooks' Army Unit members as he carried the wok and walked out of the tent. They converged within the camp as they lined-up accordingly to their formations.

The Cooks' Army Unit were marching off because they had to be responsible for cooking. Therefore, they had to carry the black wok with them. After they had set up the camps, they would put up their stove on the spot straightaway and start cooking.

Wei Dafu was also carrying a wok as he swept past the entire formation gloomily. When he saw Bu Fang was also carrying a wok, his complexion became vaguely heavy as he harrumphed to

himself once.

Under the bugle horn echo, the Cook's Army Unit members also carried their black woks one after another as they pushed the heavy wagon and departed from the camp. They regrouped with the Western Mystery Army third corps and moved toward the outside of Western Mystery City together.

The march this time not only had the Western Mystery Army Third Corps, there were also the main force of Western Mystery Army, the Second Corps. The two big corps departed from Western Mystery City as they headed toward the nearest city to provide assistance because Western Mystery City had received letters requesting for help from the neighboring cities.

In the letter, they had described the enemy as someone extremely formidable. Hence, they had sent out two corps of their Western Mystery Army.

After all, Western Mystery City was the largest city in the northwest. Besides, it was one of the three big ancient cities. They had to support the order of the northwest of the Light Wind Empire, and wiping out the enemies was their responsibility.

On the vast field, a long and narrow army was traveling unhurriedly. The distribution of the unit formed a very long line. Every location had different types of soldiers and Cooks' Army Unit was the last unit. Each of them carried a black wok behind them, making it difficult for them to advance forward.

The hot sun blossomed in the sky as it shone down its scorching sun rays, causing the whole field to seem as if it was being roasted to the point of being evaporated.

Many of them were suffering due to the scorching heat and almost couldn't endure it any longer.

Bu Fang carried the wok while Whitey followed behind him blindly. The distance between him and his unit was quite big

because, after experiencing the incident on the previous day, the Cooks' Army Unit members did not get along with Bu Fang. Other than Long Cai, all of them had completely isolated him.

They wanted to take revenge on Bu Fang using this method, making him turn mad while he was in the Cooks' Army Unit.

Every time Long Cai chatted with Bu Fang, he would be stared at by Wei Dafu. Thereafter, Long Cai would run away dejectedly, leaving behind a Wei Dafu who used a sneering expression to look at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang felt that this Wei Dafu was a crazy man...

Creak, Creak.

While pushing the heavy wagon cart, the wheels produced heavy sounds on the road but the march still continued nevertheless.

When the pitch-black nightfall hanged itself high up on the sky, two curved moons stretched out its head mischievously.

Under the command of a voice, the soldiers stopped their onward march and started setting up their encampments.

The Cooks' Army Unit members started to get really busy as they quickly built up their tent and set up their wok holders to begin cooking the dishes.

Bu Fang stopped at the back as he looked at the quick and orderly Cooks' Army Unit built up the tents and set up the wok holders while faint traces of amazement showed up on his face.

No doubt, these people were indeed part of the Cook's Army Unit who often marched and had lots of experience doing it. When they did these things, they did it so skillfully and easily.

Bu Fang had also built up his tent himself and set up the wok holder as he prepared to begin cooking.

However, when the Cooks' Army Unit had started cooking with the smoke rising in spirals while the other soldiers were all resting

to preserve and nurture their spirits, following the rustling noise in the surrounding, the shrubs that were covering the encampments seem to have noises of fragmentation resounding.

This caused the surrounding soldiers' hearts to become panicky. A soldier went forward to examine and had just pushed aside the shrub... when a ferocious wolf howl resonated. Subsequently, a huge figure pounced out as it bit onto the soldier who had gone forward to examine.

# Chapter 291: Spirit Beasts Attack

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Above the wide northwest plain, a ray of light that resembled a sword flashed past. Its alarming movement speed was even faster than lightning.

The rushing wind parted and the ray of light disappeared to reveal a silhouette standing atop a sword. This person had pointy eyebrows and eyes as bright as stars.

He had traveled all the way here by flight—atop his sword. He observed the vast land area of the northwest plain and squinted his eyes.

"We are almost at Western Mystery City... Great Elder arranged for us to go there to assist. Did such a terrible thing really happen at Western Mystery City? The Shura Sect's re-emergence... No one would ever expect that." Tang Yin's white robe fluttered in the wind as he looked over at the distant horizon. With a ray of light, he continued moving forward.

The Light Wind empire was in chaos and its many cities were involved in wars. Bloody wars and bloodshed had resulted in the deaths of countless soldiers. The empire had been submerged into a deep sense of grievance.

As one of the Southern Region's biggest sects, the Celestial Arcanum Sect situated on Wuliang Mountain couldn't turn a blind eye to the issue. Besides, an elder from the Godly Temple of Wildlands' Ferocious Divine Hall was defeated in the Light Wind Empire, and the Godly Temple of Wildlands found it rather astonishing.

That elder had the body of a Supreme-Being and a high cultivation level; just one step away from reaching the Supreme-Being echelon. An expert like him was actually defeated in Light Wind Empire, so how could they not be concerned about it. The Godly Temple of Wildlands then sent people out to investigate and

discovered that the Light Wind empire had been ravaged by a civil war and it seemed... as though someone was behind it.

As soon as the experts from the Godly Temple of Wildlands obtained this information, a slaughter began and they were the targets. Some of their Battle-Saints were defeated and only a handful managed to get away. Those who managed to get away began to spread the news.

The Shura Sect, which was destroyed thousands of years ago... had resurfaced. They even instigated the civil war in the Light Wind Empire. Although their motives were unknown, the Shura Sect was wicked, evil, and definitely up to no good.

Upon receiving the news from the Godly Temple of Wildlands, the Southern Border's strongholds sent out their strongest disciples to assist.

King Yu had the Shura Sect as his backing while the emperor of the Light Wind Empire was supported by super experts from the other strongholds.

A short time later, both parties became evenly matched.

....

"Ground Wolves!"

With a loud cry, the Third Corps of the Western Mystery Army rushed out. They surrounded the giant wolves that had emerged from the ground.

The Ground Wolves were very agile and lived underground. For them, moving about in the ground was akin to swimming in water. They were a rare breed of northwest spirit beast. As fourth grade spirit beasts, their attacks weren't strong, but they were capable of dealing damage when it was least expected.

Moreover, they were very aggressive when they bit their targets, making sure to draw a lot of blood. A Ground Wolf could rip a soldier's clean off with a single bite, resulting in intense bleeding.



The experienced soldiers lifted up their weapons and charged toward the Ground Wolves with different battle cries.

As the commander of the Third Corps, Zhu Yue's expression turned pale. The army only just started marching and had already encountered such a strong spirit beast. This was a really bad start for them...

Soon, the Ground Wolves were defeated by the troops and escaped underground. However, the soldiers were tensed up and dared not let their guards down.

Ground Wolves... Bu Fang's eyes lit up as he looked at a Ground Wolf which had been stabbed to death by the soldiers. His interest intensified as he began to examine it.

The other members of the Cooks' Army Unit were busy defending the army rations and didn't notice his actions.

Bu Fang flipped over the wolf's body and squinted his eyes; the quality of the Ground Wolf's meat was pretty good.

These wolves had lived underground for so long, their meat had been purified by the spirit energy underground and developed a unique feel.

Bu Fang patted the body of the wolf before standing up. He sighed regretfully; he couldn't use the system's storage space. Otherwise, it could have been used to store the body of this wolf.

Its price may be low but the quality of the meat was good, and it would probably taste delicious after getting cooked.

Although the Ground Wolves had retreated, the Third Corps felt deeply troubled. They were victorious, but many soldiers sustained injuries, and the camp was filled with soldiers wailing in pain.

Such agile and sneaky spirit beasts were the hardest to control.

However, regardless of the situation, they had to continue their march. On the second day, the Western Mystery Army continued

to move on.

It wasn't long before trouble found them, again. As they passed by a pile of jagged rocks, fourth grade Wind Snakes, which were originally lazy in nature, went on a rampage and began attacking the soldiers. Many soldiers were gravely injured as a result.

Although these Wind Snakes were not very poisonous, they could still weaken a person for some days. These spirit beasts were hard to deal with.

The snakes' attack demoralized the Western Mystery Army even further...

The commander of the Third Corps, Zhu Yue, had a bad feeling. Although they hadn't been provoked, these spirit beast still attacked the army—there must be a problem. He had led marches many times, and this was not the first time he encountered spirit beasts, but he had never seen a spirit beast initiating an attack on the army.

Although he had yet to identify the cause, his army had to continue on their journey. As they marched on, the Third Corps met with several spirit beasts attacks. These spirit beast weren't high grade, but they attacked in large groups, making it very difficult to deal with them.

The Western Mystery Army's morale was at an all-time low; the soldiers seemed lifeless but were full of complaints.

.....

An army flag was situated atop a mountain—filled with yellow sand. Behind the flag were soldiers with spirit horse mounts. At this moment, the soldiers stood up. Among them, there was a person enshrouded in black robes who gave off an evil aura. The surrounding soldiers all gazed at the figure reverently.

"Senior Ah Mu Ni... if everything goes as planned, the Western Mystery Army should arrive at Mo Luo City soon. When that

happens, Mo Luo City would be backed by the Western Mystery Army which would put us in a disadvantageous position." A prominent soldier noted with a frown.

"General Mo Lin, as one of King Yu's prized officials, you must have some foresight. Western Mystery Army's journey to this place, from Western Mystery City, will be filled with many surprises. I have prepared many gifts for them. Once they reach the foot of the mountain, they will be doomed." The black robe elderly grinned.

Mo Lin was stunned but dared not ignore what he had been told. After all, the black robe elderly was a seventh grade Battle-Saint. They could have easily conquered Mo Luo City with him around. However, another seventh grade Battle-Saint suddenly appeared in Mo Luo City, and this caused them to slow down their attacks.

By conquering Mo Luo City, they would be able to exert more pressure on the biggest city in the northwest, Western Mystery City.

Apparently, Western Mystery City understood how tense the situation was, so they called for backup.

"Report! The spies ahead reported that the Western Mystery Army had entered the region near the foot of the mountain."

The scout had rushed over and made his report as Mo Lin and the black-robed elder discussed. Their eyes lit up, and they immediately got on their horses. Quickly, they led their soldiers and rushed off.

Currently, the Western Mystery Army's Third Corps were very low on morale. Encountering so many spirit beast attacks along the way left them baffled. The soldiers were drained, both physically and mentally, and their condition was terrible.

Zhu Yue realized how troublesome the situation was, so he ordered them to set up a camp here to rest.

The Third Corps were in a state of panic, so they sent many scouts to go on ahead. That way, if any more spirit beasts planned to attack them, they would be prepared.

"We will reach Mo Luo City soon. Pass down my orders to the Cooks' Army Unit. Ask them to make a sumptuous meal to bring up the morale of everyone!" Zhu Yue hollered.

The Cooks' Army Unit received the military order. Although Wei Dafu and the rest were lethargic, they had to move quickly, as the meal would affect their performance in the next battle.

...

Xiu Xiu!

An arrow soared over quickly and with great force. It sliced through the wind with an echo as loud as thunder. A scout currently exploring the path ahead was instantly shot down, with blood spilling out from his brain!

A rain of arrows suddenly enveloped the skies, killing the scouts.

However, despite the heavy attack, a scout—albeit covered in blood—managed to escape and rode quickly toward the Western Mystery Army. An ambush was impending! The scout was panicked.

...

Having received orders, it was time to start cooking. Bu Fang calmly set up his wok holder, placed the large wok on it and started a fire. Soon, smoke rose up. He was only in charge of cooking the basic ingredients, so he did not need to put too much thought into it. This made his job easier.

Zhu Yue stood in front of the camp, frowning.

Suddenly, he squinted his eyes and saw a scout from afar, riding a horse. The scout was covered in blood but still frantically rushed back to the camp.

# Chapter 292: Tang Yin Rushed in as the Battle Started

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Gurgling! Gurgling!

The wok was emitting clouds of steam which rose into the dark night. Floating high up into the sky, the clouds slowly dispersed.

Bu Fang removed the lid from the pot, which allowed the fragrance of the soup to permeate the air. The dish he was preparing was still the Sour Spicy Soup. What choice did he have? However, Bu Fang didn't care about preparing the same dish again, after all, he was assigned to a position where all he had were ordinary ingredients. The types of ingredients he had were extremely limited.

There were countless pieces of potatoes boiling in the Sour Spicy Soup, along with pieces of mushroom that danced around the broth as the liquid bubbled.

Although the soup was already thoroughly boiled, Bu Fang allowed the fire under the pot to continue burning. It appeared as though Bu Fang didn't have the slightest intention of extinguishing the fire. With a bowl in his hand, he leisurely scooped himself a serving of the soup as he walked over to a corner. Taking a deep breath, he scooped a mouthful of soup into his mouth.

In a distant place, the other army cooks were diligently making their dishes. Their mental state wasn't at their peak as they had been on the move for quite some time. On the road, all they experienced were fear and trepidation. Their nerves were taut the entire journey, and they were finally able to loosen themselves up. They were finally completely and thoroughly relaxed.

As Bu Fang drank this bowl of delicious Sour Spicy Soup, he felt a warm current flow through his entire body. As the nights in the northwest plains were extremely cold, the sensation of the warm

soup flowing into his belly felt extremely comfortable.

Long Cai dragged his exhausted body as he walked toward Bu Fang. His nose slightly twitched as he smelled the scent of the Sour Spicy Soup boiling in the pot and his eyes immediately brightened.

Scooping himself a bowl, he sat beside Bu Fang with the steaming hot soup in his hand. As he took a deep breath, he started drinking the bowl of Sour Spicy Soup.

After the cooks in the Cooks' Army Unit prepared their dishes, they distributed them to the soldiers who were setting up their camps. Since the ingredients they used were spiritual ingredients, the soldiers felt full of energy after consuming the dishes.

This was the reason behind the existence of the Cooks' Army Unit.

...

Zhu Yue's eyes widened as he stared at the scout whose whole body was soaked in blood. Before the scout was able to reach him, he collapsed onto the ground. Zhu Yue's heart clenched for a second before he raised his head. Looking into the pitch black area before him, it seemed like the mouth of a terrifying devil.

"Damn! There is an ambush!"

Zhu Yue angrily roared. He used his True Energy as he shouted, and his voice was heard by all the soldiers who were eating the dishes the Cooks' Army Unit prepared. Their nerves immediately tightened and they leaped from their seats. They quickly gathered together and got ready to fight.

A single flash... Two flashes...

There were countless spirit beasts whose eyes were blood-red as they emerged from the pitch-black region in front of the campsite. They rushed toward the Western Mystery Army crazily and tyrannically as they pounced on the soldiers.

Zhu Yue took the lead and brought a group of soldiers with him. They started killing the spirit beasts one by one.

"It's another flock of crazy spirit beasts! Damn! What on earth is going on?" Zhu Yue was enraged and became even more ferocious. With each swing of his sword, he would behead one of those spirit beasts. It was easy for him to kill them as the beasts didn't have a high cultivation level.

The only thing the beasts had were numbers.

Suddenly, Zhu Yue seemed as though he heard the sound of a bow being drawn. An arrow shot out from the darkness with a vast and powerful momentum. It cut through the wind and it traveled as though it wanted to rip the sky apart. It shot in a straight line toward Zhu Yue's head.

In such a critical moment, Zhu Yue roared and blocked this arrow.

An arrow... This meant that there were enemy troops up ahead.

Zhu Yue's heart tightened for a second. In the next moment, he could hear the shouts of countless people coming from the patch of darkness. The enemy had unexpectedly arrived to attack them at such a crucial moment.

The Western Mystery Army's Third Corp immediately started engaging the hostile force which attacked them.

Zhu Yue's killing intent raged on. He easily reached the conclusion that the people who attacked them were the ones who controlled the flock of spirit beasts. He had been holding back the entire time, and he finally had an opportunity to release his pent-up anger and frustration. Although he was already tired from the journey, the hands which he used to extinguish the lives of his enemies didn't slow down at all.

The battle immediately reached its crescendo. In just a short while, blood splattered everywhere, its amount so great that it

could be used to form a river. A dense smell of blood permeated and filled the entire valley.

When the fight broke out, Bu Fang and Long Cai were still drinking the Sour Spicy Soup. The only thing they felt was the shaking of earth beneath them. The fight had erupted without any prior warnings. The sound of blades colliding against blades unceasingly rang out.

"They started fighting?" Long Cai was startled. He was frightened in his heart.

"That should be the case." Bu Fang drank a mouthful of the Sour Spicy Soup as his eyes flickered with a strange radiance.

They were vigorous in the first fight, weaker in the second and completely exhausted by the third. the Western Mystery Army experienced unceasing spiritual beasts raids, and its vigor and momentum were already at its weakest. The soldiers were currently in low spirits. How could they fight against the enemy who was attacking them in their current condition? It seemed as though the Western Mystery Army was in quite a precarious situation right now.

Mo Lin was holding his long spear and his face was full of excitement. Although this was the weakest corp among the Western Mystery Army, if he managed to annihilate them, he would still be able to rake up great merits.

He swept his spear around and cleaved a soldier completely in half. As the hot blood of the dead soldier splattered around, Mo Lin became extremely excited.

Among the broken and ragged rocks on top of the cliff, stood the black-robed old man. His eyes were twinkling as he muttered unceasingly. All of a sudden, he started drawing an array. The array was extremely profound, abstruse, and queer. Although it was complicated, the old man didn't take long to complete the entire array.



As the array took shape, five scarlet talismans floated in the air and gave form to the array. In an instant, a suction force burst out from the array. Along with the unceasing roaring in the valley, bursts of ash-gray smoke billowed out. The smoke was made up of countless fuzzy figures. Some of them were raging as they struggled around, while others were wantonly roaring.

Those were the soul essences of the soldiers who died. It was coupled with their spirit which didn't disperse as it contained their anger and unwillingness from when they were still alive. Looking at the fuzzy figures, it could be said that their feeling of resentment was extremely dense.

"Haha! Continue to kill each other! The more deaths, the better!" This black-robed Shura Sect expert was extremely excited. He couldn't help laughing out loud.

Suddenly, his laughter abruptly stopped. When his gaze wandered into the distance, he saw that there was a glowing sharp sword rushing towards him. It was flying toward him from the sky at an extremely fast speed.

"Shura Sect's devil! Get out here and go to hell!"

The light around the sword dispersed and it turned into a rain of swords. The numerous swords covered the entire sky and shot towards the black-robed old man. The swords beheaded anything which stood in its way.

With swords-like brows above his eyes which shone like stars, Tang Yin appeared in mid-air. Walking on air, Tang Yin approached the black-robed old man as he held a sword which was spinning in front of him.

It was obvious that he had already reached the seventh grade Battle-Saint realm. It could be seen from his ability to fly in the air. He was truly advancing quickly in his cultivation.

The moment Tang Yin joined the battle, the Western Mystery

Army's morale rose. In an imposing manner, they started to ferociously retaliate against their enemies. Turning the tables, they started killing their enemies.

Mo Lin looked at Tang Yin who was floating in the air with a grave expression. In the past, it was quite difficult to see a single Battle-Saint expert. However, Battle-Saint experts were appearing continuously as the war raged on.

"Damn... Is he another person from the Celestial Arcanum Sect? Or is he someone from the southern region factions? Why does everyone want to prevent the rise of our Shura Sect? That would only happen in your dreams! All of you are going to die!"

A blood-red light burst out from the black-robed old man's eyes. He shot out and flew toward Tang Ying. As his claw-like hand rushed toward Tang Yin who was floating in the air, it turned into a blood-red light. This light was extremely imposing as it shot towards Tang Yin.

Tang Yin didn't fear him in the slightest as he raised his sword. In an instant, he engaged in a battle with this black-robed old man.

This battle was extremely tragic as the whole valley seemed dyed red with blood. Anyone would tremble at the sight of the valley.

Bu Fang looked at Tang Yin with a confused expression on his face. When he saw that Tang Yin was grasping his swords and fighting the black-robed old man in the air, his eyebrows slightly rose up. He didn't expect to meet an old friend in such a place.

From what he could see, Tang Yin wasn't a match for the black-robed old man. After all, Tang Yin had just broken through and wasn't strong enough yet.

This battle was fought from night till dawn. Tang Yin's condition worsened as he fought against the black-robed old man. Eventually, he flew back with a pale complexion. Zhu Yue also loudly shouted an order to retreat to his men as he saw that they

were unable to defeat the enemy. The Western Mystery Army, in the end, chose to leave the valley.

As the army retreated, the cooks from the Cooks' Army Unit also retreated. They protected the provisions as they retreated, keeping the ingredients safe.

In the sky, the black-robed old man's eyes flashed with a cruel glint as he roared, "Pursue them! Kill them all!"

Running away? How could I let the piece of fat meat which reached my mouth run away? If I eliminated this division of the Western Mystery Army, then I would have completed half of the mission the High Priest assigned me. At this rate, I would be able to finish collecting the soul essence and spirits after attacking Mo Luo City. This would be a huge step towards the rise of the Shura Sect.

As such, this black-robed man didn't want to let this division of the Western Mystery Army withdraw. As for the Celestial Arcanum Sect's expert, the black-robed old man had already fought against him for so long that he wasn't afraid of him at all. He knew that there was no way for the Celestial Arcanum Sect's expert to defeat him.

Mo Lin's eyes were glimmering with excitement as he waved his weapon. With a loud roar, he pursued the retreating army. He didn't want to let this opportunity slip through his grasp.

Tang Yin was quite angered by this. Was this Shura Sect's devil still not satisfied?

The Western Mystery Army which was pushed into desperate straits started another round of battle against the enemy. Another grand battle occurred in this valley. However, the Western Mystery Army's Third Corp was only able to retreat at the cost of Tang Yin's heavy injuries.

The Western Mystery Army's Third Corp who had just set camp in another place was in quite a sorry state. Around half of their

provisions were lost in their retreat.

As they were currently lacking ingredients, Wei Dafu's face darkened as he could only look for Bu Fang. Since there were only a little bit of spirit energy ingredients left, their only option was to use ordinary ingredients.

Wei Dafu felt his face glow in shame. However, Bu Fang didn't make things difficult for him. He immediately agreed to start cooking using whatever ingredients he had.

Long Cai was left at Bu Fang's side as his assistant.

After Wei Dafu left, the two of them started preparing the ingredients. They needed to cook a large amount of food as they had to feed a large number of people.

This was Bu Fang's first time cooking in such a big wok.

# Chapter 293: The Youth Who was Cooking with Four Woks

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The camp was set among rubbles, and the tents' shade overlapped with each other as smoke rose to the skies. As the rising sun's light shone upon this place, it made the scene look quite desolate.

In the tent, Tang Yin's face was pale-white as he sat cross-legged. The True Energy around him was fluctuating as he made it revolve around his body in order to heal his internal injuries. He wasn't a match for that Shura Sect's expert with his cultivation, as he had just broken into the Battle-Saint echelon.

After a long time, the unstable True Energy around him returned back into his body. Tang Yin spurted a mouthful of blood and his face instantly became paler.

"I didn't expect that Shura Sect devil's cultivation to be this powerful..." Tang Yin's face was as pale as paper and a slight trace of worry appeared in his eyes. If he was unable to stop this Shura Sect's expert, Mo Luo City and even Western Mystery City might fall into the hands of those devils. If that were to happen, it would truly be a tragic scene. Blood would flow until it formed rivers in the hands of the devil sect.

His understanding of the Shura Sect was quite limited. However, he had some knowledge about it because of what Ni Yan told him. For example, he knew that the Shura Sect arrived a thousand years ago at the land of the Southern Region coming from other regions. He knew that its arrival was a true disaster which concerned this land. If one wanted to cultivate the Shura Sect's cultivation method into its peak, he would need a large quantity of spiritual essence and spirits. The only way they could obtain spiritual essence and spirits was by slaughtering.

In the past, the Shura Sect's Master had a terrifying strength. He

was able to sweep through the entire Southern Region. The Wuliang Mountain's Celestial Arcanum Sect, the Hundred Thousand Mountains' Clear Sky Pagoda, Godly Temple of the Wildlands, the Illusory Spirit Swamp's White Cloud Villa, and some other factions only managed to annihilate the Shura Sect which was tormenting the Southern Region after they joined hands. Who would have expected that such a powerful faction would appear in this world again?

Moreover, from the way they were behaving, it was obvious that they were the ones who caused such a war. They caused the war in order to further their cultivation as they could gather a large amount of spiritual essence and spirits. Just to further their cultivation, they caused innumerable deaths. It was truly too cruel.

"The Shura Sect is lying low at the moment, and they had only caused a war between empires. It's too easy for people to die in such wars. For the members of the Shura Sect, the amount of Spiritual Essence and spirits they could gather would be quite significant."

"They might have wanted to stay low-key and quietly recover their strength, but they had the guts to kill someone who was almost a Supreme Being from the Wildlands. As such, they would definitely have to pay the price for doing so. Once the Shura Sect was discovered, another fight might break out. Both sides would suffer. I only hope that they would still retain their conscience and not massacre a whole city." Tang Yin opened his eyes and sighed.

Eventually, Tang Yin stopped his cultivation. Zhu Yue, who was standing outside the tent, entered. The expression on his face was quite respectful. After all, Tang Yin was a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

"Thank you, senior, for helping us," Zhu Yue said.

Tang Yin waved his hands to dismiss Zhu Yue's gratitude. He was only following the orders of the Great Elder. Currently, there were

many experts sent out. They all belonged to major factions and he just happened to be the one sent here to support Mo Luo City.

As for Ni Yan, she was sent to support the Western Mystery City. However, the Western Mystery City was one of the Light Wind Empire's ancient cities. It was the capital of many ancient empires, and the Shura Sect's devils wouldn't dare to excessively affront it. After all, Western Mystery City possessed a considerable amount of prestige.

"Commander Zhu, what's the current situation in Mo Luo City?" Tang Yin asked. He was extremely concerned about the situation of Mo Luo City. If Mo Luo City was seized, the Western Mystery City would be isolated. That would place it in a dangerous situation.

"I still didn't receive any report from the scout in Mo Luo City... However, Mo Luo City is beside the territory of the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou. Although they are a group of thieves, if Mo Luo City was seized by King Yu, they would lose quite a bit of their territory. They won't be having any easy days anymore. So... if they are willing to help Mo Luo City, Mo Luo City would be able to persevere for some time."

Zhu Yue gave him the analysis of the situation. However, he was only making wild guesses and he didn't know if the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou would actually support Mo Luo City or not.

"The Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou?" Tang Yin's complexion became slightly strange.

He met the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou for the first time in Owner Bu's store. At that time, the cultivation level of each of them had only reached the level of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor. However, he heard that after they returned from Owner Bu's store, several of them broke through. That led to the current Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou who became one of the greatest faction in the Light Wind Empire.

"Senior, I've already sent people to request reinforcement from

the Western Mystery City. When my Western Mystery Army First Corp's elite come over, those enemies won't be worth mentioning!"

Tang Yin nodded absentmindedly and he seemed to be uninterested in whatever Zhu Yue was saying.

Suddenly, a sweet fragrance found its way into Tang Yin's nose. His complexion instantly changed.

His nose slightly wriggled as he cried out in surprise, "That smells really good!"

Zhu Yue was also quite surprised at the sudden arrival of the dish's fragrance. Walking out of the tent, Tang Yin stood at the entrance as he tried to find the source of the aroma. He narrowed his eyes and tilted his head. It was as if Tang Yin wanted to immerse himself in the fragrance of the dish.

"Commander Zhu, I didn't expect that the skills from the Cooks' Army Unit on the Third Corp to be this impressive. The only time I smelt something this fragrant was in the capital!" Tang Yin smiled and said to Zhu Yue. Owner Bu's dishes had the sweetest fragrance, and he had never expected to smell anything as fragrant as Owner Bu's dishes in the army.

Tang Yin actually became hungry as he smelled the aroma of the food.

Zhu Yue immediately laughed loudly and invited Tang Yin for a meal.

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Long Cai stood at the side, stupefied, and his face was filled with an intoxicated look. The sweet scent which filled the surrounding seemed as if it would grab him and wrap him up.

He had never once smelled such a sweet smelling scent before. It practically... practically opened up all the pores in his body.

In a distant place, Bu Fang was holding a big ladle as he stood in



the middle of four big woks. Under each wok, there was a blazing fire which heated up the contents inside. The fire was surging and anyone could tell that the temperature was extremely high.

Bu Fang took his big ladle and mixed the woks' content. His True Energy covered the ladle, and it was as though his spiritual force was sticking onto the ladle. Every time he mixed the pots' content, he was able to exert precise control over the flavor of the ingredients., Since those were only ordinary ingredients, he could only depend upon fine regulation as he controlled the ingredients' flavor in order to improve their taste.

There were four pots around him which contained completely different dishes. All four pots were made up of the various different ingredients he possessed.

He mixed many different ingredients together and their flavor didn't affect each other at all. Instead, they caused the sweet smell of the dish to become extremely rich.

This was due to Bu Fang's special way of cooking, as using True Energy to cook allowed one to regulate the True Energy in the ingredient. As for ingredients which didn't possess True Energy, their flavor and smell would be regulated. Under his True Energy's fine control, the flavor of each ingredient became independent and burst out with a special fragrance. Those different fragrances fused in the air and formed a richer one, which would enchant anyone.

The words "a fragrance that permeated ten miles" wouldn't be wrong if they were used to describe it. The aroma dispersed by the four woks was unceasing and it diffused with the wind. As the wind blew through the whole camp, the fragrance drifted into everyone's noses.

It wasn't only Tang Yin who smelled it. Almost all of the soldiers in the camp caught the smell, and they were all stunned.

Wei Dafu became lifeless as his hand grasping the ladle stiffened. The smell was indeed incredible and unbelievable.

"Captain Wei, what are you cooking? It smells really nice!"

Just when Wei Dafu was lost in his thoughts, Zhu Yue with a face full of smiles brought Tang Yin over. Zhu Yue was pretty satisfied with Wei Dafu's performance. It seemed Wei Dafu took out his specialty this time. He must have known that all the soldiers were in low-spirits! He's using delicious food to improve their vigor and morale... That is such a good idea, he's truly promising!

Why did Commander Zhu come over? Wei Dafu was startled when he saw that Zhu Yue was walking toward him. He had an awkward expression on his face as he hurriedly put out the thing in his hands. He quickly walked toward Commander Zhu.

"This isn't the source of the fragrance." Tang Yin shot a single look at Wei Dafu before completely ignoring him. Sniffing around, he continued to walk in the direction of the fragrance.

An awkward look flashed in Zhu Yue's eyes for a second. Following behind Tang Yin, he thought, "Isn't it Wei Dafu? Was there someone in the Cooks' Army Unit whose skill was superior to his?"

A resentful look appeared in Wei Dafu's face for a moment. It was definitely that kid again.

Tang Yin placed his hands behind his back and led the way. Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu were following behind him as they looked for the source of the amazing aroma.

After passing by several tents, their eyes brightened. It seemed as though they had finally found the source of that fragrant smell which filled the entire camp.

Their eyes were attracted by four big woks which were boiling above the flames. Their noses concentrated on the smell emitted by the pots and they realized that they had finally found the source of the smell.

"He's using four woks at the same time for cooking. Captain Wei,

when did such an impressive cook appear here?" Zhu Yue exclaimed in admiration. He was cooking with four pots, and each pot's fragrance was this rich... Such skill was... truly indescribable.

"Senior, why don't we try some? This smell is truly mouth-watering."

Zhu Yue raised his head and said as he looked at Tang Yin. However... Zhu Yue's pupils immediately contracted when he realized that Tang Yin had a strange expression on his face.

Tang Yin wasn't looking at any of the four woks. He also seemed to be unattracted by the fragrance emitted by the dishes inside the pots. Instead, he was staring at the frail youth who was holding a ladle, while wandering between the four woks leisurely.

## Chapter 294: Owner Bu, What a Coincidence

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In Mo Luo City, there were several figures proudly standing above the tall city walls.

Hu Yifeng was wearing a scholarly white robe with his hair hanging loosely behind him. The remaining brothers of the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou were standing beside him.

"We, the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou, never once suffered a loss like this. If we ran away like cowards, we would be letting out dead brothers down." Hu Yifeng's eyes were bloodshot and his whole body emanated a vicious air. It was in complete contrast with the way he dressed up.

Only seven brothers remained from the past Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou. Five of them died on the battlefield, in the hands of King Yu's army.

"That black-robed expert in King Yu's army... Even if I have to exchange my life for his, I'll definitely drag him into the underworld together with me."

By his side, the other six of his brothers had aggrieved looks and they were extremely sad. The seventh master who had lost an arm stared at the imposing army rushing toward Mo Luo City. A trace of madness flashed in his eyes.

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Bu Fang didn't notice Tang Yin's arrival as he placed all of his attention on the four big woks. He appeared stable and steady while he held his ladle. Mixing the contents of the four woks, a sweet smell was continuously emitted from them.

"Owner Bu? Senior Bu?" Tang Yin's gaze was slightly dull and puzzled. He thought that he was hallucinating. How could Owner Bu appear in the lands to the northwest?

As he observed the calm appearance of Bu Fang, Tang Yin saw

that the way he cooked seemed familiar. Tang Yin was able to verify that it was truly Bu Fang who was cooking. Owner Bu's actions were too prominent.

Commander Zhu Yue felt that Tang Yin's gaze was quite strange. Following his gaze, the former looked at the youth who was managing the four woks. Isn't he just a simple youth?

"Sir... He's called Bu Fang. He is a new cook here in the Cooks' Army." Wei Dafu slightly bowed down and hurriedly added, "This newcomer is arrogant and unyielding. Therefore, I made him process and cook with ordinary ingredients in order to polish his temper."

"Newcomer? It's normal for a newcomer to be slightly arrogant. However, it seems like this kid has the qualifications to be arrogant. His skill is... indisputable..." Zhu Yue nodded and sniffed the fragrance in the air. A look of appreciation appeared on his face.

When Tang Yin heard Wei Dafu's words, his expression changed. It became even stranger. Turning his head, he looked at Wei Dafu as he calmly said, "Arrogant and stubborn? Polish his temper?"

"Indeed... that is indeed the case." Wei Dafu was scared by Tang Yin's stare. In his fright, he stuttered as he replied.

Turning his head, Tang Yin's lips curled upwards into a cold smile. He straightened his clothes before walking solemnly toward Bu Fang.

Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu blankly looked at each other as a bad premonition emerged in Wei Dafu's mind. Could it be that this senior was acquainted with that kid? Was he a junior that the senior was acquainted with?

Wei Dafu's heart started thumping and a bitter expression appeared on his face.

The four woks were still boiling and the ingredients within them

were churning. Streams of steam were emitted from the woks while they boiled.

Suddenly, Bu Fang lifted the ladle in his hand, pulling it out of the woks. Swinging the ladle in his hand, he covered all the pots with a lid. The lid sealed the pots and the fragrance together with it.

Only after he sealed the pots, Bu Fang raised his head to look at the three people who were walking toward him.

He recognized Wei Dafu and Zhu Yue. As for the person walking in front... He was one of Bu Fang's old acquaintances.

"Senior... What a coincidence."

Tang Yin walked toward Bu Fang and respectfully cupped his hands. He gave Bu Fang a respectful greeting. Tang Yin was always respectful toward Bu Fang. He knew that Bu Fang was too mysterious and there was no one able to truly understand him.

Sen..... Senior?

The moment Wei Dafu heard how Tang Yin addressed Bu Fang, his legs softened. He almost dropped straight to the ground as he thought, "What the hell? Why is a seventh grade Battle-Saint like you addressing a youth as 'senior'? Don't you know how to speak properly?"

Zhu Yue's mouth slightly widened and he was evidently shocked. Could it be that Tang Yin mistook this youth for another person? After all, this youth's cultivation didn't seem strong at all.

"Indeed, it is truly quite a coincidence. Why are you here? This is an army camp." Bu Fang looked at Tang Yin and calmly asked.

When Tang Yin heard him, the corners of his mouth slightly twitched. "I should be the one asking you this question. Why aren't you, a cook, staying peacefully in your own store? Just focus on cooking. What are you even doing in the army?"

"It's because of some compelling reasons that I had to come to the army. However, why are you, Owner Bu, in the army? Not to mention the fact that you specifically chose the Western Mystery City's army. They are located quite far from the Imperial Capital."

"I come to experience what it is like to be part of an army. It's also for me to gain more experience in cooking so that I can put more emotions into cooking my dishes," Bu Fang thoughtlessly replied.

The reason he gave was complete nonsense. In fact, Bu Fang was only doing this so that he could complete the mission and obtain the rewards.

However, Tang Yin didn't know this. When he heard Bu Fang's words, he felt a sudden increase in respect for Bu Fang. It emerged from the bottom of his heart. It wasn't surprising that Owner Bu's cooking skill reached such a realm. It seemed as though he was always challenging himself, and he was practicing. It was all to increase his cooking skill.

Working as a cook in a marching army was an extremely arduous task. Just to practice his cooking, Owner Bu didn't care about the hardships when he decided to join the Cooks' Army Unit in the Western Mystery Army. A person with such firmness and willpower was truly someone people from this generation should learn from.

As expected, no matter which profession, in order to have high achievements, an enormous effort was a must.

While the two of them were chatting amicably, Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu's expression became strange.

Zhu Yue was still fine as he only had slight doubts about the situation. However, Wei Dafu's complexion was deathly pale. There wasn't the slightest trace of blood on his face. Why would a cook... be this close to an aloof seventh grade Battle-Saint? Since you were already acquainted with such an expert, why would you join the Western Mystery Army? Was it to make fun of us?

"Owner Bu, What dish are you cooking? It smells really nice!" After chatting for a bit, Tang Yin's gaze fell on the four woks. A trace of excitement appeared in his eyes.

"It's nothing special, I only used ordinary ingredients to cook it," Bu Fang calmly said. "They were prepared for the soldiers."

After speaking about the dishes, Bu Fang lifted the lid on the woks. The aroma of the dishes immediately burst forth.

"Ordinary ingredients?" Tang Yin was stunned for a second. He immediately rushed to the side of the wok in order to take a look at its contents.

Although all of the many different types of ingredients in the wok possessed a bright luster, with a single look, anyone could tell that every single one of those ingredients was ordinary.

Although the Cooks' Army Unit used ordinary ingredients when they were cooking, they only used it on rare occasions. This was because ordinary ingredients were unable to maintain the soldiers' peak condition. That was why most of the cooks used spirit energy ingredients when they were cooking.

Zhu Yue was standing behind Tang Yin. When he heard that the ingredients were truly ordinary ones, he narrowed his eyes as he glared at Wei Dafu. When his gaze reached Wei Dafu, he could see that Wei Dafu's expression was extremely ugly. Just from his expression Zhu Yue had a pretty good idea of what was going on.

"This dish is called the Four Treasures Broth and is made from all of the ingredients which I possess. As it was cooked using four woks and all of the essence of the ingredients were extracted, I named it the Four Treasures Broth." Bu Fang introduced the dish to him.

He took a bowl and scooped out soup from each of the four woks. When the different soup in each wok was poured into the bowl, they took a place in the bowl without fusing with each other.



"Have a taste." Bu Fang handed the bowl to Tang Yin as streams of churning steam emerged from the top of the bowl. The sweet smell was too tempting and Tang Yin received it unconsciously.

Tang Yin used a spoon and scooped up a mouthful of the soup.

After tasting it, Tang Yin stared at the bowl until his eyes became round. When the mouthful of soup touched his tongue, different flavors flooded his brain. The soup seemed as though it fused the flavor of countless ingredients. The flavor was constantly changing within his mouth, and the sensation was incomparably crisp.

"This is..... this is inconceivable! Ah! Is the soup really made from ordinary ingredients?" Tang Yin was unable to return to his senses for quite some time. The higher his cultivation, the more he understood the uniqueness of spiritual ingredients. The more precious the spiritual ingredients were, the richer the spiritual energy contained in them. When they were cooked, the flavor and smell of the dish would be extremely sweet and rich.

Bu Fang was actually able to use ordinary ingredients to cook a dish which was on par with those made from spiritual ingredients. Just as expected of the Imperial Capital's black-hearted store owner.

The system's solemn voice resounded in Bu Fang's mind. This Four Treasures Broth unexpectedly obtained the system's approval and became the first dish approved in the Cooks' Army.

Currently, he only had to make two other dishes which met the standards of the system in order to complete the mission. He was two dishes away from obtaining the fragment of the God of Cooking set.

Bu Fang immediately became happy and pleased.

Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu also scooped a part of the soup. After they drank it, they were unable to utter a word for quite some time. Zhu Yue was shocked speechless. As for Wei Dafu, he chose to stay

taciturn.

Wei Dafu knew that he was mistaken, gravely mistaken. This Bu Fang's cooking skill already vastly surpassed his imagination. He was an existence which Wei Dafu could only look at from the back. This single dish in front of him, the Four Treasures Broth, was something he couldn't cook at all.

Although this Four Treasures Broth was made with only ordinary ingredients, he felt his condition quickly improving after drinking some of it. It was the same feeling he got when he ate spirit energy dishes.

Wei Dafu felt quite bitter.

"Good, good, good! Wei Dafu, ah Wei Dafu. Despite this young master's excellent skill, you tried to bury and waste his talent. It seems as though your eyesight has deteriorated. Since you like burying people so much, you shall swap position with this young master from now on. He shall be the captain of the Cook's Army."

Zhu Yue's complexion became stern as he laughed coldly.

Wei Dafu's body trembled and his face was filled with bitterness.

Tang Yin narrowed his eyes as he drank the soup which warmed his heart. When he drank it, he felt as though his injuries were slowly healing. He put all of his attention into the bowl of soup he was drinking and didn't even take a single look at Zhu Yue who was punishing Wei Dafu.

"There's no need, I don't have any interest in becoming the captain. I only need you to prepare spirit energy ingredients for me." Bu Fang interrupted Zhu Yue's words as he didn't have any interest in becoming the captain of the Cooks' Army. The only thing he wanted to do was to continue preparing dishes so that he could quickly make dishes which were approved by the system.

Regardless of what Bu Fang said, Zhu Yue persisted in his decision. Wei Dafu was left in the ordinary ingredients cooking

area.

Several cooks from the Cooks' Army lifted the four woks and left the place. They brought the soup to the soldiers' tent and quickly distributed the Four Treasures Broth.

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Mo Lin pulled the reins as he sat on the back of a spirit beast. There was a densely packed army behind him as he gazed in the direction of the Western Mystery Army's camp. A cold smile slowly appeared on his face.

A figure which was holding a talisman floated in mid-air and an array formed with talismans was revolving around its hand.

"The Western Mystery Army is there. Go on... Go and annihilate them. The seventh grade Battle-Saint who was assisting them is currently injured. He suffered grave injuries and this is a good opportunity to attack the Western Mystery Army. This is the best time to completely wipe them out. After this, we can focus on the fight at Mo Luo City. After we completely seize the city, we can start our assault on Western Mystery City."

The sleeves of the black-robed old man who was floating in the air fluttered along with the wind. He gave an imposing statement as he suggested for Mo Lin to attack the Western Mystery Army.

Mo Lin's eyes immediately brightened and he waved his long spear. With a loud roar, he commanded the army behind him as he rushed toward the Western Mystery Army's camp.

## Chapter 295: As the Wind Rose, the Scent of Blood Permeated the Air

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"How sweet! It's truly a delicacy!"

"It's pretty good, this dish is pretty good!"

"It's extremely delicious, I feel that my whole body is overflowing with strength after drinking it!"

...

After those soldiers drank the Four Treasures Broth which Bu Fang distributed, they were full of praise, for this dish made them experience what was a true delicacy.

Although Bu Fang only used ordinary ingredients which didn't contain the slightest trace of spiritual energy, since he used his special True Energy cooking technique, there was always a trace of his True Energy that would seep into and fuse with the dish.

This was the main reason his dishes were so delicious.

"Owner Bu is indeed Owner Bu. Your dishes are always popular," Tang Yin said with a smile. The appearance of Bu Fang in the army was quite an inconceivable matter, and he was hesitating about whether he should inform his master Ni Yan of this or not.

However after he carefully thought about it, he decided to wait until Bu Fang returned to the Western Mystery City before considering it.

This was a rare opportunity to drink a soup made by Bu Fang without having to pay a single crystal, so Tang Yin also joined the group of soldiers and drank several bowls of the soup.

However, just when they were enjoying the soup, sounds of war cries resounded from outside the camp and the sound of a war bugles echoed through the whole camp.

Zhu Yue complexion immediately changed, and he quickly drank the soup in one mouthful. He turned around and walked out toward the outside of the camp. The transmission of the war bugles meant the enemy had come to assault them.

The current Western Mystery Army was already compelled to leave Mo Luo City's range, but the enemy was still as aggressive as before. Zhu Yue's complexion became somewhat ugly as his face was full of anger.

Tang Yin urged Bu Fang to pay attention to his safety before he also turned around and left. Since the enemy came to assault them, the devil of the Shura Sect would definitely appear. That devil wanted to kill them all to turn them into spiritual essence and spirits of the formation by his hand.

Although there wasn't a large amount of Bu Fang's soup, at least several hundreds of soldiers had already drunk it. All of these people felt enlivened and full of energy. They waved their weapons as they rushed out of the camp, and their terrifyingly imposing manner caused the enemies which were rushing toward them to become stunned for a second.

The battle immediately erupted once more.

As the two armies collided, deafening war cries began resounding.

....

Inside the camp, Bu Fang already collected the empty four woks and was planning to return to his tent.

Wei Dafu and many cooks from the army were standing at a distant place as they stared at Bu Fang, all having a somewhat ugly complexion.

They didn't know how they should face Bu Fang. At first, they thought that he was only a newcomer who could be freely bullied. They didn't expect that this newcomer had such strong backing.

Wei Dafu didn't want to believe any of that, but the scene he'd witnessed earlier was already enough proof.

Moreover, Wei Dafu's fate had shifted from being the captain of the Cooks' Army Unit to the cook of the ordinary ingredients... This was truly more unbearable than directly killing him.

Woosh! Woosh!

The sound of pulling at two bowstrings resounded, and immediately after, two arrows as fast as lighting shot out from far away, piercing the heads of two guards of the Cooks' Army Unit.

Wei Dafu and the others stared at this until their eyes widened. They all raised their heads and looked at a distant place. The figures of dozens of spirit beasts were rushing toward them.

"They are the enemy troops!"

Wei Dafu and the others immediately started roaring. The position of the military's provisions was unexpectedly discovered by the enemies. They were already rushing toward them, a fact that showed how brutal this battle was!

Once their provisions were destroyed, the soldiers would lose their food supplies, an utter disaster for the Third Corps.

At this moment, the Cooks' Army Unit members were obliged to join the fight. The protection of the provisions was their responsibility, and as their hands could use knives to cut dishes, they could also be used to cut an enemy.

Although the enemy's forces weren't large, the personal strength of each soldier was formidable. They also rode spirit beasts, making the speed at which they were rushing at them extremely fast.

Woosh! Woosh!

Several arrows were shot from the enemies' longbows, and they quickly reached them, piercing several of the cooks and tightly

nailing them on the ground.

Bu Fang's pupils contracted as he, for the first time, felt a cold killing intent enveloping him. This was a battlefield, a true battlefield where there was only "kill or be killed".

"Let's destroy the provisions! The general already gave the command. We won't let anyone from this Western Mystery Army return home alive!"

The enemy troops gave out deafening roars as their imposing manner almost made the cooks' knees shiver in despair. Although their number was equal to the enemy's, their prowess lacked much when compared to theirs.

The figure of Bu Fang who was carrying the four woks on his back shifted slightly as he dodged an arrow. His gaze became dignified as he stared at this group of enemies rushing toward them.

Whitey suddenly appeared at his side, and its mechanical eyes twinkled with a terrifying red glow.

Ding ding ding!

Several arrows pounded its body and produced a crisp sound before Whitey waved its hand and broke the arrows, sweeping them aside.

Facing such a scene, the enemies which were riding spirit beasts were stunned for a short while. They didn't expect that a metallic lump which appeared out of nowhere could block their arrows. However, they didn't care much about this.

As the sound of their horses' hooves resounded beneath them, two enemies rushed forward toward Whitey and Bu Fang, each wielding a lance. Since arrows weren't able to pierce it, then they would use lances. No matter what, all who prevented them from destroying the provisions would die.

Their objective was destroying the Western Mystery Army's

provisions, ensuring their enemy's soldiers would starve there.

Their squadron was formed from the most capable of Mo Lin's subordinates. Each of them had quite a strong cultivation level. Mo Lin sent them there to prevent any mishap from happening.

"Sensing a killing intent... Initiating Extermination Mode."

Whitey muttered as its red eyes changed into a deep purple color. Such a profound purple seemed like it was able to wrestle one's very soul.

Both fourth-grade Battle-Spirit riding the swift spiritual beasts were relentlessly wielding their lances as they rushed toward Whitey and Bu Fang.

In the instant that the Purple-Eye Mode was activated, Whitey's entire aura changed, and its figure instantly rushed out, blocking Bu Fang's front while raising its hand. It unexpectedly tried to grab the lances which had been rushing at them.

"You are seeking death!!"

The enemies stared at it as they thrust their lances toward Whitey.

However, Whitey's palm stubbornly grabbed the lances, and as sparks flew around, the two people atop the spiritual beasts were pushed out off their mount's backs.

A purple light flickered in Whitey's eyes as its hand which held the lances' tips slightly shook. Swinging them, it firmly swatted the two spirit horses into the ground, stopping their charge.

Those spiritual horses were only second-grade spiritual beasts, so how could they bear such a strike. They immediately fell to the ground and spurted blood, gasping for breath.

The two enemies were also swept by the lance, and after this, Whitey leisurely threw the lances at them, directedly piercing both of them and nailing them on the ground as their blood started



flowing out.

This scene was extremely shocking, and no matter if it was the enemies or the cooks, they all became dumbfounded while witnessing such a scene.

Wei Dafu was even more so as he directly fell to the ground with his mouth trembling...

This scene was truly too terrifying. Those two enemies who were nailed to the ground with eyes opened wide were full of resentment.

The clothes-stripping crazy demon was... unexpectedly that powerful.

Its foes were a rushing cavalry duo, yet it was unexpectedly able to drag them down. Their spiritual horses were thrashed to death, and their riders killed by nailing them into the ground.

There was such an unexpectedly fearful existence beside Bu Fang, yet they all still foolishly went to him looking for trouble.

When they recalled how Whitey stripped their clothes, they couldn't help rejoicing. In light of that metallic lump's strength, it would be easy for it to kill them all if it had wanted.

Bu Fang, who was carrying the four woks on his back, calmly took a look at the enemies nailed to the ground. Seeing Wei Dafu and the others who weren't far away and holding onto lances while preparing to risk their lives fighting the enemy, he indifferently turned back and continued walking.

That small squad of the enemy was angered, and the enemy roared as they rushed at Whitey. They were one of the strongest squads of Mo Lin and they unexpectedly ended up losing some of their soldiers with this mission.

A purple light flickered in Whitey's eyes as its arm quickly changed into a machete.

As this group of dozens of peoples rushed at it and tried to surround Whitey, it also ferociously rushed toward them.

Following that... the cooks from the Cooks' Army Unit witnessed a scene which would be impossible for them to forget in their entire lives.

Those enemies which pressured them to the point where it was difficult for them to even gasp for breath were easily killed by the metallic lump. Their blood splattered everywhere as the puppet took out one of them with each swing of its arm, and in just a short while, this group of enemies was completely annihilated by the metallic lump. During the whole process, they hadn't been capable of any retaliation.

Whitey's pure shiny body stood up among this group of corpses. All of the blood which had splattered onto its body was automatically processed, keeping the metal completely and spotlessly clean.

The purple glow in its eyes slightly flickered before it transformed back into a red glow. Whitey's mechanical head turned around as it swept the terrified Cooks' Army Unit members before it followed after Bu Fang, who continued to carry the four woks.

As the wind rose, it swept away the bloody smell reeking from the ground. Wei Dafu felt that the fact that he was able to live until now was... simply a miracle.

# Chapter 296: Are You The Principal Conspirator?

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Angry roars filled the campsite as flames shot to the sky. The sound of arrows being plucked was comparable to hearts being ripped apart, sending goosebumps down one's body.

Mo Lin led his storm of troops into the enemy's campsite. The way he flicked his long spear, sending blood everywhere, made him look invincible.

Zhu Yue charged in, seeking to resist Mo Lin. Finally, the great generals of the two armies have clashed in a battle to the death. Both were courageous and spirited as they swooped in with bloodshot eyes.

In the sky, a black-gowned warrior from the Shura Sect levitated in the air. In his hand were five spinning talismans. These jade runes emitted an eerie beam as if releasing its extraordinary power of suction to absorb the phantom spirits and spiritual essences of the dead corpses from down below.

The bodies of piles of dead soldiers had yet to turn cold before their wailing spiritual essence was forcibly dragged out and sucked in by the magic arrays of the talismans.

The black-gowned man had elation written in his eyes, and even the muscles on his face ticked excitedly.

With the flash of a sword, Tang Yin charged out of the campsite. His target was the Shura Sect warrior controlling the magic array.

That warrior suddenly bellowed, prompting a pitch black wave of true energy to fluctuate and smack back at Tang Yin's sword. This palm made of force was formidable, bringing with it a terrifying pressure as it came crashing down.

Tang Yin's complexion became all the more somber. In the present moment, his body was still recovering from heavy injuries.

In the face of this strike, he had to bear a tremendous amount of pressure.

The battle up in the sky did not alleviate the situation on the battleground below. The two armies continued the bitter battle, staining the soil with blood.

...

After catching a breath, Wei Dafu felt his body turn ice cold. He wasn't alone in this since everyone else in the Cooks' Army Unit sat there with trembling bodies, nobody daring to make a noise.

The ground, covered with dead bodies, reflected in their eyes like a horrible nightmare. Though these were all the corpses of their enemies, they simply couldn't erase the earlier scene from their minds.

That metallic lump... turned out to be so powerful. In fact, so powerful they found it hard to breathe.

However, even though they were shocked and pale with fear, they secretly sighed in relief. That they had managed to save their provisions gave them great hope.

Wei Dafu and the others stood up, ready to handle the shipment of their remaining supplies.

However, just as they pushed away a cart of provisions, the earth began to shake violently. The sound of hooves hitting the ground traveled into their ears. Another group of men charging forth came into view.

"Enemies!!"

Those from the Cooks' Army Unit bawled as they began to fish out their weapons. Some couldn't locate their usual blades and instead clutched kitchen knives in their hands, but still managing to instill an imposing manner.

This time there were only three adversaries. All three were

dressed in black and emanated sinister levels of energy. Their brows were furrowed into frowns when they observed the heaps of dead bodies on the ground.

"There appears to be a warrior safeguarding the army provisions... I was wondering why the special task force took such a long time. I guess they met a match!"

A black-gowned warrior sneered coldly and shot a glance at the corpses on the ground before studying the Cooks' Army Unit. His face instantly darkened.

"But you are all going to die!"

This black-gowned man widened his eyes. As the tip of his feet touched the floor, he leaped off his horse and extended a claw of dark-toned true energy. This surge of true energy directly pierced through the bodies of numerous soldiers, killing them instantly.

The three were all warriors of the Shura Sect with the cultivation of fifth grade Battle-Kings. The slaughtering of the Cooks' Army Unit was as easy for them as a wolf storming through a pack of sheep.

Long Cai turned around in terror. In the face of such three demons, he simply couldn't muster up the courage and instead got ready to escape.

Wei Dafu had the same thing on his mind as he struggled to flee for his life... His main concern was protecting the army provisions, yet these three presented too much of a challenge. This was a clear case of a willing spirit paired with a weak, helpless body.

"Thinking of taking off?"

A black-gowned man smiled cruelly before charging straight for Long Cai. His bloody hands clawed at Long Cai's heart.

Long Cai's young face was filled with horror, his entire body stiffening at the adversary's strong killing intent.

Right before the blood-dripping hands were about to pierce through Long Cai's body, a cool voice rang amidst the howling winds.

"You can't kill him."

The voice was so calm that it contained no trace of emotion. A black frying pan spun in the air, hurled straight at the black-gowned man.

"What the hell?!" The black-gowned man squinted his eyes only to see a flying pan, which unexpectedly gave him a fright.

The man in black was furious as he clawed the pan, intending to smash it into smithereens. Yet, just as his monstrous claw collided with the pan, he was sent flying backwards by a terrifying force of energy.

The black pan also exploded the air.

Bu Fang sauntered in from afar, accompanied by Whitey.

With each and every step, Whitey's eyes flickered a deeper shade of purple...

"Looks like you are the hidden warrior... who killed our entire special task force! You've got quite the guts!" The black-gowned men sneered as all three gathered together to study Bu Fang.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's chubby belly as his lips suddenly curled. He couldn't be bothered to waste his breath on this crowd.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three surging waves of true energy spread outwards. The auras on these three men had already reached the level of fifth grade Battle-King. Within the army, a Battle-King was powerful enough to lead as a general.

No wonder the entire Cooks' Army Unit was no match to these three.

A purple beam of light glowered, flaring in a way that stumped

the three figures. Afterwards, they sensed a chilled breeze as the flash of a figure suddenly charged toward them.

It was the metallic lump of a puppet beside the young lad!

How dare he send a puppet to tackle them? Was he looking down on them?

Bu Fang held his hands behind his back and watched the battle silently with an unflustered face. With Whitey stepping in, he was reassured.

The brutality of war exceeded his expectations. It was as if one's life had become so petty and meaningless in this series of battles.

Mess cooks discussing gourmet delicacies with him a second earlier were now chilled corpses. The thought of this made him sigh with sadness.

"Exterminate all." Bu Fang emitted a light breath, its eyes dimming.

Whitey's figure froze and then launched forward ferociously like a thunderstorm. Its punches rained down with a force that could break mountains, sending one of the men in black into the sky. The pummel left a deep indent in his chest. It dawned on him that he had no capacity to strike back.

Spat! A mouthful of blood sprayed out. The warrior was knocked onto the ground and simply couldn't muster the energy to stand up again.

With a palm transforming into a sharp blade, Whitey stomped its feet. Then, it dashed forward once again at the speed of lightning.

The blade was too fierce to withstand for the remaining two that have already turned pale with fright. In the blink of an eye, they were thrashed into the air. Both were severely wounded with deep gashes across their stomachs, out of which gushed a river of blood.

Before Whitey, the three Battle-King warriors did not have the

strength to defend themselves.

Bang!!

After thrusting three punches, one for each adversary, Whitey restored its usual red-eyed state and returned to Bu Fang's side.

"A pleasant army chef training session completely spoiled. How infuriating." Bu Fang scratched his head and drew in a deep breath as he mumbled.

Afterwards, his eyes flashed a fierce look before he wandered away with Whitey by his side.

He was headed for a direction erupting with deafening roars.

Long Cai and Wei Dafu gaped with widened eyes as they shuddered in a remote corner, holding in their breaths.

Those three fearsome cultivators were completely powerless... against the metallic lump. The clear winner of the battle emerged within a matter of seconds. Just how forbidding was this metal puppet?

Long Cai trembled as he picked himself up from the floor. This time, he summoned up the courage to chase after Bu Fang, his figure disappearing in the direction where Bu Fang took off.

...

Tang Yin spat out a mouthful of blood. His complexion was turning somewhat sallow...

A Shura Sect warrior hovered majestically in the air, extending one hand to suppress Tang Yin. The latter did not make a worthy opponent.

After all, he had just recently reached the seventh grade Battle-Saint echelon and simply couldn't rival a veteran Battle-Saint.

The worst was the adversary's black-toned true energy, which brought with it a corroding sense of pressure. This tactic forced him to summon shields of true energy in resistance, without which



his flesh would be easily corroded.

As time went on, his strength was waning by the minute.

"Who would have thought that the Celestial Arcanum Sect would send a piece of trash like you...surely the Celestial Arcanum Sect doesn't think our Shura Sect has nobody left?" With a smack, the warrior swatted away Tang Yin's sword and laughed contemptuously.

Afterward, he twirled his hands. A blood-colored longsword crystallized.

With a slash, the bloody vigor of sword leaped out and charged toward Tang Yin. This time, it went for the final kill.

This Shura Sect warrior was very much elated. Tang Yin was a seventh grade Battle-Saint. Though he had only recently reached his breakthrough, his spiritual essence must still be rather rich. This meant that his spiritual essence alone was equivalent to that of tens of soldiers.

If he could collect this spiritual essence, his trip this time would be considered a success. In fact, he would even surpass the task that the High Priest assigned him.

As the sword sliced down, blood splattered everywhere.

Tang Yin's pupils shrank. He was sent sprawling on the ground, which shook violently beneath his body.

Cough Cough...

As he spat out another mouthful of blood, Tang Yin got up to his feet with an incredibly pale face. He felt he was about to meet his maker right there, right now... He was simply no match for the Shura Sect beast!

"So, are you the principal conspirator who ruined my army training?"

A calm voice rang in the air. From a distance, the shadows of two

figures sauntered in from the ghastly bloodshed.

Tang Yin was dumbfounded as he twisted his head, and his pupils shrank.

"Senior... Senior Bu!" A sense of excitement flashed across Tang Yin's face. He had forgotten all about the formidable existence known as Bu Fang.

He had heard all about the battle in the Imperial City. That incident inadvertently spread the fame of Bu Fang's store. Countless warriors perished and turned into dry bones in that battle!

Supporting five rotating jade runes with a single hand, the Shura Sect warrior tilted his heads and observed Bu Fang and Whitey. He narrowed his eyes.

"Who the hell are you? Another idiot seeking his doom? A trifling sixth grade Battle-Emperor... yet so reckless and bold."

As a veteran seventh grade Battle-Saint, this Shura Sect warrior naturally had a discerning eye. Though Bu Fang's cultivation level was not conspicuous, he still easily detected his capabilities.

As for the metallic lump of a puppet, since there was zilch true energy fluctuations on its figure, he didn't bother with it.

A seventh grade Battle-Saint in addition to a sixth grade Battle-Emperor?

The Shura Sect warrior twitched the corners of his mouth, "Another one to volunteer his spiritual essence. It looks like I'll be reaping quite a gain this time!"

# Chapter 297: My Dear, Bite Him to Death!

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Inside the Western Mystery City, the city lord Kong Yao walked behind a tall, slender lady in a deferential manner. By his side was his eldest son, Kong Xuan, whose face displayed not only respect but also an affection that was hard to conceal.

Kong Xuan felt a fire burning inside his heart. His entire body shivered when he peered at the lady before him. He had never seen such a beautiful woman, one who could make him fall in love at first glance.

The Third Master of the Celestial Arcanum Sect, Ni Yan, was said to be an eighth grade War-God, with an outstanding cultivation level and an incredibly beautiful face. Every part of her body exhibited an irresistible charm, utterly captivating to Kong Xuan.

Ni Yan sauntered on the city walls with hands behind her back. Her black hair hung loose, rippling like a small cascade. She lifted her head up, with a rosiness flushing beneath her fair skin, and gazed into the dark sky far away.

"You only sent the Third Corp to support Mo Luo City?" Ni Yan asked calmly, though her voice was somewhat cold.

"Elder Ni, you must not look down on the Third Corp. Though it is the weakest troop of the Western Mystery Army, it is still comparable to the most elite force of an average city's army. It is qualified enough to serve as Mo Luo City's reinforcement," Kong Xuan replied self-assuredly.

Kong Yao also stroke his own beard and smiled. He trusted his son's confidence. As the lord of the Western Mystery City in charge of the northwest region for so many years, he seldom came across anything that could endanger the Western Mystery City. Therefore, he was always rather carefree.

Ni Yan knitted her eyebrows into a frown, peering at the

handsome, assertive Kong Xuan coolly before asking, "What if the Third Corp fails this task and is exterminated?"

"Impossible..." Kong Xuan muttered.

"Humph... If Mo Luo City is conquered, it means the Western Mystery City loses a vital backbone and will be completely enclosed by enemy forces. I don't know what kind of trump card you've got up your sleeves. I've come to provide my assistance in preventing those Shura Sect demons from slaughtering without restraint. As for the survival of the Western Mystery City... that is none of my business."

Ni Yan smirked coldly. She was in a rather bad mood at this moment. She shot another glance at the father and son and uttered those words before turning around to leave.

Kong Yao and Kong Xuan felt their bodies stiffen as they exchanged looks.

"Father... perhaps we should also send in the First Corp. Elder Ni's words make much sense." Kong Xuan suggested after giving it another thought.

"You can make the decision on this issue." Kong Yao brushed his beard and chuckled.

...

"A mere sixth-grade Battle-Emperor... What rights do you have to be so audacious." The Shura Sect warrior hovered in the air, holding the Five Branches Talisman in his hand. The magic array continued to spin as wailing spiritual essences continued to be sucked into it.

This magic array looked monstrous. Bu Fang studied it and furrowed his brows.

"Senior Bu, this is the demon of the Shura Sect... he has an extremely high cultivation level. They are the ones who stirred up the war in the Light Wind Empire and have forcibly taken

countless spiritual essences. I'll say they are up to no good, we must stop him!" Tang Yin covered his chest with one hand, blood still trickling along the corners of his mouth, as he remarked.

"The Shura Sect?" Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. Another new sect he had never heard of, but he considered it none of his business.

"A noisy bunch! Our Shura Sect will be resurrected very soon. Whoever stands in the way of the Shura Sect's resurgence will be eliminated!" The warrior bellowed loudly as the force of energy enveloping him became even stronger. Rays of light seemed to be glistening in his eyes.

As the wind howled ferociously, the Shura Sect warrior suddenly appeared right before Bu Fang. His palm, wrapped by waves of pitch-black true energy and glowing in a blood-red tone, smacked right down at Bu Fang.

He simply could not take a sixth grade Battle-Emperor seriously. However, the spiritual essence of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor sure would be a nice addition!

He did not even for a second consider the possibility of Bu Fang surviving this strike. The force of his attack was unbearable to a mere sixth grade Battle-Emperor. Besides, the seventh grade Battle-Saint from the Celestial Arcanum Sect had already been badly injured. He, too, couldn't possibly block his claws.

Thus... from his perspective, Bu Fang was already a dead body!

Bang!!

A giant iron palm suddenly appeared before him and intercepted the punch. That bloody claw collided with the steel palm and made a loud clang.

The face of the Shura Sect warrior instantly froze, his body suddenly staggering backward.

Ferocious waves of true energy surged out, sweeping up a cloud of dust.

Bu Fang stood there with a calm composure as he observed the recoiling Shura Sect warrior.

Whitey's robotic eyes began to flash a dark purple light, which meant that it had switched to the purple-eye mode once again.

Tang Yin peered at Whitey's figure and suddenly felt hope stirring in his heart. He knew Whitey was very strong and that even an eighth grade War-God couldn't match Whitey. With Whitey's help... everything should turn out just fine!

Bang!!

Whitey said nothing and directly dashed out at a lightning speed. It leaped up high in the air and charged at the Shura Sect warrior with a formidable force of pressure.

"What?!" The Shura Sect warrior was shocked to the core. He didn't expect this lump of metal to be capable of blocking his strike.

"I see, you've got a reason to be so brazen!" After a cold sneer, the Shura Sect warrior widened his blood-shot eyes. Then, he clenched a fist, summoning tempestuous, pitch-black waves of true energy to condense into a giant ball of energy.

The energy ball was ferociously hurled at Whitey.

An ear-splitting bang echoed as the sky lit up. Explosions in the air were followed by the scattering of numerous waves of energy.

High up in the sky, a huge energy ball wrapped around Whitey's body. Traces of blood-red flashed across the dark ball. Its energy had corrosive effects, almost as if it would slowly consume Whitey's entire figure.

Tang Yin's body trembled as anxiety smeared across his face. The techniques of the Shura Sect monsters were all extremely malicious. That their true energy contained corrosive effects was truly abhorrent and repulsive.

He didn't know whether Whitey could survive that.

He twisted his head and shot Bu Fang a glance, only to find no trace of fret across Bu Fang's face. Instead, his eyes were as indifferent as usual as he peered at the Shura Sect warrior as if he were looking at a dead person.

The Shura Sect warrior watched as the giant energy ball engulfed Whitey, and instantly burst into laughter!

However, not before long his snigger came to an abrupt halt. Right before his eyes, the energy ball was suddenly ripped open as a white, chubby figure sprang out of it.

Whitey's entire body shone beautifully, not a scratch to be found. It was evident that the corrosive true energy had no effect on it whatsoever!

"What..." The Shura Sect warrior felt his heart sunk. Then, right under his gaze, Whitey charged in with a fist.

Bang!

Its tremendous force completely exceeded his expectations, as Whitey's punch directly sent him sprawling on the floor. The Talisman Array also slipped out of his hands and floated in the air by itself.

Whitey landed on the ground with a loud thud. Its purple eyes became more forbidding as they flickered, prompting the soldiers nearby to consciously back off.

Both parties of the war suddenly halted, ceasing fire. Everyone retreated and fixed their gazes on the new battle.

Both Mo Lin and Zhu Yue knew very well that this battle was the critical tie-breaker. If the Shura Sect warrior won, then the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army would definitely meet its unfortunate end. However, if the lump of metal triumphed, then there would be a ray of hope for them.

A booming crack erupted through crushed stones, from which the Shura Sect warrior emerged. The black robe on him was ripped and ragged, exposing the vein-popping muscles on his burly body.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed purple. Its hands turned into blades as its figure darted out once again, slashing downwards.

The Shura Sect warrior roared angrily. A long spear materialized in his hands as he struck back at Whitey.

His heart was burning with furious flames, determined to smash this metallic lump into smithereens. Yet he found out soon enough... that he was absolutely no match to this puppet!

The puppet was terribly strong, with each and every one of its smack sending him stumbling backward. After several rounds, his blistered hands were badly torn and blood splattered everywhere.

Another swoosh of the blade aimed at him. He felt a chill down his heart, as this slash almost cut him in half. The Shura Sect warrior's pupils shrank as a trace of terror flashed across his eyes.

Having barely escaped the puppet's blade for a few more times, he was forced to acknowledge the gap in power between him and Whitey. Realizing this, his heart sunk.

He flickered a glance at Bu Fang, who was watching him calmly, and then twisted the corners of his mouth. A fiendish expression crept onto his face.

"This is just a puppet! In that case, it must be operated by someone. Let's find out if the puppet can still hurt me if I slaughter its operator first!"

The Shura Sect warrior waved his hands and a black beam of light instantly surged out of his palms and rapidly expanded in size.

Boom!!

With a loud bang, a giant black iguana landed on the floor. Its



eyes rolled as its body burst with a murderous killer instinct. It moved its four limbs swiftly, rapidly charging towards Bu Fang with a snarl.

It stretched open its bloody mouth, emitting an unbearably foul stench. Its sharp teeth sparkled under the glamorous sunshine.

This turned out to be a seventh grade spirit beast!

Tang Yin's face immediately darkened. Given his current injuries, how could he withstand this gigantic iguana!

Whitey wanted badly to help but was seriously preoccupied with the Shura Sect warrior, who went as far as enduring Whitey's bloody slashes just to tie his opponent down.

He howled with laughter as his eyes burned with fervor!

"My dear! Bite this guy to death! I'll give you an extra special serving of meal later! Hahaha!!"

This was a spirit beast he had raised himself, one with a strong cultivation level. He was sure that Bu Fang, a mere sixth grade Battle-Emperor, would be instantly gulped down with one swallow...

He had been suppressing the urges to release this gigantic iguana, mainly to avoid drawing attention from the Celestial Arcanum Sect warriors. This was because once the iguana was set loose, it could easily annihilate...an entire city! Something this flashy... would be disapproved by the High Priest!

The scales covering the gigantic iguana's body were glistening. Its body twisted as its four claws swayed rapidly, scraping the floor with loud taps...

Behind Bu Fang, Zhu Yue's soldiers blanched as the blood drained from their faces. Such monstrous creatures only existed in their worst nightmares!

The pungent reek caused Bu Fang to knit his brows into a frown.

He pursed his lips in disgust.

A wisp of smoke twirled around his hand and a pitch-black kitchen knife immediately emerged in his palm.

A kitchen knife?!

A trace of disdain flashed across the Shura Sect warrior's eyes. What good would a cooking tool do?!

Roar!!

After an ear-splitting howl, that gigantic iguana had already swallowed Bu Fang into its mouth.

# Chapter 298: The Supreme Will of Sword

---

"He's... been swallowed?"

From afar, Zhu Yue felt his pupils shrink and a chill shot down his spines. The formidable force of energy emitted by the gigantic iguana made his entire body tremble.

He was the general of the Third Corp, but his cultivation was merely at sixth grade Battle-Emperor. Which meant he was the same as Bu Fang, who he had just witnessed being swallowed by that beast.

"Senior Bu!" Tang Yin's heart also quivered as he rushed forward with a shout. He swirled the sword in his hand, slashing it to send his will of sword towards the gigantic iguana.

However, the gigantic iguana rolled its eyes, swaying its tail like a steel bludgeon, and simply swept away the incoming will of sword.

The Shura Sect warrior immediately burst out into laughter as a look of delight surfaced in his eyes!

Though this puppet was currently kicking his ass and leaving bloody gashes left and right on his body... he was assured that he would easily subdue this metallic lump shortly.

This was because once a puppet lost its master, it would merely regress into scraps of iron waste.

Bang!!

The Shura Sect warrior was slashed by Whitey's blade once more. As blood spurted everywhere, he was sent crashing into the floor, causing the pavement to tremble violently.

"Damn it! Why don't you freaking come at me again!"

The Shura Sect warrior struggled to get to his feet, a sense of madness flickering in his eyes, "Damned lump of iron, just you try to finish me off!!"

Whitey's purple eyes glistened and it suddenly stopped in its tracks.

Tang Yin's pupils shrank, as did Zhu Yue's. Mo Lin, on the other hand, howled with laughter excitedly.

This puppet finally froze!

The Shura Sect warrior threw back his head and laughed sardonically, his hair loose and disheveled, his eyes full of spite. He brandished his long spear, stamped it on the ground and sprinted toward Whitey, ready to pierce through this lump of iron.

He was determined to puncture this lump of iron so many times that it would look like a hornet's nest.

He condensed the spirit energy on his spear, holding back nothing.

Unable to strike back at Whitey earlier, he felt extremely aggrieved. He was a Battle-Saint at the end of the day, and had never felt so powerless before!

He was about to throw all of the humiliation he had suffered earlier back into the face of this metallic lump!

With Bu Fang already swallowed by the gigantic iguana, he was not worried about Whitey striking back. The Shura Sect was located far beyond the southern region and possessed countless records of secret documents, many of which were on such puppets.

There was a powerful sect in the continent called the Puppet Sect. Everyone in that sect possessed several puppets, all of which had impressive combat capabilities. However, once the puppets' master was killed, they would immediately lose all their battling abilities, until they were somehow retuned.

This iron-made puppet before him was very powerful, which meant that the pale-faced young man very likely belonged to the Puppet Sect. Hence, everything should be under control once again now that he had slaughtered the master!

His howling laughter was accompanied by gusts of wind whistling in the air. He thrust his spear forward forcefully, almost digging a deep hole in the air.

Zhu Yue fell into a deep despair as Tang Yin's face paled. Was Senior Bu... truly devoured by this gigantic iguana?

Was the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army about to perish right here, right now?

Swoosh!!!

Just as the Shura Sect warrior's spear was about to hit Whitey's body, the purpleness in Whitey's eyes suddenly lit up. That beam of light burst out like the rosy evening clouds, almost blinding the Shura Sect warrior's eyes.

What the hell?!

A blade swooshed down in a whistle as the Shura Sect warrior suddenly felt a searing pain. His body had been effectively cut into half by this strike.

The long spear dropped down helplessly as his entire figure was violently smashed onto the ground.

"How is this possible?! Why can this puppet still move?!"

Both madness and bewilderment filled the Shura Sect warrior's eyes.

He lifted his head only to see Whitey waving its blades and charging straight at him.

In the distance, the tongue-thrusting gigantic iguana suddenly widened its eyes and opened its mouth wide. A dazzling golden blade glistened in the air as the iguana's jaw instantly exploded.

Blood splattered everywhere as the gigantic iguana shrieked miserably.

The shadow of a figure suddenly emerged from the rising fog of blood.

A slender figure, carrying a large kitchen knife, gradually came into view.

Waves of true energy whirled as gusts of wind brushed past, blowing away the hazy mist of blood. Alas, the face belonging to the slim figure was exposed.

Bu Fang, with a calm composure, held his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in one hand. The knife was glittering in a resplendent golden sheen of light, utterly dazzling.

He waved the knife, bringing about a giant pressure, which shocked Mo Lin and Zhu Yue, causing their hearts to shudder.

The iguana, with shattered jaws, lay flat on the ground. With shrunken pupils, it eyed Bu Fang with the utmost terror.

The pressure from such a superior being had completely dissolved its will to resist.

"What's going on? My dear! Stand up and bite him to death! Don't just lie there! Bite him!"

The Shura Sect warrior widened his eyes. He covered his wounded shoulder with a hand and bellowed in rage.

Upon hearing those words, Bu Fang was dumbstruck. He lifted up the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and twisted his head towards the Shura Sect warrior.

"You ordered this beast to bite me? A creature like this... dares to bite me?" Bu Fang uttered calmly. His voice was not loud but his words were clearly articulated so that they traveled into the Shura Sect warrior's ears.

His eyes dimmed as he saw the golden kitchen knife in Bu Fang's hand rise to the air. The giant knife swirled in the young man's hands, as if a magician's trick, and then...

Swoosh!!

Slashing down at a speed nearly invisible to the naked eye, the

golden knife gave off a dazzling shine, one so lustrous that it jolted everyone's heart.

Amidst a wretched wail... Bu Fang had already dissected the gigantic iguana alive, stripping off even its skin.

Given his extremely proficient Meteor Cutting Technique, it was way too easy a task to cut through a large iguana.

"A seventh grade spirit beast, nice. It looks like the critical ingredient for the next dish is set."

Bu Fang's hands slightly trembled as the giant Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife gradually lost its golden sheen. It transformed back into a wisp of smoke and evaporated in Bu Fang's hands.

Peering at the soon-to-be ingredient that was the gigantic iguana, Bu Fang curled the corners of his mouth. He was just fretting over what to cook for the next dish, and here was a god-sent ingredient—a seventh grade spirit beast. The second dish to be deemed satisfactory by the system was due soon.

The Shura Sect warrior felt his entire body stiffen, his eyeballs almost popping out of his eye sockets. That was his precious baby... now merely a plate of ingredients to Bu Fang. His rage swelled up in his heart as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

He had personally raised up that gigantic iguana and saw it as his best buddy, his precious baby...but now it has been slaughtered and would soon appear on someone's dinner table.

"Unforgivable! You are a dead man!" The Shura Sect warrior, with his bloodshot eyes, picked himself up from the floor and glowered at Bu Fang ferociously.

Yet just as he was back on his feet, a cold blade flashed by and directly sliced him in half. Both halves of his body were tossed into the sky and then plummeted onto the ground.

Blood gushed out like a fountain. A loathsome look lingered in his eyes even to the very last moment.

Buzz...

The magic array formed by the five talismans suddenly began to shake in the sky. Afterward, white threads of spiritual essence were forcibly pulled out of the Shura Sect warrior's dead body. His phantom spirit fought to escape with a terrified look across its face, but such a struggle was purely in vain.

Alas, the shrieking spiritual essence of the Shura Sect warrior was also absorbed by the talisman magic array.

The pieces of talisman glistened, still glossy as ever. They suddenly trembled in the air, as if being dragged toward something, and quickly glided away.

Tang Yin's face changed as he pulled out his sword, muttering incantations. Then, he leaped onto his sword and sped toward the talisman.

That magic array contained at least tens of thousands of spiritual essences. Once retrieved by the Shura Sect, the consequences would be beyond imagination.

Tang Yin was determined to destroy this magic array and sent a chilled sword beam toward it.

Nonetheless... another sword beam suddenly burst forth from the magic array, one bloodthirsty and deadly.

Tang Yin's body came to a sudden halt. Without warning, his sword beam was smashed into pieces under the powerful will imbued in the enemy beam.

That sword beam continued to advance. It spanned a long stripe in the sky as if setting out to eliminate Tang Yin as well.

Whitey abruptly leaped high into the air. It hauled Tang Yin back onto the ground with one palm and effectively blocked the sword beam with the other fist.

With a loud bang, numerous beams and its mighty will shattered



and spread in multiple directions.

Whitey's body fell down from the sky, crashing and leaving a huge deep hole in the ground...

Tang Yin struggled to his feet. He peered at the fading Talisman Magic Array with a lingering trace of fear in his heart. Blood continued to trickle down from the corners of his mouth.

"That... that was the Supreme Will of Sword! This magic array is actually guarded by the Supreme Will of Sword! As I suspected... the Shura Sect certainly cherishes this magic array! What on earth is this magic array for?!" Tang Yin's lips quivered. His four limbs, down to every piece of bone in his body, shivered.

Barely escaping death from the Supreme Will of Sword, he was still in a state of shock.

Bu Fang's expression was also somewhat solemn. Yet he was neither concerned with the Supreme Will of Sword nor the disappearing magic array.

Instead, he came to the deep hole where Whitey fell. Whitey was just crawling out of the pit.

The corners of Bu Fang's eyes twitched as he discovered a frightening scar on Whitey's body.

After all, this was just a duplication of Whitey. If the real Whitey were there, this Supreme Will of Sword would be nothing compared to it.

Patting Whitey's chubby belly, Bu Fang sighed in relief.

The purple sheen in Whitey's eyes had already dispersed, returning to its usual rosy red shade. It raised up a hand and rubbed its head. The scar on its belly had already recovered at a speed noticeable to the naked eye.

Everyone nearby was simply dumbfounded by the sight. Mo Lin was the first one who snapped back.

The Shura Sect warrior had been defeated!

The gaze Mo Lin cast at Bu Fang was filled with terror. This fellow...

"Everyone listen up! Retreat immediately!!"

Mo Lin shouted out before riding away on his spirit horse. Without a second of hesitation, he sprinted off. His troops followed along.

The morale of Zhu Yue's troop instantly boosted. The soldiers chased after the enemies with ear-splitting bellows.

In that very moment, the battle had become rather lopsided. Yet Zhu Yue's army could only chase after them to intimidate Mo Lin. It was impossible to truly exterminate the opposing force.

...

Outside Mo Luo City.

A sudden light flashed by and slipped into a tall tent.

Inside the tent, another warrior wrapped in a black gown immediately fluttered open his eyes. He raised up a hand and tugged at the Talisman Magic Array floating before him. Seeing how cracks were spread over the five pieces of jade talisman, the black-robed man narrowed his eyes.

"This magic array is supposed to be controlled by Nu'Er. Why has it come to me? Besides... it looks like the Supreme Will of Sword bestowed upon it by the High Priest is shattered. From the looks of it, Nu'Er is most likely doomed." This man in black drew in a deep breath. An obscure look clouded his eyes.

"Did anyone from the Celestial Arcanum Sect or the Hundred Thousand Mountains step in?"

# Chapter 299: Bu Fang's Special Dish...

## Flower Iguana

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From an aged black tower in the vast Border City spread an angry roar, one that was not loud but enough to flutter open the eyelids of the three figures sitting cross-legged nearby.

"Why is the High Priest so enraged? Who has offended him?"

A figure wrapped in a black gown opened his mouth with confused eyes. Beside him were two other men dressed in black.

"Who cares. Those who provoke the High Priest will come to no good end. Us three major Blood Guards need only tend to our assigned tasks."

"As of now, the Venerable Master has begun to collect spiritual essences all over the empire. The day the Departed Soul Orb is awakened will be the day our Shura Sect will rejuvenate... By then, we'll show the barbarians of the southern region who's the boss!"

Light laughter was mixed with cold sneers. After the noise died down, all three figures resumed their closed-eye posture.

...

"Senior Bu... why are you digging out two shallow pits?"

Tang Yin's face was pale as a ghost. The earlier battle injured him badly, leaving him deficient of adequate vital energy.

"I am obviously digging pits to cook. Why else would I do this? To give a proper burial for these savage beasts? Sorry, but I am not kind-hearted enough to bury the creatures who just tried to devour me," Bu Fang retorted coolly.

Before him were two large but shallow pits in the ground. The dirt and soils shoveled up to create the pits were tossed aside, piling into a tiny hill.

"Cook? You can cook using these pits in the ground?"

Not only was Tang Yin puzzled, everyone else also widened their eyes in bewilderment.

Bu Fang couldn't be bothered by their perplexities. He was rather enlivened at the moment. See, he had been deprived of good quality ingredients ever since joining the army and so has had no chance to prove himself. With this Gigantic Iguana, he could perhaps finally make another dish deemed satisfactory by the system.

"Se... Senior, here are the spirit leaves you asked for."

From afar, Wei Dafu and Long Cai jogged in carrying a heap of spirit leaves. These green leaves were covered with lines of patterns, through which emanated faint waves of spirit energy. Needless to say, these were not ordinary leaves.

Bu Fang nodded lightly and instructed Wei Dafu and Long Cai to lay these leaves down in the pits.

As Long Cai and Wei Dafu busied themselves with this task, Bu Fang approached the iguana's dead body. He had already cut open this Gigantic Iguana, leaving its flesh scattered on the floor.

However, Bu Fang had only performed a very simple dissection, one without great attention or precision. Now was the time to carefully process the flesh of this iguana.

The Gigantic Iguana was intricately tied with the dragon species, which meant that the blood of the latter also ran through the veins of the former.

Its black scales were very hard, but with the help of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, they were easily stripped.

Having thoroughly cleaned the iguana's flesh, Bu Fang extracted a rock-sized piece of flesh, on which were bright red lines of patterns. This piece was akin to top quality, juicy fish meat.

He twirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hands and made a couple of slashes on the iguana flesh.

Bu Fang found some spirit herbs from the army provisions. Though these weren't top quality spirit herbs, they sufficed as condiments to tweak the flavor. Bu Fang chopped up these spirit herbs and placed them on the piece of iguana flesh.

Then, he diced up the piece of flesh in an orderly fashion. Each small chunk was distinctive yet still thinly connected with the other.

"Senior Bu, all ready for you." Wei Dafu stood up and informed Bu Fang with deference. He didn't dare to show any disrespect, as the young man before his eyes was no longer the lad who had just joined the Cooks' Army Unit.

He was now incredibly afraid of Bu Fang suddenly seeking to settle accounts with him. In this military campsite, he had nowhere to hide.

"Give me the leftover leaves." Bu Fang stored the kitchen knife and directed his glance at Wei Dafu.

Wei Dafu's heart trembled. He immediately stuffed the remaining spirit leaves into Bu Fang's hands.

Bu Fang took them and, after some light processing, wrapped the huge slab of iguana flesh with the spirit leaves. Then, he placed it in the shallow pit and buried it with dirt.

"Um..." A trace of bafflement flashed across Wei Dafu's eyes. He had been cooking all these years but have never witnessed a cooking method as bizarre as this. Digging out a pit? How could the iguana meat ever be thoroughly cooked?

But Bu Fang's next instruction clarified everything, as he had ordered a huge mound of firewood to be placed in the half-filled pit. Then, he summoned waves of true energy to start a blazing fire.

Scorching flames shot to the sky as circles of smoke twirled around.

Bu Fang observed the glowing flames in satisfaction with hands behind his back.

Behind him was a crowd of folks staring at each other, completely speechless. Tang Yin, Zhu Yue, and Wei Dafu were at loss and unable to understand the dish. This cooking method was hitherto unknown to them.

"Without close scrutiny of the dish's conditions... how could one make gourmet delicacies using this cooking method?" Wei Dafu muttered with twitched lips. Though Bu Fang had proved him wrong time after time, he was still very much skeptical that such a method could generate any delicious food.

After all, this kind of cooking method was simply unheard of.

There was a total of two pits. Bu Fang repeated his earlier actions—wrapping the iguana flesh with spirit leaves, placing it into a pit, filling it halfway with dirt, and then lighting a fire on top with firewood.

This was the cooking method of a dish known to Bu Fang in his previous lifetime. He borrowed it and added a few amendments to better suit the cooking of this iguana meat.

Bu Fang stood by the burning flames and rubbed his chin. Then, the corners of his mouth curled.

"How about naming it Flower Iguana Meat? But that sounds kind of weird..."

Bu Fang mumbled to himself, his face displaying an odd expression. He circled the two burning pits slowly.

Once in a while, he would shoot a wave of true energy into the shallow pits. Once his true energy hit the fire, the flames would blaze even more violently.

"Senior Bu's cooking method is indeed delightfully unusual..." Tang Yin didn't know whether to laugh or cry. At first, they really thought Bu Fang was only joking around.

After a while, everyone left and went about their own affairs.

This fire burned for at least three hours. Dazzling flames filled the air and lit up the entire campsite.

The scorching sun had already dipped under the horizon, leaving behind a dark night filled with two intersecting crescent moons.

Bu Fang stood before the two crackling bonfires. He squinted his eyes and took in a deep breath. Then, he raised his hands and smacked downwards.

Rich waves of true energy burst out of his body and landed on the fire. In that instant, the flames went out.

Rings of thick smoke rose up, as if two intertwining black dragons shooting for the sky.

Tang Yin and the others became intrigued and gathered together by the tent. The scene drew quite a crowd, as many soldiers also converged near Bu Fang.

They all shot curious looks at Bu Fang.

"So is it done?" Tang Yin's eyes instantly sparkled. Groups of people appeared next to Bu Fang. They all wore inquisitive expressions on their faces. They were dying to know whether such a peculiar cooking method would produce uniquely flavored dishes?.

A couple of soldiers came up and swept away the ashes, revealing beneath it burnt soil.

"You can dig up the dirt now." Bu Fang gazed at the soldiers as he instructed, "Be careful, don't ruin the dishes inside."

Could he really make a dish here?

Since the soil has been burnt to ashes, all the moisture inside was

dried out. This made the digging process all the more difficult since the dirt had become rather hard.

After quite a while, the soldiers finally scooped up all the soil, unearthing the spirit leaves inside.

They dug out the pile of spirit leaves. These spirit leaves, once verdant and fresh green, were now shriveled and brown. It looked like all of the spirit energy had been lost.

With shrunken pupils, those in the crowd wore strange looks on their faces.

Judging by the looks of the spirit leaves, they now had a hunch how the iguana meat inside would end up...

"It seemed like Owner Bu had messed up this time? The dish has failed?" Tang Yin thought to himself secretly.

However, Bu Fang retained his calm composure. He walked to the shallow pits and peeled open the crispy brown spirit leaves. He snatched up a large piece of a meat wrapped in spirit leaves.

The spirit leaves on the exterior of the meat chunks were also burnt brown. Not a trace of spirit energy could be detected.

"Coming!"

Everyone perked up as they glued their eyes to the spirit leaves. Beneath these leaves were Bu Fang's dish, the flesh of a seventh grade Gigantic Iguana.

Even though they haven't smelled its aroma yet, even thinking about the meat of this iguana watered their mouths. At the end of the day, this was the flesh of a seventh grade spirit beast. How could they not look forward to it?

It wasn't every day that one could taste the meat of a seventh grade spirit beast.

A wisp of smoke twirled around Bu Fang's hands and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared. Afterward, Bu Fang lightly tapped



the burnt spirit leaves with the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

The moment his kitchen knife tapped down, the crispy spirit leaves immediately burst open from both sides.

From the ripped crack emitted a blaring beam of light!

The Flower Iguana Meat, completed!

# Chapter 300: The Downfall of Mo Luo City

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One beam of light.

Two beams of light.

Then, countless dazzling rays of lights filled one's eyes. Everyone's gazes were glued to the unbelievable radiance as they squinted their eyes.

Wei Dafu, from a distance, felt a shiver down his spine. He widened his eyes, still bewildered at this sight. Extending his fingers, he gaped and pointed at the dish that was emitting a sparkling glow.

"A... a dish that radiates light?"

Wei Dafu's bafflement was more than words can describe. This was his first time seeing a dish that glowed, and this achievement reflected a whole new state of cooking. This was a superior echelon that most couldn't reach even with a lifetime of hard work and dedication to cooking.

The rays of light gradually faded, but nobody's gaze shifted elsewhere. Everyone was simply too intrigued by the dish.

As the lights scattered, a scorching hot steam surged up like a veil of mist. Then, a unique meaty aroma dissipated in the air, stirring in everyone's hearts.

This was an extremely unusual fragrance that combined the scents of cooked meat, fresh grass, and a type of fascinating flower. The three aromas, when fused, generated a truly special smell.

"The meat is just right." Bu Fang peeled open the spirit leaves with his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, revealing the iguana flesh underneath. As he pressed the knife downwards, an oily sauce trickled out of the meat.

The flesh of the Gigantic Iguana looked incredibly juicy and

glossy, absolutely enchanting.

Bu Fang took out this portion of meat and placed it on the floor. Then, he cut through all of the spirit leaves, finally exposing the entire slab of iguana meat. The rich fragrance burst forth even more boldly and almost enveloped the whole campsite.

"It smells delicious!"

"I... I want a bite. I'd like to get drunk on this intoxicating meaty aroma!"

"I have never smelled anything as tasty as this meat!"

...

The soldiers were wholly captivated. With dazed eyes, they shook their heads as traces of goofy smiles smeared across their faces.

Bu Fang sniffed the aroma of the Iguana flesh. He stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, then whirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand, and chopped at this slab of meat.

The crowds only saw a flash of the blade. In the blink of an eye, Bu Fang had already finished slicing.

From afar, the Iguana meat looked intact, still in one piece. Yet a careful inspection would reveal the thin carves on the flesh.

"Long Cai, bring over a bowl," Bu Fang instructed Long Cai, who was gaping with an open mouth in a distance.

Long Cai immediately snapped out of it. His eyes sparkled as he dashed forward obediently.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife twirled again and landed directly on the meat. That piece of Gigantic Iguana flesh, shining with an appetizing oily sauce, flew into the sky and fell into the earthen bowl.

A hot mist rose up, blurring Long Cai's sight.

He widened his eyes and gulped, swallowing a mouthful of saliva.

"Bring it down, consider it everyone's dinner tonight," Bu Fang said.

Hearing this, Long Cai finally walked toward Tang Yin and the others, though he had a hard time tearing himself away from the dish of iguana meat.

Out of Zhu Yue's courtesy, this first piece of iguana meat fell into Tang Yin's hands.

Tang Yin stared at the meat with the utmost excitement. With chopsticks in hands and a rumbling stomach, he breathed in the fragrance.

Once the chopsticks pressed against the Gigantic Iguana's flesh, a delightfully aromatic oily sauce oozed out. Tang Yin picked up a piece, nervously sent it to his mouth, and took a bite.

The meat wasn't as chewy as he had imagined. Instead, it was exceptionally tender and smooth. As it slipped into his mouth, the meat was soft and supple in texture, as if it was massaging his tongue.

Once the Gigantic Iguana flesh hit his stomach, he felt like there was a tiny stove burning inside his body. The rush of energy that came with it enlivened him so.

With the billowing of the heated flames, Tang Yin felt waves of spirit energy flowing out and spreading to all fours. In fact, he felt he had mostly recovered from his injuries.

From afar, Bu Fang tapped down again, sending another piece of iguana meat into an earthen bowl.

Pieces after pieces of the Gigantic Iguana meat were distributed amongst everyone.

A generous slab of meat was diced up into a few hundred pieces and passed down. Many soldiers were able to eat to their hearts' content.

The second portion of the iguana was also taken out. It was as hot and aromatic as the first one.

Bu Fang also divided it up and distributed the pieces among every soldier, just so the maximum number of people could savor this gourmet dish.

Of course, he also saved himself a piece. As he chewed, Bu Fang felt his eyes narrow into a faint smile. The iguana flesh truly tasted wonderful. As a seventh grade spirit beast, its meat contained a rich source of spirit energy. On top of everything else, this was the flesh of a Gigantic Iguana, which already set it apart from that of other spirit beasts.

"It tastes delicious." Bu Fang was very much satisfied.

Emulating the cooking method of the Beggar's Chicken, he was able to perfectly retain the natural fragrance of the meat. This way, the cooked meat would end up smooth and tender, wonderfully textured.

There were a lot of soldiers but a limited amount of iguana meat. Thus, there were still many long-faced soldiers who didn't get to taste the dish.

Smelling the pervading aroma in the air with watered mouths, they felt like it was a living hell. But despite their longing gazes, they had to recognize that a dish of iguana meat took a lot of time to cook. And so, they could only stare as they stuffed their faces with the food cooked by other military chefs. Just thinking about this gave them an insufferable heartache.

After cleaning up, Bu Fang stretched himself. He exhaled a long breath as a relaxed expression flashed across his face.

The system's notifications were already ringing in his mind. Evidently, it deemed this dish of Flower Iguana as satisfactory.

The Flower Iguana referred to the cooking method of the Beggar's Chicken, a dish very famous from Bu Fang's past lifetime.

This cooking method was so unique it was rarely heard of before. On top of the natural tastiness of the Gigantic Iguana meat, Bu Fang was pretty confident that it would pass the test.

After a hearty meal, the Third Corp continued on. They needed to speed up so they could reach Mo Luo City as soon as possible. The very objective of their expedition this time was to come to the city's rescue. However, they had been ambushed even before officially arriving at Mo Luo City. This meant that the city itself must be under a vicious attack or, worst case scenario, may have already fallen.

Even if it hadn't been besieged yet, it must still be very close to a total collapse.

...

Mo Luo City. Above the pitch-black sky hang two crescent moons emitting chilled beams of light.

The dilapidated city walls were filled with cracks. Armored guards, with torches in their hands, were patrolling the walls. They were focused and alert, not allowing themselves to relax for even one second.

Suddenly, the sound of bowstrings plucking echoed in the sky as black as ink. A shower of arrows surged down.

The arrows hit the walls with clinks and clacks, smashing off more pieces of the already wrecked city walls.

"Incoming attack!!"

The soldiers guarding the wall bellowed!

Afterward, a thunderous shriek exploded at the foot of the walls. A swarm of shadows appeared in the dark night, bursting in with spirited eagerness to fight.

A figure holding a magic array created by five pieces of talisman rose into the air. His complexion was grave and ominously gloomy.

He had planned on directing a conventional war, but Nu'Er's death unnerved him. He needed to speed up the progress of the battles.

Levitating in the air, the Shura Sect warrior lifted a hand, from which flew out numerous tiny blood-colored flying swords. These swords circled in the sky, whistling. They, they charged forward ferociously, almost splitting through the air.

Bang Bang!!

They instantly smashed through the city walls, leaving behind numerous holes. Such violent tremors caused the guards on the walls to bleed through their ears, eyes, nostrils, and mouth.

"Damned demon!!"

A roar echoed within Mo Luo City. Suddenly, a white-gowned figure bolted in, leaping into the sky with a fierce air of dominance.

Hu Yifeng's complexion was overcome by a deep intent to kill. He stared daggers at the black-robed man floating in the air. This was the very person who had murdered a handful of his brothers from the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou. An unpardonable crime! He was resolved to destroy the enemy or die in the attempt of it.

Another round of vicious battle in the sky began. However, it was obvious that Hu Yifeng was at a disadvantage.

Blazing flames burst to the sky.

The brutal war of the Mo Luo City carried on.

The spiritual essence of countless warm-bodied corpses were forcibly torn out and thrown into the talisman magic array, adding to its wicked eeriness.

...

The first rays of sunshine sprang from the borders of the vast plains, emanating a warm red glow.

The Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army had finally caught sight of Mo Luo City.

As they approached Mo Luo City, they could sense the deadly atmosphere within. The floors were stained with blood and covered with scattered corpses.

These were the dead bodies of both the enemy force and the Mo Luo City guards.

The soldiers of the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army fell silent. They were overwhelmed by an indescribable mournful sorrow.

As they drew closer to the city gates, the guards on the walls suddenly shot at them with a rain of arrows.

Countless arrows hit the floor.

Zhu Yue stopped his troops with a perplexed look.

Peering at the waving flag on top of Mo Luo City, his lips trembled.

Mo Luo City had fallen.

"Withdraw!"

After another meaningful glance at Mo Luo City, Zhu Yue placed the command helplessly. The soldiers of the Third Corp retracted one after another. They went through countless hardships to arrive at Mo Luo City, but... it was nonetheless invaded and occupied.

Given the limited powers of his military force, it would be foolish nonsense to dream about taking back the city. Therefore, Zhu Yue ordered a withdrawal.

Once Mo Luo City was taken, the next round of attacks would target the Western Mystery City... Zhu Yue must return to the Western Mystery City and inform the city lord.

...



On the city walls of the Western Mystery City.

Ni Yan stood with hands behind her back. A grave expression clouded her unbelievably beautiful face. As she gazed at the oppressing black clouds, she felt a heavy heart churning inside.

She could sense that a terrifying crisis was about to hit the Western Mystery City. Trouble was heading their way.

At the foot of the Western Mystery City appeared the Third Corp, which was sent off earlier to support Mo Luo City. Their premature return also confirmed her suspicions.

She walked down the walls and slipped into the crowd, looking for Tang Yin among the soldiers of the Third Corp. After all, Tang Yin was her disciple.

However, the moment she found Tang Yin, she was caught off guard, as the figure standing right next to him was a slender young man. This young lad looked very familiar.

"Owner Bu? What are you doing here?" Ni Yan widened her eyes, befuddlement written across her face.

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